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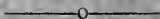
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ANNALS OF WYOMING

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Cody, Wyoming in 1905-1906—Looking northwest from roof of Irma Hotel.

Seven Months in Cody, Wyoming

1905-1906

By

JAMES W. HOOK

FOREWORD

This account of life in Cody, Wyoming, almost fifty years ago was written and read at the Dissenters' Club of New Haven in 1949. It has since been revised and somewhat expanded for my children and grandchildren who look upon Buffalo Bill and his times with a measure of awe and affection.

I express thanks to Mrs. Maud Murray of Cody, Wyoming, who reviewed the files of the Cody Enterprise and copied the quoted news stories and editorials that dealt with the stirring events that accompanied the eradication of public gambling in the town.

*New Haven, Connecticut
April 15, 1953*

JAMES W. HOOK

* * *

My brother, John, discovered Cody, Wyoming, during his travels for an eastern manufacturer of paint and brushes. He liked the place so well that he moved his family there in 1904. His glowing letters about the town and surrounding country persuaded our father to make an exploratory visit. The latter turned out to be more than exploratory, because while there (September 1904) father purchased a quarter section of land on the Germania bench about 25 miles east of Cody, near Burlington, and joined some 65 others in taking up 116 quarter sections of land on the eastern rim of the Big Horn Basin and laying out a townsite. He died the next spring and his children, not knowing that oil in abundance lay under the acres he had laid claim to, took no interest and let them go back to the state. Today the whole section is dotted with oil wells.

I was just finishing an engineering course in Iowa State College when this parental migration was in progress. Father, by public

sale, in the spring of 1905, disposed of his personal property in northern Wapello County, Iowa, rented his fine farm there and moved to his Burlington, Wyoming, farm. He was alone. Mother had died in the autumn of 1897, his second wife was a hopeless invalid and permanently hospitalized and all of his children but one, a lad of 16, were fully grown. None of these children could see why his father at the age of 65 should want to establish a new home in such a distant and isolated place as Wyoming appeared to them to be. His explanation was that he desired to leave a section of new western land to each of them and, considering the population growth of the whole country and the rapid advance of the science of dry farming and stock raising, he believed that Wyoming was a state of great promise. He didn't have much time to persuade his children to establish residence on the land he had selected for them, a requirement of the Homestead Act, because three months after he had settled on his Burlington farm and while on a return trip to Iowa he suddenly died.

I was with him the day he died and during those precious hours I learned much from him about the Oregon Basin Project near Cody. This project was unique but never completed. Its object was to divert water from the south fork of the Shoshone River into a huge saucer of land, probably an extinct volcanic crater, located about ten miles southeast of Cody, and distribute the impounded water by gravity in irrigation ditches to a wide area of adjacent land, mostly eastward. An Iowa State College (my own college) engineering graduate, George W. Zorn, was in charge of the project. Father thought I might get in on the operation of some of the mechanical equipment and I thought so too.

I talked it over with my sweetheart whom I was not quite sure I was engaged to but by the simple procedure of marrying her two years later indicated perhaps that I was, and we decided it would be a good experience and that I should go. I also persuaded Arthur Johnson, a college friend of mine to go with me. And go we did in September 1905, riding in one lower berth in the first sleeping car (a tourist sleeping car with cane seats) that either of us had ever ridden in.

That was a great trip. At Toluca, Montana, we changed trains for Cody, and while waiting the passengers worked up a game of one old cat which made the four-hour wait for the Cody train endurable. Later the C. B. & Q. Railroad abandoned that junction point by moving the southern take off to Billings.

Down the line away from Toluca the train stopped at a small town in the center of the Crow Indian Reservation. A group of these Indians, both men and women, were all about offering their wares. Johnson and I bought nothing because we had no money to squander. Not so, however, with another passenger who

handed a squaw a five dollar bill for a twenty-five cent purchase and lost the whole five. I can still see that bewildered tenderfoot leaning out of the car window demanding his change and the squaw standing there looking at him with a dead pan expression on her face that only an Indian can show.

We learned on the way down more details about the Cody Bank robbery which had occurred about ten months before and which still was the main topic of conversation in northern Wyoming. A band of desperados had ridden into the little town of Cody, frightened everyone off the streets with their six shooters and after killing I. O. Middaugh, the cashier of the First National Bank, made off with a substantial part of the bank's cash. They had not yet been apprehended and so far as I know never were.

My brother, John, was at the station when we arrived (8:00 P.M., September 11, 1905) and in some magical way found a place for us to sleep in his already crowded house. Next day we obtained and pitched a tent in his back yard where we lived for about three weeks until old Boreas forced us to seek better quarters which we found in the residence of Mrs. Julia Goodman, elder sister of Buffalo Bill. Here we lived for the remainder of our stay in Cody, Johnson leaving the following January and I staying on until April 17, 1906, when illness forced me to return to my native Iowa.

My first impression of Cody on that early September morning was not of the drab little town itself, but of what I saw and heard beyond its borders. The town, of course, was interesting enough, but in the midst of the larger scene it seemed markedly artificial with its low wooden buildings, many just shacks, its unpaved streets, weed-infested irrigation ditches and rickety board walks where sidewalks existed at all, the whole in a setting of treeless and rock strewn terrain. For over and beyond this lay the glories of a vast glacial architecture of successive land benches that to me resembled risers and treads in a giant staircase. These paralleled the primitive water courses and formed a common plateau that sloped gently eastward from the foothills of the high Rockies. To the west of Cody and punctuating this rugged floor of the great plain was tree-covered Cedar and Rattlesnake Mountains and the defile of the very beautiful Shoshone River Canyon which separates them. Beyond and in the far distance rose the snow covered prominences of the Absaroka range and in front of them other rocky foothills and plain where, I was to learn later, great herds of sheep and cattle graze. Flanking this scene on the right and standing alone, stern and rugged Heart Mountain caught and held my gaze like a great sorcerer. Following and again to the right, lay another quadrant of vast plain that extended to the horizon. Then, directly northeast, were the gray, mystical and

verdureless folds of the McCullough Peaks about which Indians had woven legends of tragedy and primitive beauty. To the right of these, and on around to the ruggedly carved slopes of Carter Mountain directly southwest, laid another wide quadrant of bench carved plain over which some 75 miles distant could be seen the peaks and defiles of the stately Big Horns. Cutting this scene in twain, from west to east, but invisible from Cody itself, was the fast flowing Shoshone River whose roar as it rushed over the rocks accented the acute stillness of that early morning with a sound of weird and distant music.

I never quite forgot the Cody scene and often recall it when earthly troubles get on my nerves. It matches, in memory, those early mornings at my boyhood farm home in Iowa when I would go quietly to our lower pasture to listen to the boom, boom, boom of the prairie chickens in distant meadows.

Cody was founded in the middle 1890's by George T. Beck and others of the Cody Canal Co. Buffalo Bill wanted it located farther west near the de Maris Sulphur Springs, where surveys had already been made, and, of course, he wanted it named for him. He got his way about the name but not about the location. The story of how this was brought about is one old timers like to tell. Before 1896 the new town was known as Shoshone, a name not acceptable to the Post Office Department since it conflicted with another Post Office known as Shoshone Agency. The name Richland was then proposed and accepted but very soon thereafter, by request of a group of citizens, it was changed to Cody. The little town was incorporated in 1901.

The incorporators saw great possibilities in the newly born town. It was at the most scenic side of the Yellowstone National Park. Already occasional parties had been escorted through that wonderland by Gus Thompson, Tex Holm and others. It was expected that the C. B. & Q. Railroad would extend its lines to the place. The cattle and sheep business was growing rapidly despite antagonism between sheep herders and cow punchers, the latter claiming that cattle could not graze after sheep because of the latter's droppings and close cropping.

In 1899 the railroad did come, after which the town began to attract eastern "dudes" and grow rather fast. Buffalo Bill and Colonel J. H. Peake established a newspaper in 1898, calling it the *Cody Enterprise*. Peake, an old friend of Col. Cody, came originally from Washington, D. C. The Cody Trading Company, founded, I believe, in 1896 was later reorganized and placed under the managership of Jacob M. Schwoob. Other stores came and in due time two banks, to join the brothel and a half dozen saloons and gambling establishments that had earlier been on the scene. In 1902 the Irma Hotel, named after Buffalo Bill's daughter, was

built to join the Hart Mountain Inn which was occupied and, I believe, owned for a time by Dave McFall, known generally as Bad Land Dave.

Cattle men, sheep men, gamblers, dudes, stray men and women from no man's land, a reasonable number of Buffalo Bill's relatives and, believe it or not, an English captain with a retainer and a prominent authoress might be seen daily on the streets of this lately organized frontier town.

It was into this scene that I dropped that September of 1905 with less than \$5.00 in my pocket and a million dollars of ambition in my head. My brother introduced me to a Mr. Duell, a lately arrived carpenter who was engaged in building a small house for himself, and I landed a job with him at \$15.00. Duell in turn introduced Johnson and me to a neighbor who agreed to feed us for about 15 cents a meal. This gentleman didn't know what he was letting himself in for and soon showed his resourcefulness by reducing calories and praying at all meals. His clients lasted only a week or two by which time Johnson's money was all gone, forcing him to go to work in the J. W. Neff and Son's grocery store. My \$15.00 kept us going until his first stipend came in.

Duell's house progressed. One day he mentioned the fact that he must get the new electric light company to wire his house for electricity. That presented me with an opportunity and I embraced it. "I can wire your house," I said. He indicated some surprise and a modicum of doubt but told me to go ahead.

I had never wired a house but knew the principle. As luck decreed, Honorable George T. Beck, the President of the electric company, was in the little 14 x 20 office and store room of the very new Shoshone Electric Light & Power Company of Cody, Wyoming, when I called. When he found that I could wire houses for electricity he offered me a job right away at \$21.00 per week. Of course, I accepted but left myself enough time to string the wires in Mr. Duell's house at the \$15.00 rate.

That \$6.00 addition to my weekly income stirred Johnson's ambition also and he managed to negotiate a raise for himself. Both of us then repaired to the Dr. M. Chamberlain's boarding house for our meals. Mrs. Agnes Chamberlain and her sister prepared and served the meals, and they were good and wholesome ones, too, while the Doctor talked about hunting mountain sheep at Sylvan Pass, and without much advertising or cocaine administered to the dental needs of the frontier town.

I went about my business of wiring up the town. The little electric plant had only been installed that summer. It was a water driven plant located on the river about a mile away. Everybody wanted his house wired so I had plenty to do. In addition

to myself, the company employed one day and one night man at the plant, a bookkeeper and two other outside men who could climb poles. One of these outside men also helped me on the inside wiring. The superintendent was Frank Stannard. Frank was a good electrical engineer but his special claim to local fame arose from the fact that he was the owner of the first automobile in Cody. It was a high wheeler and one lugner that could negotiate a two per cent grade if in good humor, but that usually was sullen and mad and unwilling to run at all.

My work brought me one day to the office of the "Cody Enterprise". There I met Colonel Peake who asked me many questions about myself. When he learned that I had edited a college paper he saw opportunity staring him straight in the face. His health was not good, he confided. Wouldn't I like to buy the paper?

I immediately thought of my sweetheart back in Iowa. She was a newspaper girl herself, holding the position of Society Editor on the leading Daily in her home town of Fort Dodge, Iowa. I imagined I could see her beam at the thought of our owning a newspaper together in that growing section of northern Wyoming.

I also thought of the fun I'd had with the college paper, the prestige it had given me with the students and faculty, the satisfaction it had given me to say things I thought ought to be said, and I wondered if I had not wasted my time trying to be an engineer when editing a paper was so much more to my liking. The worst thing about the whole thing was that I had no money. I told this to Col. Peake but he thought that small matter could be arranged. Didn't I have an uncle or cousin or aunt or somebody who would sign my note? I thought of my brother-in-law, H. E. Passing of Humboldt, Iowa, and it turned out that he was my man.

We took over on November 15, 1905. Brother-in-law remained with me two additional days then returned to Iowa with visions (he denied it) of wealth and reflected glory descending upon him. He had come to Cody with my brother, Orin, some ten days before and while there and before closing the deal for the paper, the three of us drove across country to Basin, the county seat, about 60 miles eastward taking a heavily bewiskered but fine old gentleman named Pulsifer with us. En route we planned an over night stop at Burlington and a visit to the farm that our late father had purchased which now was tied up in his estate. I gave up my job with the Electric Light Company and early next morning we took off.

It was quite a trip. We rode in a farm wagon with no springs to soften the jolts except abbreviated ones under the seats. The road was only a wagon trail that generally followed the ancient water courses, occasionally passing from one to another over steep banks to keep going in the right direction. The silence about us,

the vast depths of blue sky, the shooting warmth of the sun, the mystic nakedness of the landscape and the charm of the distant views cast their spell upon us and made us reflective and speechless as we moved snail-like along. We saw prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, jack rabbits by the hundreds, coyotes and antelopes occasionally, and at one place slithering among the rocks, a wild cat. At a water hole which we suddenly came upon, we flushed about a hundred sage chickens, a close relative of the Iowa prairie chicken but only a fraction as wild. They didn't fly far and before we even got past the water they were back again, so close in some cases that we could have slayed them with sticks. They are not very good to eat, however, because of the sage growth they live on, so we did not molest them.

We reached Burlington, the halfway point, late in the afternoon and holed up at the Burlington House, the only public sleeping place in that town of approximately fifty people. I say "holed up" purposely because of all places where I have slept none excelled this one in points of crude construction and wild surroundings. The first floor was a combined saloon and dining room with a roulette wheel going full blast in one corner. Wandering in and out were a typical array of western characters whose wit and humor deteriorated as the evening advanced. By midnight the place was a bedlam as judged by us four horsemen who were bunking above, but we heard no shots nor did we note any serious arguments. Our twin beds, for we had to sleep double, were crowded in under opposite sides of the slanting roof through which, in many places in that rainless, arid land, we could see the stars. I don't mind confessing that I was scared. About 2:00 A.M. I heard someone tip-toeing up the steep and narrow stairs located on the outside of the building. Here it comes, I thought, as I nudged Orin who, like myself, was awake and heard the approach. Presently, two figures (a man and a woman) passed between the two beds and disappeared behind a thin cloth curtain that hung across the room at the head of our beds. They turned out to be nothing more than two people going to bed in the adjacent room isolated from us only by the aforementioned curtain.

We arose early next morning and were soon on our way, stopping east of town at the farm so recently occupied by my father. An elderly couple residing there in the small one story house served us some ham and eggs and prepared some sandwiches for our lunch.

We arrived at our destination just as the glow of a magnificent sunset was fading into dusky twilight. We deposited our tired horses in a nearby stable and ourselves in the Antler's Hotel which was a great improvement over the one at Burlington where we had been the night before.

We remained in Basin for two days. It was a small place much like Cody but somewhat more mature, being the county seat. The Greybull River ran close by and the magnificent Big Horn Mountains formed an imposing background of scenic beauty.

The return trip was much like the going one except that we spent the night at a private home in Otto rather than at the public house in Burlington. We passed through Burlington, however, and had the unique experience of seeing an army of jack rabbits descend upon the suburbs of that little town seeking food and water. We didn't wait around to see what happened to them.

The first issue of *The Enterprise* under my editorship rolled from the old hand operated printing press on Thursday, November 16, 1905. Claude Hooker, the printer's devil, stood on a raised platform and turned the press' huge crank. He claimed that it was this labor that made him bow graciously to everyone he met on Friday, that being the day that followed press day. From the day of this first issue to the middle of the following summer when we sold out we managed, somehow, to collect enough from our chronically delinquent subscribers and customers to keep issues coming out regularly week after week.

The foreman of the shop was a fairly good pressman named W. L. Ellswick and under him, in addition to Hooker, was a Mrs. Tinkum and a part time worker named Hattie Gardner. George Bates also worked for us occasionally. In addition to the newspaper press above described the shop had two job presses, several limited fonts of badly worn type, some stools and chairs, a paper trimmer, plenty of wastebaskets and two or three spittoons. It was heated by two round-bellied coal stoves, one in the print shop and another in the front office where I labored behind a roll top desk that had seen better days. My brother, John, also had a desk in the office. It was flanked by a long table where he displayed his samples of paint and brushes for the benefit of prospective customers. Staring at us from the north wall was a mounted elk head with a vicious eye.

We didn't own the building but leased it from Mrs. Peake for \$20.00 per month. It was located just north of the First National Bank. It faced east and directly toward Dr. Chamberlain's home and office across the street. A three room apartment was on the second floor, occupied, under my regime, by Ellswick, the pressman, and his family.

About three weeks after I took over, Buffalo Bill came home. This was a prime event and the townspeople made the best of it. Old timers, including Indians, some from miles away and some displaying their best chosen hats, chaps, boots, gloves and revolvers, rode into town on their best horses, some outfitted in the fanciest of leather.

Bill, as he was affectionately called, waited for them at the Irma Hotel. After serving them drinks at the long and ornate Irma bar he asked the older ones what they most needed and ordered it provided. Some asked for a pair of boots, others for a dress or a present for the "good woman", but most wanted clothing such as coats, pants, caps, shirts and undergarments.

Bill had rooms at the hotel but spent a good deal of time at his sister's home where I was rooming. On one or two occasions I was kindly invited to dine with them. This not only greatly flattered me but also gave me good opportunity to see and talk with our distinguished guest in a more or less intimate way. Once he called on me at the Enterprise Office. Pointing toward the crest of Cedar Mountain he said, "There is where I shall be buried. The spot is marked by a cairn of stones. Have you seen it?" When I confessed that I had not he said, "You must ride up there some time." (Buffalo Bill was buried just outside of Denver. I have seen his grave.)

One of Bill's old friends and cronies managed the Irma Hotel. He was Colonel Frank Powell whose long white hair and manly bearing despite his stern countenance made him barely less of a commanding figure than Bill himself. And Buffalo Bill was, indeed, a commanding figure. He was over six feet tall, straight as an arrow and just portly enough to have a stately bearing. His well groomed mustache and goatee and long white hair which curled upward at the shoulder line with hardly a hair in his entire head missing gave him a patriarchal appearance. But it was his handsome face with its baby-like skin and pink complexion that really set him apart from the ordinary weather beaten denison of the great plains. It was not the face of an intellectual but rather of an artist or showman bent on glamorizing western life and customs and making them appear dramatic and appealing.

This was the year of the beginning of construction on the great Shoshone Dam in the canyon of that name four or five miles west of the town. At the banquet given in Bill's honor much was said about this and the Orgeon Basin project and what they would do for Cody and surrounding country. Bill went into ecstasies about them and with artistic gestures envisioned for his audience acres upon acres of cactus and stone strewn benches in every direction growing lush with crops and fruit trees.

When he concluded the toastmaster referred to a promising young man who had just settled in Cody and called upon me. It was my first public speaking appearance and it came without warning. I don't remember what I said but have a vague recollection of trying to prove beyond question that Cody was, indeed, the best town in the west by a "dam site."



Cody, Wyoming in 1905-1906—Looking northwest. The large building near center is the Irma Hotel.

The Shoshone Dam's Chief Engineer, a Government Army Officer by the name of Ahern, was the next speaker. He was not as enthusiastic as Bill and I had been and took Bill for a terrific ride. "He couldn't see," he said, "how in hell the new dam and basin project could water more than a fraction of the land that Bill had promised unless Bill knew a way to bluff the water into running up hill."

Bill left town about a week later for his well beloved T E Ranch and the brisk little town settled down to celebrate Christmas. It was to be the first Christmas when electric lights were available. Small Christmas trees sprang up in homes and store windows. A few street decorations came to life. Saloons and dance halls and Mrs. Feeley's brothel had stored their oil lamps in out of way places. Sheep herders and cow men for miles around were expected in town. And last but not least Frank Stannard, the Lighting Company's Superintendent and Chief Engineer, had left for Denver to be gone a month.

I was sitting in my little office just as the last glow of eventide on that Christmas Eve was fading over the mountain tops. I was thinking of nothing but home and particularly the home of the one and only girl I had left behind me. Suddenly and without warning all lights went out all over the town. I knew at once that something serious had happened to the main generator at the plant.

Almost before I could put on my hat and coat George T. Beck, the lighting company's president, rushed into my office. Since Stannard, the Superintendent, was gone the president looked upon me as his last hope. He pleaded with me to do something even though I was no longer in his employ. I called the engineer (Shyrock) at the generating plant and got the terrible news that the armature of the exciter for the one and only generating unit had burned out. If that was true then of course the plant would have to remain idle until a new armature could be shipped from Denver, a four or five day delay.

I told this to the president, Beck. He shot back, "It musn't be. Go the the plant Hook and fix it. I know you can do it." Despite the fact that I had no more idea of what to do than a babe in arms, I agreed to try.

Upon arrival at the plant I ordered the water to be turned on and the generator started. As the speed of the huge machine increased, the little exciter motor began to throw sparks in every direction. I noted where the sparks were coming from and ordered the water turned off. I suddenly remembered one thing I had learned in college about armature winding. It was that in one type of winding each commutator bar was connected through the armature to another commutator bar exactly opposite. I

didn't know, of course, if this particular winding was of that kind. I decided, however, to take a chance. I examined, by lantern light, the spot on the commutator where the sparks had come from. Sure enough it showed a burned commutator bar. With my pliers I clipped the wires connecting these two bars and put the armature back and turned on the water.

To my great relief it worked. The lights went back on and I got a reputation in Cody for being an electrical wizard that was far beyond my deserts. A week later I was elected a director of the Cody Building and Loan Association. It was my first directorship.

I had now been in Cody long enough to get a feel of the place. It had its aristocracy and it had its neer-do-wells, but the greatest hiatus existed between the late arrivals from the east, called dudes by the natives, with their pious frowning upon frontier ways and the old timers who had built up a philosophy of their own as to what was right and wrong. The aristocracy, so called, consisted for the most part of the better to do families, formerly easterners, who secretly sympathized with the natives but having none of their bringing up managed to keep in the good graces of the lately arrived families by showing up occasionally at church, joining the literary clubs and remaining clear of all movements that offered the slightest chance of arousing controversy. The natives were the sheep and cattle men, the gamblers and saloon keepers and the small tradesmen mostly western born who had started their businesses when the town was founded some eight or ten years before. They had developed among themselves a certain code of honor and ethics that was not understood by the dudes, who were accustomed to order and law and a code of morals sanctioned by church, custom and decree.

The dudes, of course, objected to Feeley's brothel and to the saloons and their gambling adjuncts that punctuated the main street of the town at many places. The editors of the two papers, the *Cody Enterprise*, for which I was responsible, and the *Stock-grower and Farmer*, edited by J. K. Calkins, were, of course, expected to side with them in their fight for reform. Both of us were shown laws and recent court decisions against gambling in the state that if enforced would, in the words of the reformists, put these cess-pools of iniquity out of business. We also knew that a crusade against gambling in Montana had driven many of the profession into Wyoming. Both Calkins and I were sympathetic but neither of us were keen about starting a crusade. By the very name of his paper Calkins had one up on me in the coming battle. His paper was a promoter of farming and stock raising methods and, while it contained news items, they were a secondary consideration and incidental to the main purpose.

I wrote an editorial for the February 8, 1906, issue of the *Enterprise* entitled, "Let's Trample Evil". It was an obtuse attack upon evil, proving that I was much against it and counseling the people to stamp it out, but it was not a direct attack on the local issue. It stirred things up, however, and showed between the lines that I was on the side of the reformists. In the week's interim between this and the next issue of the paper on February 15, the women of the town circulated a petition that brought the issue to a head and forced Mayor Jacob Schwoob to act. A news item in the February 15 issue of the *Enterprise* read as follows—

"GAMBLING CLOSED"

"At the demand of the Mayor occasioned by a petition signed by almost every lady in town and another petition signed by some of the business men, gambling in the town is a thing of the past. Nothing definite has as yet been decided as regards the stipulation in the ladies' petition for the entire elimination of the concert hall, that has been seeking a license for some time, that would allow them to run on the main streets of our town. The women are making a vigorous stand and are intent on bringing their beliefs to a successful issue."

Six weeks passed with tension growing and little effort on the part of the town government to take legal action against the law violators. I was playing the game cautiously hoping that the town would act and relieve me from the necessity of making demands. Then it happened. I was ill on publication day, April 5th, and not at my office. Victor G. Lantry, an old timer and a good friend, had come to my office with the following article prepared by himself and couched in the language of ridicule. Finding me away he persuaded Ellswick, my printer, to print it.

"THE LID NOW ON TIGHT"

"County authorities say gambling must be closed entirely. Arrests are made. Deputy Sheriff Carl Hammitt arrests all Cody Saloon men who allow gambling on Their Premises."

"About 9 o'clock an immense crowd was gathered in front of the Cody Opera House, each provided with a piece of broken window glass smoked for the occasion, all watching intently for the total eclipse of the moon, then only fifteen minutes distant. Not a sound could be heard as the vast throng with bated breath focused his glass on the little fellow already shaded by cold Mother Earth. Deputy Sheriff Carl Hammitt sauntered carelessly along just as the shadow was nearing completion, and drawing from his pocket—not a Colts or Luger automatic, but a huge bunch of warrants issued from Basin, he put under arrest the following named persons; each charged with the offence of maintaining a gambling house: Marlow and Gebo, 8 counts; Jesse Frost, 3 counts; Wm. J. Chapman, 3 counts; George Hawkins, 2 counts; Dan Sullivan, 2 counts; James May, 2 counts; John Lowe, 2 counts; Hoyle, 3 counts; Frank Parks, 3 counts; John Doe, Sr. 246 counts; John Doe, Jr. 247 counts; Mrs. John Doe, Sr. 248 counts; Miss John Doe, Jr., 249 counts.

About this time the eclipse suddenly collapsed and the old man in the moon could be distinctly seen calmly gazing down with smiling

face upon the astonished crowd. Each of the above named parties when put under arrest, furnished a \$500.00 bond to answer at the next term of the district court to the charge of either gambling or maintaining a gambling house. A careful investigation developed the fact that arrests of like character were made at the same hour at Garland, Burlington, Basin, Worland and other offending points. It also developed the fact that the States Attorney General has caused similar proceedings in every offending town in Wyoming. The Supreme Court after a bitter legal fight recently, held that the Wyoming statutes on gambling was constitutional and the penalty of \$300.00 for each count was enforceable.

The fight against gambling in Montana has been waged with bitterness recently and the result has been to drive from her borders hundreds of that fraternity, and, hunting for pastures green and victims verdant, they swooped down like hives of bees and covered Wyoming. But the state has taken action and ere long in our state as well as in Montana, the laws must be respected as to open, notorious gambling and kindred resorts."

When the paper came to me late in the afternoon I didn't detect the dynamite in it immediately. But next day it was made manifest. My roommate, who then was Ed Polk, brought me the news of the street and it was not pleasant news to receive. It ran from threats of boycott of the paper to threats of driving me out of town. One story was that my life was in danger and Polk brought that message to me with a good deal of conviction. I was not at all well and had not been for some little time and this added strain didn't help my condition any. I at once ordered the paper to set nothing in type that did not have my written approval.

Pondering what next to do, I thought of Jesse Frost. Jesse's saloon was one of the best run in the town. Jesse himself was a good scout well liked by everybody. He was one of three saloon keepers who advertised in my paper. I sent Polk to him with a letter. I suggested that he assemble a group of the aggrieved at the Irma Hotel the following Monday to talk things over with me. I told him to bring any one and everyone he wanted.

Jesse assented and the meeting was held. I sat alone facing the whole group. After chiding me a bit about my willingness to accept their liquor advertising and arguing earnestly that the saloon business was as legitimate as any other and that the gambling they permitted was no different than the gambling anybody else did who bought something in hopes of selling it at a profit, they asked me to say my say.

Of course I had given previous thought to what I would say and had decided, with advice from Victor Lantry and others, that I must not act excited or show fear. The illness that was upon me didn't make this easy. As nearly as I can recall this, in essence, is what I said to them:

1. That I was not the author of the April 5th article that ridiculed them.

2. That it had been published without my knowledge.
3. That if I had seen it and considering the facts that the arrests had been made, I probably would not have published it.
4. That despite these facts and the additional one that I had accepted some of their saloon and whiskey advertisements, I, in honesty, must say that I agreed with what the article said; that I did not approve of brothels, saloons or gambling and that so long as I lived in Cody I would be on the side of law and order and that I intended to say as much in the next issue of the paper.
5. I ended my remarks by mentioning the rumor about my life being in danger and said if true I had but one request to make. Don't shoot from behind or from a dark alley, but in a way give me a chance to defend myself.

When I finished Jesse spoke to the assemblage, "The kid's all right," he said, "he has come clean." Turning to me he assured me that my life was not in danger and never had been, and told me to go about my business as I always had. We shook hands and the meeting ended.

The next issue of the *Enterprise*, April 12, 1906, carried the following wordy and confused editorial from my pen, calculated from my youthful point of view to show where I personally stood on the issue and, at the same time, to show my fairness and objectivity in dealing with it. Any courage it exuded was so padded with extraneous words and phrases as to be lost on any but the most careful reader.

"MY! HOW THEY HOWLED!"

"The truth always hurts," so it is said, and since the last issue of the *Enterprise* has spread its columns before the eyes of the public, we surely must say that we believe every word of the good old saying. The policy of the *Enterprise*, as everyone must admit, has been the most conservative. We have not made it a point to agitate measures and attempt to bring our real beliefs relative to gambling to a successful issue. It has been our policy to treat these matters sensibly, being sure that we let the public know our exact beliefs upon the subject. We have given the news, as much of it as possible, in an unprejudiced manner. We have refrained from radically commenting upon any of the issues that have been agitated by the citizens of our town relative to the eradication of gambling. We have not done this because our beliefs are on the opposite side of the question, but because we felt too new in the country to attempt to dictate to the people what they should or should not do. We have felt that our older brother townsmen who have toiled long and hard to make Cody the town that it now is, men who know the conditions and understand the West and western customs, we have felt that they should do the dictating. Now, after doing this, have our efforts been appreciated? We fear not. Last week we had only to print one article on the subject; an article of news, pure and simple; an article,

every word, we might say, of which is public court record, and what is the result? Not a voice, only in a few cases, from the men who were arrested, but one (many) from an army of outsiders who tolerate and follow the poker business, and who spin the roulette wheel every chance they get at different places throughout the town. Now, the Enterprise does not particularly care what any of these people say in regard to above mentioned article, but it wishes to take the opportunity to let the people know that such comment has been offered. We feel that we are perfectly able to stand by the things we say through this paper, and when a plain, common, every day news item is printed, we want to say that we pity the man who is narrow enough to take exceptions to it. We are in business to give the news, and if you do anything, good or bad, that we consider good enough to call news, you need not worry, for it will be in the Enterprise.

The editor of the Enterprise admits he is not the author of the article referred to, (April 5, 1906) but he wants everyone to know that he is the author of this one. It seems sad to relate that in a place as large as Cody we must sweeten every article that is written with exhortations of "Make Three Guesses" and "Exception taking expressions" for fear we will anger some one by publishing the grand old truth."

Meantime, the law had been enforced. The accused mentioned in the April 5th story were loaded in wagons and taken across country to the county seat at Basin for trial. I stood on the street and waved them good bye. I don't remember what punishment they got because I returned to Iowa three days after the April 12 issue appeared, not to return. I was told, however, that the Cody saloons thereafter barred gambling and that the professional gamblers all left town.

Speaking of saloon and gambling houses, I think a short account of them as they appeared in frontier Cody of half a century ago might be interesting. They all occupied prominent locations on the principal streets. Some were saloons exclusively while others added gambling and a few served light lunches. The latter were, by far, the most intriguing. Upon entering, one found himself flanked on one side by the bar. Farther back and beyond the bar were square tables with chairs at each for four persons. Somewhere near the tables were the gambling devices, mostly roulette wheels. On the back wall was at least one and sometimes two exits. The walls were sparsely decorated mostly with deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear heads but never, so far as my memory goes, with voluptuous women in scant attire as so many now believe. A huge potbellied stove — sometimes two — heated the rooms in the winter but were removed and stored during the warm months. On the bar barely out of easy reach of a customer one usually could find one or two six shooters. These served as a warning that one must not buy what he could not pay for.

During the day time these places were benign enough but as night came on, especially Friday and Saturday nights when the

sheep and cattle men came to town, activity revived, sometimes to the embarrassment of a tenderfoot newcomer who happened in at the wrong moment. Old Sam Berry, when feeling good, enjoyed nothing better than forcing some stranger to dance by shooting at the floor near his feet. He never did this to me but I always kept well out of his sight fearing that he might.

I have seen literally dish pans full of gold and silver coins before the roulette wheels. Argument and raucous talk was notably absent among the gamblers. They placed their bets and accepted the verdict of the wheel without comment. But if talk was absent, alertness was not. Some carried revolvers in plain sight and as they stood there one got the impression that no movement of any one of them and no change of expression on anyone's face escaped notice by the others.

The old westerner was a most inarticulate person. Spending such a lot of his time alone with himself he learned how to get along without talking. But he never gave the impression of being a moron. Conversely he appeared to be a man of repressed knowledge, an enigmatical person who was taking your measure and retaining it for some future use. When he did say anything you listened attentively to every word.

One dark evening I was sitting at my desk in the newspaper office talking to Ed Polk when the door suddenly opened and admitted a young man whom I knew very well. Without a word he strode to where I was sitting, poked a revolver into my face and with a terrible oath said, "You have robbed me and I'm going to get you." Thinking it a joke I pushed the gun away and smiled. Again he moved to put the gun on me and Polk, sensing that the fellow was in earnest, grabbed him from behind and together we disarmed him. Next morning my assailant came rushing in to see me. "Thank God you're all right," he said. "I was afraid I had killed you." He then told me what had happened.

He had just received his month's pay in cash. Thinking to have a drink he went into one of the saloons. A stranger seeing his roll got into conversation with him and began buying him absinth. A friend seeing what was going on slipped up and took his money for safe keeping. When he missed the money he was pretty far gone. By some twist of fate he looked down the street and saw the light in my office window. The notion struck him at once, he said, that I had robbed him. He reached over and without being seen picked up the house revolver and started for my office. The scene I have just described followed. I gave him back his gun which had one cartridge in its chamber. He took it back to the saloon and, of course, I dropped all thought of having him arrested.

The weather in Cody was seldom inclement if the wind were ignored. The latter could be quite disagreeable. The native called the occasional heavy blows "chinooks" which seemed to me to blow straight down from the sky, scattering sand and even goodly sized pebbles in all directions. These chinooks could convert a cold winter's morning into a tropical afternoon with incredible swiftness. But I liked Cody's weather. It was stimulating and changeable enough not to get monotonous and the need for rubbers and rain coats was almost nil.

I have in my possession copies of only two issues of the Cody Enterprise printed during my proprietorship. They each contain 8 pages, 6 columns wide. About one-third consists of locally prepared copy. Another third is purchased plate. The balance is advertising, all local except ads from the McMillan Fur and Wool Co. of Minneapolis, purchaser of all kinds of hides, the Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, the C., B. & Q. Railroad, The Lederer Novelty Co. of Washington, D. C., The Scientific Farmer of Denver, Colorado, and The Winchester Repeating Arms Co. of New Haven, Connecticut. I quickly pass over two columns of editorials that tortured page 3 of each issue, and come directly to the advertisements. It is they that deserve the spotlight today. J. W. Neff and Sons, grocers, declared in an advertisement appearing in the issue of March 26, 1906, that "A Stale Ad is Better Than a Stale Egg," a fact, I am sure, all Codyites were glad to learn. The Cody Lumber Co. in the same issue announced that "We want to Emphatically Say that We Believe We Can Serve You as Satisfactorily as any Concern on Earth," while W. F. Wittich in a mood of civic helpfulness shouted in glaring headlines, "If Your Head Needs Fixing Send it to W. F. Wittich." It's only fair to add that Wittich was a taxidermist.

Each issue contained cards of six attorneys-at-law, seven physicians and surgeons, two dentists, one engineer, surveyor and notary public and a teacher of violin. Sprinkled throughout the paper, also, were terse reminders that all subscriptions to the Enterprise should be paid for and promptly.

My brother, John, was a cartoonist of sorts and his drawings of local characters were occasionally published. In one of the issues in my possession is a cartoon of Ed Cheese, shown putting the finishing touches on the new flour mill that the lately organized Shoshone Milling Co., of which he was the head, had just built. I remember another cartoon of Bad Land Dave McFall. Bad Land was very jealous of Buffalo Bill, declaring that he, Bad Land, had shot many more buffalo than Bill and couldn't see why he wasn't getting as much credit. John drew a cartoon in four parts, the first part showing Bad Land running from what appeared to be a

bear. Ahead of him was a deep but narrow crevice in the rocks. The second picture showed him leaping the crevice. The third picture showed him landing by the skin of his teeth on the opposite bank. The fourth picture showed him sitting up and looking back across the crevice only to see that it was not a bear that had been chasing him but only a harmless little prairie dog.

John showed the cartoon to Bad Land and convinced him that publishing it would draw much attention to him. Bad Land was doubtful if it would enhance his reputation as a great buffalo hunter but John pointed out that while that was true the picture would show his kindly nature and his unwillingness to hurt even a prairie dog and that it might be just the thing to start people talking about him and wanting to learn more about his life. The cartoon was published and old tall, lank, lean, black whiskered Bad Land seemed quite pleased with the comment it engendered among his acquaintances.

There were other interesting characters in Cody at the time but it would take too much time and space to more than merely mention them. Tex Holm was a great guide and one of the early conductors of private trips to the hunting grounds of the Absorakes and to Yellowstone National Park. Others that I remember well were Dave McFall, Jesse Frost, Victor G. Lantry and George T. Beck already mentioned; Harry Thurston who married Buffalo Bill's niece; C. E. Hayden; Fred Chase; Dr. Louis Howe and his pretty daughters Anna, Alice and Ruby; Dwight Hollister; Milo Harding and his sister Clara; attractive Bess and Jess Hitchcock; Dr. H. H. Ainsworth; Hank Fulton; H. T. (Kid) Newell; Jake Schwoob; W. B. Kissick; W. L. Walls, attorney; Harry Weston, banker; Claude Hooker; F. J. Hiscock the photographer; Jim McLaughlin; Dr. J. H. Van Horn; Finley Goodman; Gus Thompson; Walter Kepford of Ishwooa; Caroline Lockhart a writer of note, and Capt. Rudson a remittance man from England; Hud Darrah; Harry Wagner; Len Newton; A. C. Newton; Dr. Francis Lane; Jim and Brunt Neff; Mr. and Mrs. Tinkham; Dr. F. A. Whaples who ran the Cody Hospital; Ex-Governor of Wyoming, Frank Houx; Fred Barnett, and J. H. Calkins a brother editor; Dave Jones the haberdasher; the McGuffey brothers; Dr. M. Chamberlain and his fine wife Agnes, and John Rollinson the forest ranger whose book *Pony Trails in Wyoming* was a recent best seller. Another most interesting character was Walter Braten. Braten, a noted guide and conductor of camping parties, was born in Michigan. When 10 years of age he was captured by the Brule Indians of South Dakota, where he then lived, and taken to the Red Cloud Agency on Wolf Creek. While there he was stolen by the Sioux Indians, with whom he lived for 5 years, meantime thoroughly mastering their language and customs. He escaped from the Sioux after a perilous ride, with his captors in hot pursuit.

Later he fell in with U. S. forces, fought the Indians at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and was made chief scout by his commander. Following this he spent years scouring the Rockies in Wyoming as an expert and responsible guide.

Braten, a typical old-time Westerner, was no waster of words, but on trails he could be depended upon to entertain his companions with stories, all personal experiences, that were unbelievably vivid and interesting. I was fortunate enough to be with him on one or two occasions when he was in a mood to talk, and regret now that I didn't record some of the stories he told.

About 15 miles southwest of Cody, beyond Cedar Mountain, was the small settlement of Marquette. Here a pair of enterprising old-timers known as McGlashan and McKellar, held sway. Their store served the ranchers for miles up and down the south fork of the Shoshone on the north and as far as Carter Mountain on the south. The little town is now extinct. It lies beneath the waters of Shoshone Lake, impounded by the high Cody dam that was then in course of construction.

Marquette was famous in those days for its broncho-busting events. McGlashan and McKellar staged these shows in a corral in front of their general store. Some of the very best riders in the west, notably George Gardner who had ridden in Buffalo Bill's show, Dewey Riddle and Carl Sorenson performed. I have seen good riding since but never anything to equal that done in the corral at Marquette. The *Enterprise* describes one of these bronco busting events in its issue of March 29, 1906. Today the event would be called a rodeo.

Society in Cody of my day consisted of subscription dances, a domino club where the game of that name held sway, a discussion club, church activities and, as would be expected, riding and big game hunting parties. I can remember only two churches, Methodist and Episcopal, each, as I recall, with a modest church edifice. I belonged to the discussion club and remember well the trimming I got in a debate on the joint statehood bill which proposed admittance of Arizona and New Mexico to the Union of States. I was assigned to the negative side and was all but wiped out in the argument that ensued.

The dances were the real attraction for the younger set. There were plenty of pretty girls, none exceeding in class and beauty the Howe and Hitchcock girls and the two waitresses at the Irma Hotel, both from Denver. As for riding parties I recall vividly only two. One was when a party of us got lost in a snow storm on Rattlesnake Mountain. The storm was of short duration but of blizzard proportions and quickly obliterated the none too clear trail. All we could do was to loosen our horses' reins and let

them go their way which, as usually happens, turned out to be the right and nearest way home.

The other was when a party of five of us tried to find the cairn of stones on Cedar Mountain that marked what was expected to be the last resting place of Buffalo Bill. It must have been a pretty well hidden cairn because after a long search we gave up and prepared to return home. From where we then were the broad valley of the south fork of the Shoshone spread out before us. It looked so near that we foolishly decided to ride down to it on the south side of the mountain rather than the safer but longer way we had come. We had not gone far before we were in trouble. The mountain became steeper and steeper and before we knew it we found it impossible to turn back. We dismounted, loosened the saddle girths and bridle reins, turned the horses free and followed them.

It was quite a sight to see those horses pick their way down. The lead horse would test his footing at every step and seemed to keep one hind foot off the ground most of the time. It appeared to me that he was lame and since it was the horse I was riding I had visions of being accused by his owner of disabling him.

Our greatest fear, of course, was of being completely rim-rocked in which event we would have been forced to abandon the horses altogether, retrace our steps up the mountain and return the ten or more miles home on foot. Luckily, however, this did not happen and after an hour or more of worry and anxiety the descent began to flatten out and we were again leading our horses instead of letting them lead us. In another fifteen minutes we had mounted them and much to my joy my horse began galloping on all four legs as if nothing whatever had happened to him.

This experience was a valuable one to me and the others in the party. We had learned the hard way that one must stick to the trails on a mountain if there are any, that one must never ride a horse into an unmarked place where the horse can't turn around, and that if one is riding an uncharted course on a mountain he must set up certain markings behind that will enable him to find his way back.

For some unknown reason my health deteriorated as the months passed in Cody. The doctor blamed the altitude and prescribed a heart stimulant. A better doctor, perhaps, would have told me I was worrying about my vocation and my future, for, indeed, I was. By now I knew I was not trained to be a newspaper publisher and that to persist in it was to throw away five years of special college training as an engineer. Late in March the

doctor advised that I go back home to a lower altitude, my brother-in-law partner insisted that I comply, and on April 17, 1906, I did so, leaving the paper in charge of head printer Ellswick.

It was not a happy retreat, however, because I felt that I was letting my brother-in-law down. I wanted more than anything in the world to see that he got all of his money back. To do this, however, seemed hopeless. It meant, of course, selling the paper and how could I do that being in Humboldt, Iowa, a thousand miles away from it.

One day S. A. Nelson of Humboldt, Clerk of the County Court, came into my brother-in-law's bank and the idea suddenly struck me that he might be interested in buying the paper. Nelson was a bachelor, politically minded and ambitious to make a career for himself. Moreover, he had some money. I presented the glories of Wyoming to him and particularly Cody, Wyoming, and the opportunities both offered to young men of ambition and ability. I showed him how a newspaper with the Buffalo Bill tradition back of it, as ours had, could help. Two months later he bought the paper virtually sight unseen, took to himself a wife, and moved to Cody, Wyoming, to grow up with the country, leaving us a profit on the deal of one Smith-Premier Typewriter in fairly good condition. He did succeed in making quite a record for himself but not in Cody. He settled, at length, in Powell, Wyoming, where he organized a paper and became one of the community's leading citizens.

I've visited Cody three times in recent years. Many of the old timers were gone but those who were left greeted me with a warmth and friendliness that I shall never forget. The little town had grown considerably but not as much as Buffalo Bill had predicted. It had become the county seat of the new county of Park that came into being when Big Horn County was cut down to size. It now claims a population of approximately 4,000 and boasts of being the center of the oil industry of Northern Wyoming. It still basks in the reflected glory of Buffalo Bill whose spirit rises from eternity like the genii from the vase. It will always be thus I suppose and I'm glad it is so.

Frank A. Meanea, Pioneer Saddler

By

NORA H. DUNN IN COLLABORATION WITH T. A. COBRY

AND MRS. JAMES GARRETT*



*Meanea's Saddle Shop
218 West Seventeenth St.*

For more than a half century, wherever horses and saddles are used, the name of Meanea has been synonymous of the best in saddlery. For three score years or more a sign proclaiming to all and sundry that F. A. Meanea is the manufacturer of and dealer in saddles, light and heavy harness, quirts, bits, spurs, saddle-pockets, and feedbags, has looked out on Cheyenne's streets. The original sign, fully six feet square and constructed of extra heavy boards, was fastened to a high pole at the edge of the street. It showed a lady on horseback. Early day letter-heads carried a cut of this lady and the wording, "Don't forget the sign of the lady on horseback." In later years this unwieldy billboard was discarded for a smaller one without the famous lady.

* This article was written in 1937 by Nora H. Dunn from information given by Mr. Cobry and Mrs. Garrett. Mrs. Garrett, niece of Mr. Meanea, obtained some of her information from some remaining records of Mr. Meanea.

The Meanea shop sign and the windows behind it have been the mecca of youthful longings throughout the length and breadth of the rangeland. To desire a Meanea saddle betokened ambition and a highly placed goal. To own a Meanea saddle was the mark of achievement and the reaching of that goal. To own a complete Meanea outfit placed one on a superior plane in the eyes of others and lifted the owner to the level of a seventh heaven.

The man who built up this reputation was Frank A. Meanea. He was born of French parents on December 16, 1849, near Lexington, Missouri. The year 1867 found him living in Nebraska City, which lies at the junction of the Platte and Missouri Rivers.

At that time the Union Pacific was pushing its steel rails ever westward and, since much of the work was done with ox or mule teams, the demand for harness and wagon repair work was heavy. This seemed like a wonderful opportunity to Frank Meanea and, boy in age though he was, he opened a small repair shop—probably in a tent or a wagon. As the Union Pacific tracks forged into the West, Frank Meanea, in keeping abreast of the rails, moved from camp to camp. In the vernacular of that era, he “ran a little Buckeye”.

In November 1867, the rails reached Cheyenne and work on the road was discontinued until spring. Repairs to the equipment and the necessary preparation for the spring work, however, continued through the winter months. When the steel rails again pushed onward Frank Meanea and his “Buckeye” moved with them. By fall 1868, he had traveled as far west as Bear River.

While there a letter reached Frank Meanea from his uncle, E. L. Gallatin, a member of the firm of Gallatin and Gallup, in Denver. This firm was one of the first saddleries in Colorado Territory. (A saddle made by this firm for Colonel Chivington, of Sand Creek fame, is now, 1937, in the Colorado State Museum.) The letter stated that a branch shop of the firm Gallatin and Gallup was being opened in Cheyenne, and offered the position of manager to Frank Meanea. This offer he accepted, and at the age of nineteen, he settled down in Cheyenne, Territory of Wyoming, which place was to be his home through a long and useful career.

One day not long afterward Dave Cinnamond arrived in Cheyenne. He and Frank Meanea were about the same age and Frank had boarded with Dave's mother back in Nebraska City. The friendship was renewed and Dave worked for Frank for many years.

About 1875, the firm of Gallatin and Gallup, in Cheyenne, changed its name and became E. L. Gallatin and Company. This

new firm consisted of E. L. Gallatin, his son, Joe Gallatin, and his nephew, Frank Meanea. Frank and Joe were to run the business, which was situated at 218 West Seventeenth Street, in a one story frame house with a false front. The front end of the building was turned over to business but a portion at the rear was converted into living quarters for Frank Meanea and his mother. Adjoining the saddlery on the west was a book store, in one corner of which was the post office.

Frank Meanea, slight of stature and topping the scales at about one hundred and twenty pounds, had a dynamic personality. He set to work earnestly to build up the saddle business in this locality. So well did he apply himself that he was able, about 1876, to buy the shop in which he worked and to take over the business. The firm of Gallatin and Company then passed from local ken and the name of F. A. Meanea began to grow.

Within a short time the citizens of Cheyenne saw a new building rising on the Meanea lot at 218 West Seventeenth Street, for the saddle business had outgrown the one story frame building in which it was housed. Business was conducted as usual, however, in the original house, which had been moved across the street, until the new two story brick structure was ready for occupancy. This new structure, when completed, had a spacious sales and show room on the ground floor with a well equipped work shop in the rear. The *Cheyenne Leader* occupied the second story for a time, and later the space was rented to various other enterprises. During one of the early sessions of the Territorial Legislature one house convened in this upper story, while the other met in the hall over Stephen Bon's store at 317 West Sixteenth Street.

By this time Frank A. Meanea catalogues were being sent all over the surrounding country. His first advertising by mail consisted of actual photographs of certain saddles being mailed to prospective buyers. Fancy cuts in the new catalogues displayed saddles carrying the triple lure of comfort and service combined with the delicate tracery of hand stamped decorations. All saddles at that time were being equipped with a double cinch rig unless an order specifically stated that a single cinch rig was desired. All were warranted not to hurt the horse nor to break with any kind of fair use.

Today only roping saddles carry a double cinch rig. The modern single cinch rig, however, differs greatly from the original one of early days, commonly called the "center-fire" rig. A center-fire passed around the middle of a horse's belly. If cinched tight enough to hold the saddle in place securely it was more or less uncomfortable for the horse. There came a day, however, when two Texas trail bosses arrived in Cheyenne and ordered saddles with two cinches, one to go in front of the belly bulge and just

back of the front legs, the other to go back of the belly bulge. The advantage of this was instantly recognized and thereafter the double cinch rig was greatly in demand. The change brought comfort to the rider also since it removed the cinch knot or buckle from under the rider's leg.

Prices quoted in the catalogue ranged from twenty-five dollars to fifty-five dollars for men's saddles. Side saddles for ladies cost thirty-five dollars. Pack saddles were furnished for eight dollars each, while saddle pockets ranged from three dollars for unadorned leather to five dollars for those with hand stamped decorations. Cantinas, which were saddle pockets that fastened to the saddle horn, were more expensive. They were equipped inside with loops like a cartridge belt and were used by doctors for carrying medicine vials.

Heavy harness for work teams brought fifty dollars per set, but light weight sets for buckboard or spring wagon use could be had for thirty-five dollars. Cattle whips twelve feet in length and with loaded handles were quoted at three dollars and fifty cents, while quirts ranged from seventy-five cents to two dollars each. Feed bags were worth one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Nor did the Meanea shop stop with work equipment only. Articles for the adornment of a rider's person were no small end of the business. Frank Meanea was a saddler and inordinately proud of his trade, but his love of leather caused him to take pride in supplying in leather any article called for. Leather cuffs from five to six and a half inches in length, spur straps, cartridge belts, and pistol holsters, all ornately hand stamped, ranged in price from fifty cents to three dollars. Even leather collars with long fronts resembling dickeys were supplied to the public.

The use of leather chaps drifted into this country with the entrance of Texas cattle and Texas cowboys, but here they were used mainly during winter months as protection against the severely cold winds. Early day chaps were those known as the stove pipe variety. The legs were sewed-up from ankle to seat and were almost as narrow as trousers legs. Chaps with sealskin, Newfoundland dog, grizzly bear, or angora fronts in variegated colors, commonly termed "hair pants", were used mostly for dress-up occasions since they were impracticable for work. They ranged in price from twenty dollars to seventy-five dollars per pair. In later years bat-winged chaps that fastened with hooks, simplifying the manner of donning, made their appearance.

To make his sales line complete Frank A. Meanea's stock included bits, spurs, and conchas in hand forged solid silver, silver inlaid, and nickel. He handled saddle blankets of genuine Navajo make, of Brussels carpet with leather bindings, and of buffalo



CHEYENNE BUILDINGS, 1868

U. S. Post Office, Masonic Hall, Gallatin & Gallup, and Great Western Outfitting House.

hair. The Meanea shop did not employ a silversmith but it handled the best only in that line as in all others.

At the peak of the leather business the Meanea shop employed twenty-two leather workers in addition to many sales clerks, bookkeepers, etc. Nineteen hundred was the banner year for the Meanea shop. Sales that year included eight hundred high class saddles and a proportionate amount of all other lines.

The term "Meanea saddles" was true in more than one sense, for the trees on which they were built were also a Meanea product. T. E. Meanea, a brother of Frank, was a saddle-tree maker, with shops in Denver, Colorado. Frank Meanea's shop in Cheyenne used T. E. Meanea trees exclusively and the catalogues carried this declaration, "Trees shown above made by T. E. Meanea, Denver, who has made my trees since 1873". Trees on which saddles were built varied in length of seat, height of cantle and horn, and width of swell, according to individual taste. The Taylor and Visalia were favorites, though the White River, Nelson, and Ladesma were greatly in demand. The Denver Citizen, a very light tree, was used on boy's saddles, and after 1906, when the women of this country began riding astride, it was a favorite with the ladies.

It is interesting to note that the first saddles used by the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police were made by Frank A.

Meanea in his Cheyenne shop. The first order called for twenty-five saddles, and later two smaller orders were received.

The late George Eastman, of Rochester, Minnesota, head of the Eastman Kodak Company, bought several Meanea saddles. He would use no other make.

In 1910, an order reached Cheyenne from Singapore. An American, who was manager of a rubber plantation there, needed a saddle. Only the best would do and the best in his estimation was a Meanea product. In due time the saddle was finished according to the given specifications, packed and started on its long trip to the other side of the world.

Saddles frequently appeared in Cheyenne that were valued as high as four hundred and fifty dollars each. These usually came from Texas, California, or Mexico and were ornately stitched in gold or silver thread and ornamented in gold or silver conchas after the Spanish custom. Their ornate expensiveness, however, made them not one whit better than the plainer product bearing the Meanea stamp. In fact, the Meanea stamp was generally preferred.

One of the Meanea shop slogans was, "If it can be made in leather, we do it". Gus Gold was the novelty man. He took great pride in his work and in the variety of things he was asked to make. These included cases for field glasses, picture frames, leggings for hunting parties and stage drivers, puteses for military use at the forts near here, and novelties of all kinds. In the early days the head of the Sanford Ink Company made frequent visits to Wyoming on hunting trips and always used these occasions as opportunities to have Gus Gold make many leather articles of varied uses and designs according to given specifications.

Frank Meanea, expert leather worker that he was, always gave all repair work brought to his shop his personal attention. He continued this custom until his death, for it was a matter of pride with him to know that even the smallest job was turned out in A-1 condition. He had few interests outside his shop and his home, but these he met with undying zeal. Each day, even after he had passed his sixtieth birthday, and regardless of weather conditions, he walked to and from his shop with sprightly, eager step and erect shoulders.

His brother, Theodore, the saddle-tree maker of Denver, loved all outdoor sports and was especially fond of hunting and fishing. Theodore frequently came to Cheyenne, and through obstinate persistence succeeded in dragging Frank off on hunting trips.

One pleasure trip which Frank Meanea took was a highlight in his life. This was the trip to the Calgary (Canada) Stampede, made in 1912, as the guest of Percy Hoyt. There were thirteen

members of the party, namely: Frank Meanea, Charles Hirsig, Fred Hirsig, P. S. Cook, Les Snow, Eddie McCarty, Dr. Barber, Ed Morgan, Tom O. Jay, Mark T. Cox, R. P. Fuller, Dr. B. F. Davis, and the host, Percy Hoyt. The occasion of the trip was to see Canada's biggest and best in the line of rodeos, which took place that year on September second to seventh inclusive. Percy Hoyt chartered two railroad cars, one a combination pullman and diner, for himself and guests, and the other for the horses which they would need as mounts when they arrived in Canada. The coaches were decorated with banners reading, "Cheyenne Frontier Cowpunchers, hitting the trail to Calgary Stampede". The Cheyenne party found the town of Calgary decorated in flags and bunting much as their own town was decorated during Frontier Days, except that the flags used were the Union Jack and not our own Stars and Stripes. The Canadian Mounties took part in the parade, riding proudly in spick and span uniforms. Frank Meanea recalled that he had once made saddles for just such lads as those on parade that day.

The party was away from Cheyenne ten or twelve days. After they reached home again, Percy Hoyt presented each member with a souvenir of the trip which he had made. These souvenirs were small kodak books which held kodak pictures taken on the trip. The one given to Mr. Meanea was in 1937 to be found in the shop which carried his name.

With the influx of homesteaders and the building of wire fences, the saddle business began tapering off. The cutting down of the vast amount of territory to be covered by men on horseback or with wagons and teams lessened the heavy wear and tear on saddles and harness. The real death blow to the saddle business, however, came in 1910, or 1912, with the advent of automobiles and gasoline.

In 1927, the F. A. Meanea Saddle Shop was moved from 218 West Seventeenth Street, where it had been for forty-five years, and opened in new quarters at 320 West Seventeenth Street. At that time, Mr. Meanea decided to destroy all old ledgers, records, etc. belonging to the shop. Arrangements were made with the City Light and Power Company to burn the books in that company's furnace, and a truck called to haul them away. In order to be sure that his wishes in this matter were carried out, Mr. Meanea entrusted the job to T. A. Cobry, who stood by until the fire had converted the last book to ashes. Those old books held orders from practically every early-day cattleman throughout the rangeland.

Frank Meanea was married in Cheyenne to Kate Bolander, who preceded him in death by many years. They had one adopted child, Byrde, who became Mrs. W. J. Holnholz.

On November 22, 1928, Frank A. Meanea, at the age of seventy-nine, died while on a visit to his brother's family in Golden, Colorado. The body was returned to Cheyenne and funeral services were held in the First Presbyterian Church, with Dr. Robert T. Caldwell officiating. Pallbearers were Charles D. Carey, Dr. B. F. Davis, Henry Arp, Sr., Stephen Bon, Charles Anderson, and T. A. Cobry. Interment was made in Lakeview Cemetery. Mr. Meanea was a member of the Elks Lodge.

Mr. Meanea lived to see his business enterprise grow from "a little Buckeye" to an honored institution. He saw saddles bearing his name shipped to every state in the United States, and to many foreign countries, including France, England, Australia, Russia, Ireland, Scotland, and South Africa. His name will long be remembered wherever horses and saddles are used. His reputation as a saddler is exceeded only by his reputation for honesty and fair dealing. His epitaph is aptly expressed by his friends who say, "Frank A. Meanea was always on the square".

Pioneer Culture

When Wyoming Was Young

By

HARRIET KNIGHT ORR

To one who was born in Wyoming and grew up there during the nineteenth century, much of the so-called "historical fiction" placed in that time and place seems oddly artificial. Emphasis upon frontier hardships and the ruder life of the times has obscured many of the gentler and more civilized aspects of frontier life in the Territory, which was both crossroads and keystone of the great westward movement.

Only in Wyoming, are there portions of all four of the great cessions of territory, which extended the borders of these United States from ocean to ocean. The eastern part of the State lies within the Louisiana Territory; the southwest came to us from Mexico; the northwestern part of the State was part of the Oregon Territory; and what is now roughly, Carbon County is the northern end of the Texas cession. If any State in the Union merits being called "The Keystone State", it is certainly the great State of Wyoming. Through it the pioneers thronged on their way to Utah, to California and to the northwest. Here the trails forked and here many of those pioneers unyoked their oxen, unpacked their belongings and spent the remainder of their venturesome lives. Let us not forget them, especially those whose leadership and wisdom constructed the pattern from which the Commonwealth developed.

When what was to become Wyoming was still a part of Dakota Territory, the western portion was organized into "Carter County" on December 27, 1867, named for its most distinguished citizen, Judge William Carter of Fort Bridger. The Territory of Wyoming was organized by Act of Congress in 1868 and divided into four counties each extending from the Montana border on the north to Colorado or Utah on the south. These four counties were called, Carter, Carbon, Albany and Laramie. The portions of Utah and Idaho territories included within Wyoming Territory were unorganized until December 1, 1869. As probate judge in this vast dominion, Judge Carter acted with firmness and precision in preserving order among a population shifting constantly and frequently defying the law. He was also called upon to perform marriage ceremonies and grant divorces. Fort Bridger was the

outpost of civilization against Indians, usually friendly but sometimes turning hostile over night, against outlaws, and for a time it was caught in the conflict between the government and unruly Mormon immigrants.

During all this time, Judge and Mrs. Carter, Virginia aristocrats, and their remarkable family made history in old Fort Bridger. Many times did Madame Carter, as she was called, cross the plains, usually in her own carriage, often with a small baby. Some of her children were among the first white children born in Wyoming. The hospitable, cultured home of the Carters was always open to the numerous visitors who passed that way. Here, the great geologist, Othniel Charles Marsh, of Yale University, made his headquarters while he was pursuing his studies on the aboriginal horse and discovering a wealth of new genera and families which were to mark Wyoming as the greatest of the "fossil states". There was Joseph Leidy, the famous naturalist, Edward Cope, anatomist, and the great geologist and explorer, Ferdinand Hayden. There was Mark Twain, President Arthur, General Sherman, General Harney and many another military notable stationed at the Fort or passing through it. There were builders of the Union Pacific Railroad, Sidney Dillon and Jay Gould; all these and many others shared the hospitality of the Carter home, surely a cultural oasis in the wilderness. Gay parties of the pre-Civil War period took place and when I first knew it, the old house was full of memories of those festive times. In the lovely, chilly old library were stately mahogany cases full of fine editions, published in the forties and later, atlases, foreign books, autographed by the authors and donors, oil portraits, Indian artifacts, pottery and fine china.¹

Of course, James Bridger was often a guest at the Carter table. Anne Fauntleroy Carter, Judge Carter's second daughter, assured me with indignant tears in her eyes, that the representation of James Bridger in "The Covered Wagon" and other western books and movies as a dishonest, drunken old squawman was a travesty on the James Bridger she well remembered as their guest. "Of course, he drank in moderation. Everyone did, the men at least", protested Anne Carter. "But he was never drunk, when we knew him. As for his Indian wives (one at a time), they were part of his own private affairs that he never imposed upon his friends." His children he cared for affectionately, sending them east to be educated and in every way, he was a reliable citizen and a brave frontiersman, worthy of the confidence reposed in him by all who knew him.

1. Before the house burned, some of these treasures were taken to Laramie where they were placed in the Hebard Room at the University of Wyoming.

Judge Carter was asked by President Grant to be the first governor of Wyoming Territory, but he refused the honor. When the government withdrew the troops from Fort Bridger and other western posts in 1878 and the Thornburg Indian massacre resulted, it was Judge Carter who hurried to Washington and persuaded the War Department to re-establish the post, which was not permanently closed until 1890.

Among the many visitors at the Carter home, and as the legend goes, a suitor for the hand of one of the Carter daughters, was Joseph M. Carey, the young judge of the district, appointed by President Grant. Member of a wealthy manufacturing family of Philadelphia, a college graduate, a Territorial judge at about twenty-five years of age, Judge Carey, later governor and senator, never faltered in his devotion to Wyoming and his determination to do his utmost to make it one of the foremost commonwealths of the nation. Few men have served their state in as many capacities as did Judge Carey; and always, as Governor, United States Senator, framer of the Constitution of Wyoming, Mayor of Cheyenne, President of the school board, he worked with relentless energy for the betterment of the community. Although associated with the early history of Wyoming, territory and state, Joseph M. Carey's distinguished later services, his authorship of the Carey Act, under which millions of acres of land have been irrigated not only in this but in many other states, make Senator Carey seem more a contemporary than an historic figure.

At the Carey homes² in Cheyenne, and at "Careyhurst" near Casper, some of the greatest men and women of the century have been entertained. From President Grant to President Theodore Roosevelt, the chief executives of the nation were friends of the Wyoming statesman. Such foreign dignitaries as Sir Horace Plunkett, who was deeply concerned with the welfare of the Irish people, were faithful friends and correspondents. One of the notable services of Senator Carey to the State was bringing to it some of our most valued citizens. William Deming, long-time editor of the *Wyoming State Tribune*, later Chairman of the Civil Service Commission in Washington and trustee of the University of Wyoming, was originally a "Carey find". James Walton, prominent business man of Cheyenne and his brother-in-law, Frank Sumner Burrage, were employed by the Carey interests. Dr. Grace Raymond Hebard was once his secretary. Before Dr. Hebard became a member of the University of Wyoming faculty she was a trustee and, for years, Secretary of the Board of the University. Joseph R. Elliott, for years in charge of the Carey

2. The home built by Gov. Carey in 1884 was razed in the winter and spring of 1952. A fireplace and door with a 3 x 7½ foot mirror from the home can be seen in the Wyoming State Museum at Cheyenne.

interests in Wheatland, which was one of Judge Carey's ambitious projects, became a trustee of the University and a valued citizen. These are a few of the builders of the state who were induced to come here largely through the efforts of Joseph M. Carey.

Although devoted to the interests of Wyoming and the West, when he was United States Senator, Judge Carey felt that he was a servant of the nation rather than any part of it, and he acted courageously on this principle. When he voted against the "Free Silver Bill", he alone of our western members of Congress was consistent and, as it proved later, was right. But his stand was not popular with the voters and caused his defeat in the following election. Wyoming is not the only state which has sacrificed its highest interests and taken from power and influence one of its greatest sons, because of political pettiness and lack of political understanding on the part of the majority of voters.

Of the noted men whom I have known, no one more completely satisfied my ideal of fine dignity, and stern but merciful justice than John Alden Riner. He had not long been a resident of Wyoming when it became a State, and President Harrison appointed him United States Judge of the newly created Federal District. For more than thirty years, Judge Riner served not only his own and neighboring states, but he was called upon frequently to sit on the Circuit Court in St. Louis, St. Paul and elsewhere, his learning and unusual skill as a jurist being nationally recognized. He was lecturer in more than one law school and was often called to Washington in consultation. After he retired from the bench, Judge Riner's greatest interest, outside his family, was in education and building up American citizenship in the schools. An ardent and influential Mason, the active "thirty-third" for Wyoming, he was able to interest the Masonic Order in education and, could the movement have retained his direction and leadership, those who knew his vision feel that work of great significance might have resulted. Under the guidance of its beautiful mistress, the Riner home breathed the very spirit of refinement, intellectual stimulation and Christian charity.

One of the frankest and most honest persons it has been my fortune to know was Frances Warren Pershing. Although not beautiful, her sparkling eyes and humorous mouth gave her a charm that was irresistible. Like her delightful mother, Frances made friends through her sincerity, intelligence and wit. She, also, had much of her father's friendly interest in people, which helped to make Senator Warren a powerful politician and valued member of the United States Senate for many years. But Frances, as a girl, impetuous, loyal, scornful of trivialities was the terror of all conservatives. At Wellesley College she was so renowned for her escapades that, when a commotion arose on the campus, the Dean was wont to exclaim:

"What is happening? Find Frances Warren and see what she is up to."

During the last days of each month, Frances never had any part of her ample allowance left and was forced to the most absurd economies, like going without shoe-laces and drawing a check for streetcar fare. The hour her allowance arrived, she paid off her debts and there was no limit to her generosity. In need of stockings herself, she was apt to send roses to her chums. These friends finally made a practice of drawing up a list of Frances' needs and, on the arrival of her check, they would drag her to Boston and make her buy the articles on the list.

As the Senator's popular daughter and, after her mother's invalidism, his Washington hostess, later as the wife of a rapidly rising army officer, John J. Pershing, and then as the presiding hostess of various army posts, Frances Warren Pershing was one of the best known and loved of Wyoming native daughters. Her tragic death with her three little daughters, on the eve of her husband's becoming the most conspicuous figure in the American army, brought grief to all who knew her.

Associated with Senator Warren for many years in Washington, was Clarence D. Clark, first Representative from Wyoming and for twenty-two years United States Senator. One of my earliest remembrances is of being swung to the top of a door by "Cal" Clark, my father's friend and our neighbor in Evanston. I firmly believed him to be the handsomest man in the world. In the intervals of our boisterous play, he remarked one day,

"Oh, Alice, why can't *we* have a little girl too?" Not long after that, the Clarks began having little girls—three of them. Needless to say, I lost my playmate but never my admiration for him and his adorable wife, whose beauty and delicate charm outlived many years of the strain, excitement and sorrow that came to her. The loss of their splendid son took away much of the joy of life for the Clarks but their lovely daughters brought them consolation and happiness. It is not easy to live in the fierce competition of Washington on the modest income of a U. S. Senator. Visiting their Washington home and comparing the assured refinement of their surroundings with much of the tawdriness around them, remembering that both had won their way, step by step, to all they possessed, one came to the conclusion that the worth-while things of this world have less to do with money and power than with brains and character. When John B. Kendrick was elected to the senate, President Wilson appointed ex-Senator Clark a member of the United States International Boundary Commission to adjust disputes between this country and our neighbors. No one knows how many times the wise decisions of this Commission have averted war. The victories of peace-making do not make the headlines.

Far different from that of Senator Clark has been the life of one of his faithful friends. To be born a citizen of Spain, become a citizen of Mexico and later of the United States, without being naturalized, always living in what is now Wyoming was the curious distinction of Phil Maas, one of the most picturesque characters of the west. Phil was a power in his community, a power for law and order. Married to a capable Indian woman, his advice to her people more than once averted bloodshed. He was determined that his children should be a significant part of the rapidly changing world, and he hit upon the excellent pedagogic expedient of having each of them learn a trade, bringing in teachers to his home on Burnt Fork. Is it not a striking tribute to the innate intelligence of this un-Nordic, uneducated American that he should carry out an earnest ambition to prepare his children to hold places in a world of culture totally unlike what he had known? The fine loyalty of Phil Maas to his friends is illustrated by a story cherished in our family.

"Jesse Knight," demanded the old man of my father on one of his infrequent trips to Evanston, "Why do you care so little for my vote that you do not ask me for it?"

"Well, Phil," my father replied, "I'm not asking anyone for his vote. I figure that everyone is entitled to decide for himself who ought to be judge of this district. I have tried for six years to be just and honest. If I have not been a good judge, I deserve to be turned down at this election. If I *have* been a good judge, I figure that enough of my friends will turn out and vote for me so I'll be elected again. But I won't ask anyone, not even you, to vote for me."

"That's all right, Jesse," chuckled the old man. "I was goin' to vote for ye myself, anyway, for old times' sake, but since ye put it that way, I be dammed if I don't go back and make the whole valley vote fer ye. Ef ye won't work fer yourself to git elected, by Heck! Your friends got to do it fer ye."

Another story I think was told about Phil Maas related to a new piano on which one of his daughters was exposing her rather meager talent for the benefit of guests.

"Come down hard on the bass, Maggie," her father encouraged, heartily. "Come down hard on the bass, gal! I paid two hundred fer it and I like to hear it."

Across the pages of our lives move many figures, statesmen, ranchers, pioneers, hostesses, business men, mothers—all are part of our story. I have chosen to chat about a few who have brought interest and distinction to Wyoming. We are heirs to their careers and it is fitting that now and then in the course of busy days, we stop a few moments to pay them honor.

Stories By

*"Bear" George B. McClellan**

BEAR STORY

In the fall of '85 my partner and I were hunting in the Big Horn Mountains on the head of a small creek called Otter Creek. We had been quite successful that fall, having killed twenty-three bear in about six weeks, but I cannot tell you about all of them. It is my intention to tell you of our big killing that fall.

One evening about 4 o'clock, we left camp and went down to the head of a canyon on one of the prongs of the creek. After wandering around a while, I became tired of that locality and suggested that we go over on another creek about two miles from there.

Billie said, "No, we will go on down until we can look over into the valley."

I did not much like the idea, but I went along. We had not gone very far when we came in sight of an old silver tip and her two cubs feeding in the head of a little coulee. We slipped from our horses' backs in the twinkling of an eye, all thought of dispute about our route laid aside. We made hasty calculations about how to proceed. The bear, when first sighted, were some two or three hundred yards away. On peeking over we concluded to make for a ridge off to our left, which was about 60 or 75 yards from the bear. We crawled up to our position and looked over there.

They were all unsuspecting of danger. The old one had a mane eight or ten inches long, that gave her the appearance of having a hump on her back like a buffalo.

Will said in a whisper, "Now shoot the old one in the head."

We were plenty close enough, so we both took deliberate aim, counted three, and whang went one gun. I looked and did not have any cartridge in the chamber of my Winchester, but when that old bear commenced to roar, it did not take me long to get the gun loaded. Will had hit too low and struck her on the jaw, and how she was bellowing! I fired and she went down. Then we

* Taken from original manuscripts by Mr. McClellan contributed to the Wyoming State Historical Department by his niece, Margaret McClellan.

went to shooting at the cubs. One of them was getting close to the edge of the canyon, and while I was working the lever, I turned to look where the old one was. There she was, sitting on her haunches, head turned sideways and uttering the worst roars it was ever my good fortune to listen to. I turned, drew a fine bead on her shoulder, and let her have it. She went down all in a heap like she never would move again. She straightened out, seemed to wake up, pulled herself together, and was into the quaken asp before I could get another shot. The bears were now out of sight.

I asked Will if he got the cub that went into the canyon. He said that he had hit it, but it had gone over the edge. We did not feel very good.

He was inclined to blame me for not killing the old one with the first shot, as he said if I had shot we would not both have missed; while I thought he would have killed her when he had so good a chance. I went back and got my horse and went to where we last saw the cub (I would rather follow a cub on open ground than an old sow in the brush any time). When I got about half way down the hill into the canyon the little fellow heard me and started out above me in the canyon and up the opposite hill. I started after him full tilt, but the ground was too rough for my horses, and the little bear got into a quaken asp patch on top of the hill. I could hear him crying when I first came up to the brush patch, but he soon stopped when he heard me, and I could not find him. I now gave it up and went back to where Will was, but instead of crossing the canyon I went around the head of it, which was a little farther but not nearly so rough.

When I got around, I found that Will had got his horse and followed me over, and was now over where I had left the cub. I thought, "Now if I hurry back over there both of us may be able to get that cub," so back I went as fast as I could go. It did not take us long to make up our minds that we could not find the cub, so we thought we had best go back and see what had become of the old one. We were not in a very good frame of mind. We had every show at three bear and let the old one and one of the cubs get away.

I knew the old one must be badly hurt, for I had taken two shots at her within easy range, and the last one was at her body when she was comparatively still. The cub Will had killed lay in the trail that ran down the canyon, and we wanted to skin it yet that evening as we were saving oil. We started down the hill to go back to look after the old one, when Will said, "Look yonder." I looked up, and he was pointing right the way we were going, and there, coming down the trail on the other side of the canyon

were four big old silver tips. Now we must not let them get away. We waited until the bear got down the canyon far enough to be out of sight, then we crossed in behind them and took down the canyon on the same side they were on, but we were on top and we supposed they would go down into the bottom of the canyon where the big game trail led. There we went as fast as our horses would carry us to get ahead of the bears. When we reached about the last place we could get down, we pulled up, jumped off of our horses and started down the steep side of the canyon (just at this place the canyon was very steep). About half way down we came to a wall, and on looking over we could see the game trails in the bottom of the canyon. We were confident that the bear had not passed, and I tell you it has a tendency to raise the spirits of any bear hunter to think that he has a wall 100 feet high between him and four old silver tips.

We were now on a sort of ledge at the top of the wall, and by going a little way above would have an open space with no trees to bother.

We got into the open space and were standing with our guns ready, looking over into the bottom of the canyon, when I heard a slight noise to my right. On looking up I beheld all four of the bear just coming into the opposite side of the open space we were in, which was probably twenty yards across. Well, right then there was the awfulest row I have ever witnessed. All four of those bear bellowing at once, two Winchesters going as though we were trying to tear them to pieces. I shall never forget how those bear looked when we first fired. They acted for all the world like a lot of hogs, when one squeals the rest will run up with bristles raised and ready for war. As soon as they spied us, they made for us, but we were so close and our fire was so deadly that the closest one did not get within ten or fifteen feet of us. One old fellow got knocked over the wall into the bottom of the canyon, but we could not see that he had sustained any great injury, such as breaking any bones or tearing the skin. Of course, he was dead or almost so when he went over the wall. Well, my tale is almost told. There is but little more gore to spill. We did not get through skinning that evening.

Next morning as we came back, we found the wounded cub that had got away. He was not hurt very badly but we soon did him up. We also found the old one dead, so we had seven silver tips to our credit in about half an hour. For fear of the game-hog cry, I will say there was a considerable bounty on bear at that time and that was what made us turn bear hunters. We used the fifty-pound bear traps and have had some very interesting experiences with them of which I may probably tell you some day if you like the story of our best killing.

MOUNTAIN LION ADVENTURE

The winter of 1885 I put in on Spring Creek, in the Big Horn Basin, with Uncle Billy Robinson. One fine day in February, I went to look at our horses that were running on the slope of the mountain just a few miles from the cabin where we lived. It had been stormy and cold. This day seemed fair, and it looked as if it might thaw some. There was a well-defined trail leading up the mountain. I followed that until I was pretty well up the slope; then I intended leaving the trail and swinging up to the north.

Just as I was thinking of leaving the trail I noticed a mountain lion track. He had passed along within a few minutes. I stopped and looked closely ahead, but could see nothing of his lionship. I began to move on along the trail carefully. When I came to where the trail crossed the head of a little gulch that ran down into the canyon, I found that the lion had left the trail and gone down the gulch toward the canyon. Knowing the place well, I knew that he could not get into the canyon just there, so I hurried up to get to where the gulch went into the canyon. I could see clearly quite a distance ahead of me, and I expected any minute to see the lion, as the trail was perfectly fresh. I got to the edge of the canyon, and found that the lion had taken up the canyon on a ledge that ran around under the rim from the mouth of the gulch.

There were little pockets in the wall, so that I could not see very far along the ledge, but I followed, expecting to see the lion at the first point I went around. The ledge was not wide, probably 12 or 15 feet. I went around the first little point. I could see nothing. I came to the next little point, looked around, but could see nothing. I started in a hurry for the next point. I had gone only a few steps when the lion came around that point, coming back. Meeting me, he dropped in the snow, all hunched up just like a cat ready to spring. I threw up the gun, took plenty of time, and shot him, quartering through the shoulders. We used to load our own shells so I saved the empty shells. I threw the lever of the Winchester, slowly, picked out the empty shell, and put it into my pocket. Then that lion lit right at my feet. I was so surprised that I just poked the gun against him and pulled it off. The shock of the discharge threw him down over the ledge. I went to the ledge and looked over. There was a good sized pine tree growing on the next ledge below, but its top did not reach up to the ledge I was standing on—within 20 feet or such a matter. I looked closely, but could not see anything of the lion. A little boulder lay close to where he had gone over the ledge. I put my toe under the rock and rolled it over, just where the lion had gone over. It had not struck the ground when he was after it, striking at it and snarling something fierce. I fired at him again down

there, but could not be sure that I hit him. He was soon out of sight, as he took along the ledge and went into some brush. I never saw that lion again to my knowledge.

It was a couple of miles or more to where I could get into the canyon. I thought, "Well, that lion is not in a very good frame of mind anyhow, so I will give him time to die and then I will go over and see how the horses are." I went on, found my horses all right. They were doing fairly well, so I left them and started for home. It had turned quite warm and began to thaw more than a little.

I thought, "Fine, I will go up in the canyon in the morning and try that lion again." I knew that I could trail him by the blood. I had gone and looked where he was when I first shot him. As near as I could see, the bullet had gone through him plumb center. I could see where the bullet had come out on the other side in the snow.

When I got back to the cabin I told Uncle Billy of my adventure with the lion, and he said I had better let him alone. I never had any luck trailing wounded mountain lions. That night it snowed. I went up to look for my lion but could not find hide nor hair of him.

My experience has been that the mountain lion is the most unreliable animal I have ever had any experience with. It is said that a lion is very cowardly, and will not fight at any time, but here is another experience that is absolutely true:

Swede Charlie and I were hunting white tailed deer in the winter of '81 on Pass Creek in Montana. The snow was 18 or 20 inches deep but very loose. It had been and was, very cold. We were coming down a little creek, a branch of Pass Creek. Right at the foot of the mountain we were walking along, he on one side of the creek, I on the other. I saw him make a quick motion. I looked at him. He had his gun to his shoulder aiming. I looked in the direction the gun was pointed and just as I caught sight of the lion, he fired. That lion went into the air higher than I ever saw anything before in my life and it let out one of the most blood curdling snarls I have ever heard. We both stood there for a minute with our guns ready, but the lion never moved. We went up to him. He was stone dead. The bullet had struck him fair in the sticking and burst the heart wide open. We stood there talking about the lion chasing us. I went back a little ways and stepped some of the leaps he had made coming down off the mountain and they were 30 feet from where the snow was broken to where it was broken again.

Now comes the funny part. While we were talking the matter over as to whether the lion would really have attacked us or not,

we heard a cry up on the side of the canyon, where there were a few scattering pine trees. As we stood watching, we saw another lion go from one tree to another. It went up the tree and made no effort to leave or get away. We just went up and shot it. From where Charlie stood to where the first lion was when he shot it was 19 feet. Would he have landed on the Swede if he had not looked around and seen in time? You could never make Charlie believe it, but he would have landed right on his back.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THE INVASION

In the spring of 1892, I went to Casper after a load of grub for the One-Fourth Ranch, which belonged to W. A. Richards, and for whom I was working at the time. There had been a lot of rustler trouble for the past year or two, both on the east side of the mountain and in our country.

While I was in Casper, there was a rumor that there was a strange force of cattlemen going up into the Buffalo country to exterminate the rustlers. I laughed at the idea, but that night after I had got loaded up all ready to pull out for home in the morning one of the boys came to me and said, "George, you can laugh, but here is what has happened. A lot of the cowmen of the state together with a lot of hired gun men—making 80 or 90 men in all—pulled out for Buffalo today. They are all well-mounted, and have a mess wagon as well as a bed wagon fitted out with good teams."

I knew that this man was in a position to know what he was talking about, so I said, "You are sure of this?"

"Perfectly sure," he said. "Is there a good horse in town that I could get hold of?" We looked, but the outcome of it was that every horse in the town that was capable of making a ride such as from Casper to Kaycee was conspicuous by its absence. While I was not directly concerned in the matter, there were many men on the east side of the mountain that I had worked with and was very friendly with, and I did not want to see them slipped up on without a show. Had I been able to get a horse, I should have gone that night and tried to warn the boys of their danger, but no horse could I get, so next morning I pulled out for home.

By the next morning the news was general that there was an invasion headed for Johnson County. As I was hitching up and getting ready to pull out—I had a four horse team loaded with grub—a sheep man came out and asked me if I was not afraid to pull out when there was so much rustler extermination talk.

I said, "Not a bit. I have done nothing to be killed for, and, therefore, will not be killed."

He said, "I think if I were you I would wait and see what this amounts to. You will be on the road for three days and will have to camp out, and you can not tell what might happen."

"While there is some truth in what you say," I retorted, "my business is to get home, and I am going to attend to it." So I pulled out. It took me three days hard traveling to get to Lost Cabin. There, all was excitement. The Cheyenne papers had come in full of invasion talk, and everyone was much excited about it. I was still a day and a half hard travel from home, so on I went. Mail had got in just before I did, and my people had news of the invasion. The next morning there was a man came up from Spring Creek and told me that a lot of the boys had got together, and they wanted me to come down. I could not imagine what they wanted with me, but I saddled up and went down. There were twelve or fifteen of the boys gathered there—some, if not all, of them had been interested in rustling, more or less—and they naturally wanted to know if all the rustlers were going to be exterminated. They wanted to know when it was going to take place.

I said, "What do you want?"

They replied, "We want you to go across the mountain and find out what is taking place over there."

"Why pick on me for such a pleasant trip, a distance of 35 to 50 miles on snow shoes, have to lay out one night at least, going and coming?" I said.

They spoke up saying, "Well, you have had more experience on snow shoes than any of us (which was true), besides, if you go over there, when you get back we know that you can tell us what you have seen, and we know that you will not get full and make a fool of yourself."

Another fellow spoke up and said, "Aside from that you have not had much to do with rustling, and there is no danger of your being on the black list."

"I thank you for all the compliments," I returned.

"I am not afraid of any black list, but I am not going over there alone. I want at least one witness to corroborate what I say. There are plenty of you fellows that are just as capable of making that trip as I am, especially when I lead the way."

"All right, whom do you want to go with you?" they asked.

"It makes no difference to me," I said, "so that he can make a good stout travel."

They talked the matter over among themselves and finally decided on one, Tom O'Day, to accompany me. Now Tom was a reckless harum-scarum cowpuncher, with some fine qualities, and some not so fine. We had worked together for a year or so as cowpunchers, and when Tom got drunk his main ambition was

to whip me—not that he had anything against me—but just to show that he could do it. Like most Irishmen, he was proud of his fighting ability, and I being a husky chunk of a lad, he wanted to add my scalp to his collection. But, my not being a warrior, we never fought.

Later Tom O'Day became quite a noted character in this part of Wyoming. He joined up with the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang, and figured in several holdups, and in other ways made quite a reputation for himself.

Next morning Tom and I mounted our skiis, and with a lunch tied on our backs, started to cross the Big Horn Mountains in April. I had a five foot snowshoe pole, and in many places on the low ground it would not reach the ground through the snow. If you think a trip of that kind is all fun just try it some time. The first 8 or 10 miles was all up hill, of course, and that was very "slavish" work. The snow, often rough and wavy, in many places was very steep, but if you stepped off the shoe, you went in from your waist up to your armpits, so there was nothing to do but toil away at it. I had a little the best of Tom. He was a cowpuncher and simple, while I had been a hunter for several years, and was used to making long distances. When we stopped for lunch, just after we reached the top of the mountain, I could see that Tom was getting pretty tired. After eating some bread and meat and having a short rest, we pushed on. I was in hopes of making it across in one day. Along in the afternoon, the weather changed. It began to cloud up and the wind began to blow snow. The snow began to drift so that it was difficult to see where we were going. Here was where my knowledge of the country came in good play. I had hunted all over that country, so I could not easily be lost. We got to the top of the east slope just a little after dark. The snow had nearly disappeared here, so we left our snowshoes and proceeded walking. It was only four or five miles down to the nearest ranch. We had not gone far after leaving the snowshoes until I noticed that my companion began to lag behind. I waited for him a time or two and asked if he were tired.

"No," he said.

I started on, came to a big drift that was quite hard to wallow through, finally got through it, started on, looked back, and noticed that Tom had got part way through the drift and seemed to have stopped. I went back and asked him what was the matter. He said nothing was wrong, for me to go on and he would follow as soon as he rested a little while. Then I realized that the poor fellow was all in. I was forced to be quite harsh with him to get him on his feet and out of the drift. I now felt it would be impossible to go on down to the ranch. The wind was blowing

hard, and it had turned cold, so that it was very disagreeable on the ridge we had to travel down. Off to our left was a canyon. We pulled for the canyon in order to find a sheltered place to build a fire and put in the night. When we got started into the canyon, where it was rough going, Tom wanted to stop. I left him, told him to wait. I went on down until I came to a wall of rock in a thick clump of pines. There I built a fire and then went back to fetch Tom. When I got him to the fire he was almost past going at all. I had a can and soon had some snow melted, and we had a drink of snow water, of which we were both very much in need. After resting a while we ate a little of our cold grub. I cut a plentiful supply of pine boughs and prepared to pass the night. Tom went to sleep almost immediately. After gathering a good supply of fire wood I, too, lay down and was soon asleep. I was awakened later by a tremendous crashing in the brush. I leaped to my feet only to hear something tearing down into the canyon. I looked around. Tom was standing on his knees with his six shooter in his hands.

"What was that?" he asked.

I told him I did not know.

After we got over our fright a little, Tom looked at his watch and found that it was after one o'clock. I was very much surprised, as it did not seem to me that I had slept but a few minutes. Our fire was nearly out, and we found that we were quite cold. After building up the fire again and getting warmed up we lay down. When we awoke again we found that it was after 4 o'clock. We then ate the last of our grub and started on down the mountain. We got into Coachy's place just at daylight. We did not go up to the house and knock as one would do under ordinary circumstances, but got behind a rock and hailed the house. We had quite a time, but finally got a response from the house. I made myself known finally and went with my hands up. When they found out who we were and our errand, nothing was too good for us. We got horses, there and went down to Mortgaridges'—the Middle Fork of Powder River. There we got a change of horses, and started for Buffalo, which was some fifty miles away. When we were out on the road a ways we met a man coming out from Buffalo, who told us that the raiders had been surrounded on the TA Ranch, and that they had been near to extermination but that the soldiers from Fort McKinley had come to their relief. So we headed for the TA Ranch.

When we arrived there late in the afternoon we found quite a crowd of people and more excitement than you could imagine. It seemed that the whole country had turned out as one man when the news got out of what was going on. The raiders had been delayed on Powder River, where they surrounded the cabin occu-

pied by Nate Champion and Nick Ray, and by the time they got that job attended to, their intentions were pretty well known. It seemed to us like every son-of-a-gun and his brother was out, some in lumber wagons, some in spring wagons, mostly horse back, of course. Every mother's son of them had his gun and some of them, two or three. It is not my purpose to try to write a history of the invasion. That has been done by people who know so much more about it than I do that it would be presumptuous on my part. However, I lived there, knew most of the cowpunchers concerned, and quite a few of the prominent cattle men concerned. My judgment is that it was like most other human questions: there was cause on both sides.

It is true that the cowmen could not secure a conviction in the courts, and that their provocation was great, there is no doubt, but, how that could lead a set of sane, rational men to think that they could just black list a lot of men in a community and then proceed to go out and exterminate them is more than I could ever figure out. It seems that they would know where they would come out, and as it turned out, they were very fortunate. There is little doubt but what, left to themselves, they would have paid for their rashness with their lives. We went from the TA on into Buffalo. There we found more excitement and all kinds of rumors of what would be done and what the outcome would be. Now, after all these years the outcome was not much different than a lot of us surmised. There was never a conviction of anyone for the killing of Champion and Ray, nor were there any of the cowmen put to any great inconvenience, save that they were confined under very agreeable circumstances for a few months.

We did not get away from Buffalo very early the next morning. As a consequence, it was late in the night when we got back to Mr. Mortgaridge's place on the Middle Fork, and, as I have said, it was not a particularly agreeable job to go fooling around ranches in the night. When we got to the ranch, it was dark, so I rode out in front of the house and began to hail. Very shortly I got a response from the house. We were told to get down and come to the door. As soon as we were recognized we were very sincerely welcomed, as the whole country was news hungry, as you can imagine. Since it was before the days of the telephone and radio, the news carrier was a horseman.

After delivering our news and getting outside of a good hearty supper which was set before us by Mr. Mortgaridge, we were ready for bed. All too soon it was morning and we were face to face with the long hard drill of going back across the mountain. One of the boys took us back with horses to where our snowshoes were—or nearly to where the shoes were, within less than a mile. We had grub and a can, so decided we would not try to make it all

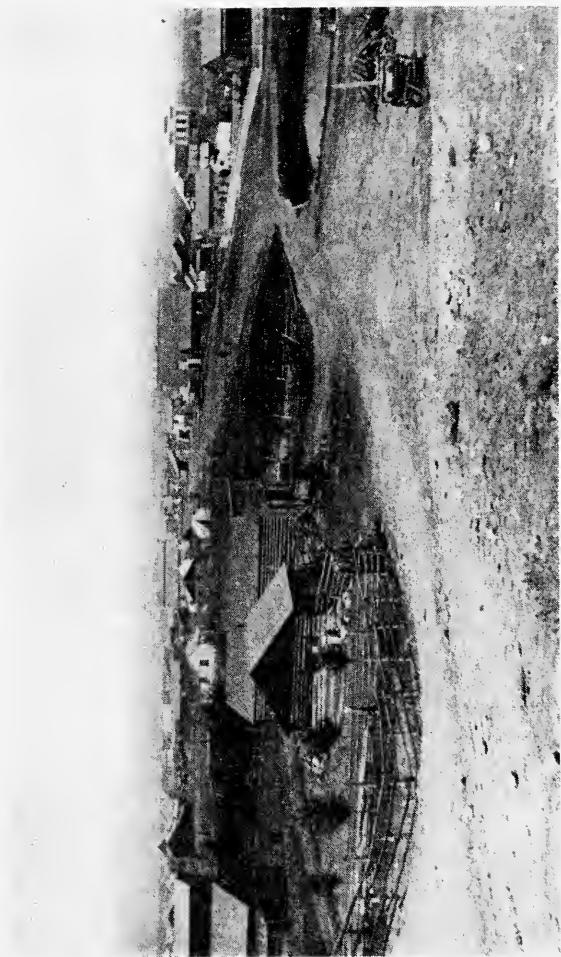
the way across in one day. There was a mail carrier's cabin on the south end of Uncle Billy's Flat, in which we would stay over night.

Unfortunately for me, about the middle of the forenoon, while I was running down a long slope on the skis, one foot struck a rock and stopped. The other foot went on. As a consequence I got a nasty fall. When I got all together again I found that I had lost the glass out of the right eye of my snow glasses or goggles. Now, to those of you who do not know what snow blindness is I would pray that you may never know by personal experience. Of all the pain that human flesh is heir to, I think the pain of snow blindness is the most intense—a jumping toothache is not in it. When I got into the cabin that night, we built a fire. The place smoked, and I soon found that my right eye was badly burned. I was in agony, and happened to mention that if I had some tea leaves, they would relieve it. Tom said that there was some tea in a can on the shelf. There was also an old coffee pot in the cabin. I washed it out and soon had some tea leaves steeped and, after binding them on my eye with a handkerchief I was able to get some sleep after an hour or so.

The next morning at daybreak on looking out we found a regular April blizzard raging. We, of course, had very little grub so decided we would chance it.

We left the cabin and headed for Spring Creek Canyon. I knew the country well, and felt sure that if I could cross the divide and get on to a tributary of Spring Creek, we could follow it into the Canyon and down the Canyon to the settlement. We tried to judge how the wind was and kept in the same position with it. We had traveled an hour or so when I looked up and thought I could see a cabin through the storm. It proved to be one, and when we got to it we found it to be the very cabin we had left that morning. I have never felt more at a loss than I did at that moment. It just seemed to me to be impossible, but there we were, and after resting for awhile we concluded to tackle it again. That time, owing to the storm having let up a little, we made it over into Spring Creek Canyon and that night were at the Waln boys' place on Spring Creek.

When we had just made our report you could easily see that there were several cowpunchers that were greatly relieved, and soon the papers got in with all the details of the surrender at the TA Ranch and the end of the so-called Johnson County Invasion.



Town of Lander, 1885

History of Fremont County Pioneer Association

Information obtained from Pioneer Association books and records by Jules Farlow, Sr.

First Meeting. Pursuant to a call printed in the Wind River Mountaineer, a large number of the Pioneers of Wyoming Territory met at the Star Skating Rink in Lander on July 5th, 1886. Object to the meeting, as stated by H. G. Nickerson, was to organize a society consisting of persons who were pioneers in this Territory and of Fremont County. The officers elected were L. C. Bliss, President, and James I. Patton, Secretary. A motion was carried stating that to be eligible for membership you had to be here before December 31st, 1870. Thirty one members signed up at \$1.00 each. Actual names mentioned at this meeting were L. C. Bliss, James I. Patton, H. G. Nickerson, Ed Alton, Archie McFadden and Mr. Harvey.

Second Meeting—July 4th, 1887. This meeting was held in Lander. The president, L. C. Bliss was absent because of sickness. Mr. John Fosher was called to the chair. Captain H. G. Nickerson was elected president and James I. Patton retained as secretary. New members who signed up were James Irwin, William McCabe, George Jackson, Ben Sexton, William B. (Buck) Gratrix, August Laucken, Jake Fry, P. P. Dickinson and Louis Poire. A committee of six men was appointed to prepare a report embracing a brief history of events connected with early settlement of Fremont County. This committee consisted of Charles Fogg, James Irwin, William Evens, Buck Gratrix, James A. McAvoy and H. G. Nickerson. The secretary reported the number of members to be 42. Actual names mentioned at this meeting were 15. 42 less 15 equals 27, which could include an additional list of 24 charter members. Receipts in cash up to and including this date totaled \$38.00. An expense account for \$11.30 was allowed for record book and express on same. (This is the book I am taking this information from and has the following heading: Pioneer Record of Fremont County, Wyoming Territory.) On motion it was decided to hold the next meeting July 4th, 1888. This meeting was never held, and the association became dormant for 17 years.

July 2nd, 1904. The Association was again organized with several of the original members taking part. It was held at the E. J. Farlow Grove on the west side of Lander where it was held for the following 24 years. A motion was carried stating membership. Anyone living in Fremont County prior to and including the year 1880 and their families were invited to join the Associa-

tion. Mrs. Noyes Baldwin, the oldest pioneer present, was given the privilege of naming the next reunion date. She named September 3rd of each year, that being her birthday, except when coming on Sunday, and then September 2nd to be the date.

September 2nd, 1905. About 300 people were present. A custom was started at this meeting recognizing the oldest lady pioneer present. The Lander Band furnished music.

September 3rd, 1906. Again about 300 people were present, with the Lander Band furnishing the music. An interesting entertainment program was presented including story telling, singing and athletic sports, foot racing, jumping, etc.

September 3rd, 1907. An interesting speech was given by Judge Kuykendall from Saratoga, Wyoming, with the usual entertainment and the Lander Band.

September 4th, 1908. A motion was made, seconded and carried that the Fremont County Pioneer Association make provisions to take care of the remains of Harvey Morgan, now in charge of E. J. Farlow. It was moved, seconded and carried that a committee be appointed to be known as the Log Cabin Committee. The following members were named: Dr. Thomas Maghee, H. G. Nickerson, Ed St. John, and Dick Morse.

September 3rd, 1909. A motion was carried that the Fremont County Pioneer Association be incorporated. An amendment was offered and carried by H. G. Nickerson making anyone living in Fremont County during the past 25 years eligible for membership.

September 3rd, 1910. The Lander Band furnished music and the usual entertainment was had. Work was done by the Pioneers on the grounds on Nov. 3, Nov. 10, and Nov. 17.

September 2nd, 1911. A motion was made and carried that the place proposed by the building committee for building a club house be approved. The committee was authorized to solicit subscriptions.

September 3rd, 1912. A Ladies Auxiliary Committee was appointed to collect funds, which included Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Maghee, and Mrs. Ed Farlow.

September 3rd, 1913. A speech was given by president R. H. Hall. A vote of thanks was extended to the Band and Committee. A speech was given by W. L. Simpson. Chairman Maghee of the Building Committee read the Articles of Incorporation. A motion was made that for building 500 shares at \$10.00 per share be issued. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Fourt and to Miss Ann Savage for the Articles of Incorporation. A poem, "Pioneers Day" by Wesley Beggs was read. This poem is on record on Page 22 of Book No. 2

September 3rd, 1914. Permission was given by Finn Burnett to place a marker of the sites of Fort Augur and Fort Brown on his grounds at 423 Main Street. The Building Committee re-

ported no progress. A vote of thanks was extended to E. J. Farlow and his wife for the use of the grounds, also to John Carr and the Lander Cornet Band. A motion was made that the Building Committee be instructed to buy logs.

September 20th, 1915. The annual meeting on September 3rd was not held due to bad weather. Attendance was light. The Lander Band played. Cabin built 1915 & 1916.

September 2nd, 1916. Good attendance. A motion was made by H. G. Nickerson that a Committee of 9 be appointed to solicit members to join the association. The following members were appointed: Mrs. Janet Smith, R. H. Hall, E. J. Farlow, James Laird, Dora Robinson, Mrs. Maghee, Mrs. Henry DeWolf, Finn Burnett and William Gratrix.

September 3rd, 1917. There was talk at this meeting of disposing of the Pioneer Cabin and purchase of the Ed Farlow place. 1918. No meeting this year because of a flu epidemic.

September 13, 1919. The meeting was held at Farlow Grove by invitation of Mrs. Stowe to whom the property had been sold. A vote of thanks was given to Mrs. Stowe for use of the grounds. A motion was made and carried that we have our next annual meeting at the Pioneer Cabin. (no meeting was held there however until 1927—8 years later). A motion was made, seconded and carried that the Association meet on Arbor Day at the Pioneer Cabin to plant trees, each member bringing a tree or paying for one. John Carr was appointed to order the trees.

September 3rd, 1920. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. The Water Committee reported that the Pioneer Society was welcome to use city water at any and all times. Remarks were given by Will Simpson, Dr. Maghee, E. H. Fourt and Milward Simpson.

September 3rd, 1921. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Mrs. Harriet J. Nickerson died April 7, 1921 while secretary of the Pioneer Association. A tribute was paid by a rising vote to her as secretary of the Association for many years.

September 3rd, 1922. Meeting was held in the Lady Boosters Park. Mr. V. H. Stone was called upon for an address. His tribute to the Pioneers was greatly appreciated. Mr. J. D. Woodruff was called upon for a short talk. Mrs. Stasia Allen spoke on the virtue of the Association. Retiring President, M. N. Baldwin gave a short speech, telling of a Buffalo raid on Baldwin Creek when he was a boy.

September 3rd, 1923. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Mrs. Charles Bates suggested that the young and old members pull together for the betterment of the Association. Judge Stone praised the Pioneer Association and the pioneers, giving as a toast his famous masterpiece—The Thoroughbred.

September 3rd, 1924. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Interesting talks were made by Dr. Thomas Maghee, Capt. H. G.

Nickerson, J. D. Woodruff, W. M. Simpson, V. H. Stone and L. L. Newton.

September 3rd, 1925. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Mrs. Homer Alger and Mrs. L. C. Harnsberger had charge of the entertainment program. V. H. Stone gave the main speech.

September 3rd, 1926. Meeting was held at Stowe Grove. Col. George M. Sliney of Thermopolis was the guest of honor and gave an interesting talk. Rain prevented the musical program. Other talks were given by H. G. Nickerson and Finn Burnett. Dr. Grace Hebard, noted Wyoming historian was present and paid tribute to Capt. H. G. Nickerson for his cooperation in placing many historical markers. Some pioneers attending were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ludin from New York, Mrs. Frank Lowe from California, Ira Beals from Thermopolis and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Davidson from Denver.

September 3rd, 1927. This was the first meeting held at the Pioneer Cabin but the affair was saddened by the death of our Honorary Member, Mrs. Anna L. Leseburg, who was laid to rest this day at the Milford Cemetery beside her husband. The Lander Band furnished the music at the reunion.

September 3rd, 1928. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Some new members attending were Edmo LeClaire, William Boyd and John Burnett from Fort Washakie.

September 3rd, 1929. This was a rainy day. Talks were given by Finn Burnett, Pete Anderson, Ed Farlow and Judge Fourn.

September 3rd, 1930. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. About 80 persons attended the picnic. Dora Robertson was praised for her faithful and efficient service in improving the grounds and making the cabin attractive and modern. Many relics of the old west can be added to our present collection. Mrs. Lambertson gave an interesting talk on her trip from Pennsylvania to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and up Horse Creek where she saw her first herd of Texas longhorns—about 5000 of them. Walter Oswald came to eat, not to talk. He crossed the plains in 1868 when he was 4 years old, and came to Lander in 1886. R. H. Hall has attended all the meetings except one, starting in 1904—26 years. Mr. Mart Hornecker and Mrs. Knott wear the Honor Badges for the oldest man and woman. Two quadrille sets danced on the lawn, Ed Farlow calling. Music was by George Painter, violin, and Stub Farlow, guitar. George L. Baldwin was the first white child born in the Lander Valley.

September 3rd, 1931. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. About 200 persons attended. We are indebted to Mr. Adams of the Lander Evening Post for 10 gallons of ice cream, to Mr. Kane for a bushel of peaches, and to Miss Ellen Carpenter for 20

pounds of grapes. Members from Atlantic City who joined at this meeting were Mrs. Bill Macfie, Martha Gustafsen, Mrs. Lenore Hunt, Charles Sypes, and Miss Ellen Carpenter

September 3rd, 1932. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. The kitchen on the west and a porch on the south were built during 1931 and 1932. We had music by the Lander Band. Tribute was paid to the Pioneers by Judge V. H. Stone. Tribute was given to Mrs. Major Noyes Baldwin on her 100th birthday today by R. H. Hall. Special tribute was to Mrs. Lizzie Farlow in telegrams from Milward Simpson of Cody, James Simpson of Moran, Mrs. Abby Rhoads of Riverton and O. K. Nickerson of Seattle, and members of the Association. Mrs. Farlow died in August. E. J. Farlow, then presented the Association with a Warrantee Deed to six lots adjoining the Pioneer Park on the West. A rising vote of thanks was given Mr. Farlow for his generous gift.

September 3rd, 1933. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin with music by the Lander Band. A large crowd was present. Judge V. H. Stone made a fine talk paying tribute to the Pioneers. A poem, the Shepherders Monument, by Ed Wynn, pioneer publisher of the Lander Clipper, was read by Mrs. Edith Nickerson McLane. Mr. Wm (Bill) Scarlett told of his early experiences as a cowboy on the Sweetwater in Fremont County and presented the Association with a \$50.00 check. Lander business houses donated prizes for the following sports program. Mrs. May Jeffries won "Ladies Over 60", Mrs. Fred Schultz won the women's free for all. Margerite Beaton won the girls free for all. Ed Farlow won "Men Over 70". Grant Young and Emmett Connell tied for "Men over 60". Ervin Cheney won the "Men Over 50". Stub Farlow won the men's free for all. In the fat man race, H. R. Cox won, and Mrs. Jess Fields won the fat woman race. The oldest man present was Richard Green and the oldest woman present was Mrs. Joe Lee. Jack Perrin won as the homeliest man.

September 3rd, 1934. Music was played by the Lander Band. Milward Simpson said he first arrived in Lander when a boy 14 years old, and urged the Pioneers to preserve the historical data of Fremont County. The report of the Treasurer, Mrs. R. H. Hall, showed a balance of \$329.48 in the treasury. Mr. W. L. Marion was appointed Historian. Dues collected amounted to \$75.00.

September 3rd, 1935. Mr. William Scarlett presented the Association with a fine set of dishes with the name "Scarlett" on each one. It was a cold stormy day. Tables were set in the Cabin and on the porch with the rest on the lawn. About 250 persons were present. President D. F. Hudson suggested that

a block of native granite be brought down from the mountains and erected on the grounds with the names of charter members to be inscribed on it. A motion was made, seconded and carried to this effect. Mrs. Nottage suggested that cases for the Pioneer relics should be secured. Ed Farlow moved that tables and seats be secured for the annual picnics. A rising vote of thanks was given to Mr. Scarlett.

April 4th, 1936—Special Meeting. The mounument committee met at the home of Mr. E. F. Cheney. A permanent committee was appointed as follows: R. H. Hall, E. J. Farlow, Ervin Cheney, Dan Hudson, Mart Hornecker, L. J. Bower, Esther Nalls, J. H. Fields, and Etta Farlow. It was decided to request bids.

April 15th, 1936. A meeting was held at the Cheney home. Bids on a monument were opened and the contract awarded to L. J. Bower and A. J. Lee. Forest Service refused to give a stone from Sinks Canyon to the Pioneers.

June 18th, 1936—Special Meeting. The Monument Committee met at the Pioneer Cabin for discussion of a stone. Motion was made, seconded and carried that Mr. R. H. Hall be given full charge of selecting the stone.

September 3rd, 1936. The annual reunion was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Short addresses were made by Bill Scarlett, Senator Jim Graham and Harry Harnsberger. It was moved that a vote of thanks be extended to Bill Scarlett for his generosity in furnishing the ice cream for the picnic. Word was received that Tom Osborne, old time cowboy, had died at Cody. Mr. Osborne was born in Wyoming and came to Camp Brown (now Lander) in 1871.

September 3rd, 1937. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. A telegram of hearty greetings to the Pioneers from Emma Cheney Nottage of Salt Lake City was read. The entertainment program was in charge of Lyda Sherlock. A reading, "I Was There", was given by P. B. Coolidge. A motion was made by E. J. Farlow that the incoming president appoint a committee of three to select the names of charter members and have them inscribed on a bronze tablet and placed on the monument by our next annual meeting.

September 3rd, 1938. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Music was played by the high school band directed by Mr. Williams. It was a usual meeting.

July 6th, 1939. The Fremont County Pioneer Association assisted the B & P W Club and the Lander Commercial Club in entertaining Governor Smith and his party following the dedication of the Esther Morris Mounument at South Pass.

September 3rd, 1939. The meeting was held at the Pioneer Park with music by the Lander Band. Mr. Robert Hall was pre-

sented with the Pioneer Key of the Association. E. J. Farlow, Ervin Cheney and James Moore were elected as trustees for a 3 year term.

September 3, 1940. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park with music by the high school band. The meeting was called to order by the ringing of the Old School Bell which had been placed on the roof of the Cabin. Mr. Bob Hall was asked to address the meeting and called to the attention of the Association the unfinished work on the monument. A special guest of honor was Mr. Ernest Hornecker of Covina, California. Senator George Cross paid a fitting tribute to the Pioneer families of Fremont County. Mr. W. L. Simpson recounted the early days in Lander which he knew as a youth in 1884. He told of the early day families, their hardships and ambitions—"We must not die; the spirit of the Pioneer is the spark of life that makes America great. Our Organization must carry on."

September 3rd, 1941. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. It was suggested that a case be purchased for the safe keeping of all relics—the case to be equipped with locks. A rising vote of thanks was extended to Florence Hoffer for her excellent care of the Cabin and grounds. Mr. L. L. Newton suggested that something be done about procuring the old files of the old Mountaineer which are now in Riverton.

September 3rd, 1942. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Honorary members elected to hold the keys were William Cook of Riverton and Mrs. E. F. Cheney of Lander. There was the usual business meeting and entertainment.

September 3rd, 1943. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin with the usual business meeting. The following were called upon for remarks: L. L. Newton, Bill Scarlett, Charles Moore, Mrs. William Simpson, Mrs. Laura Bragg, James Moore, Mrs. Nell Stratton, Carrie Fisher McLaughlin, Stub Farlow and Emma Rogers. Mayor William Jones was reported ill by President Mrs. Nell Trout.

September 3rd, 1944. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park. Those who gave short talks were Bill Scarlett, Stub Farlow, Ervin Cheney, Mrs. Lyda Sherlock, Carrie Fisher McLaughlin and Joe Cook. William Cook, oldest Pioneer resident of Riverton, died December 17, 1943, at the ripe old age of 94 years and 2 months. A motion was made and carried to give the key to Ed Farlow as he is the oldest man pioneer in the Association. He is called "Father of the Association" as he has belonged to it since it first originated in Fremont County and has been an ardent and devoted member. Mrs. Matilda Cheney retained the key for the women. A vote of thanks was extended to Mr. and Mrs. Baker for taking care of the cabin and grounds.

September 3rd, 1945. The meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. 94 members registered. Eddie Hudson's Orchestra furnished music. A motion was made and carried to modernize the Cabin. Pioneer keys retained by Ed Farlow and Matilda Cheney for being the oldest couple present.

September 3rd, 1946. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. 73 members registered. A motion was made and carried to hold the annual picnic on the second Sunday in August hereafter. Interesting talks were given by Mrs. Carrie Fisher McLaughlin, Mr. Scarlett, Edith Nickerson, Mrs. S. C. Parks, Ada Cook, and William Marion. Keys were retained by Mrs. Matilda Cheney and Ed Farlow.

August 10, 1947. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin with the usual meeting. John Souter was called on and talked about his trip to Scotland and England and Wales in 1946 when he saw King George and Queen Elizabeth of England and General and Mrs. Eisenhower at the same church in Scotland. Mrs. Ted Ranney gave an interesting recitation. President Lawrence Bower was complimented on selling 95 membership cards. Tribute was paid to Mrs. Matilda Cheney and Ed Farlow as the two oldest association members present. Sale was made of fractions of lots to Mrs. Fletcher and Lot 15 to Bob Diemer.

August 8, 1948. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. A telegram was read from Governor and Mrs. L. C. Hunt congratulating the Pioneer Association. 85 members were registered. Interesting old time experiences of pioneers were told by Mrs. Nellie Ranney, Ruth Hornecker Abbott, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevenson Dupont, William T. Jones, Retta Iiams Ferry, Mrs. Elizabeth Carr Bates, Ervin Cheney, and William Marion.

August 14th, 1949. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. Mrs. Lyda Sherlock told of the early history of the Sherlock family who came to South Pass from Utah in the early 70's. Mrs. Allie Hall Millard gave early history of the Hall family. Josie Bower gave early history of the J. R. Davis family, the George Wroe and Knott families. Mrs. Belle Baldwin gave a talk on Major Noves Baldwin's family who had the first store in the Lander Valley. Information provided by Dick Lamoreaux gave the history of the Jules Lamoreaux family. Jules Lamoreaux was one of the charter members of the Association. A motion was made by William Marion, seconded and carried that the Harvey Morgan Skull should never be loaned or moved from the Cabin. Pioneer keys were given to Ed Farlow and Mrs. Mary Butler. 84 members were registered and paid dues.

August 20th, 1950. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Cabin. A motion was made and seconded that a bronze plaque be provided for names of Pioneers. The committee consisted of officers of the Association. The history of the J. K. Moore family was

given by J. K. Moore, Jr. 63 members were registered and paid dues. Motion was made and seconded that plans be made for bronze plaque for names of Pioneers. Committee to consist of the officers of the Association, Mrs. Lyle Millard and W. T. Jones.

August 13, 1951. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park. A fine talk was given by Harry Harnsberger. A motion was made and carried to change the date of the Pioneer Reunions back to September 3rd. Keys were given to W. T. Jones and Mary Butler for being the oldest Association members present.

September 3rd, 1952. Meeting was held at the Pioneer Park. Senator L. C. Hunt gave an interesting talk on Pioneer history of Wyoming. Mrs. Stella McGinnity, president of Natrona County Pioneers, and Fred Stratton, Mayor of Riverton were introduced. Pioneer keys were given to the oldest Association members present—James Moore and Dora Robertson. Decision was made to hold the annual picnics the last Sunday in August.

August 31, 1953. The annual Fremont County Pioneer Association Reunion was held in Lander on the last Sunday in August, 1953, at the Pioneer Park Cabin, corner of Sixth and Lincoln streets.

The 1953 membership drive was promoted for the purpose of raising funds to finance suitable glass enclosed show cases to preserve the old relics donated by the Pioneers, and to commemorate the names of charter members and other pioneers of the Association by cutting the names in a stone monument located on the grounds at the Pioneer Park. 657 membership cards were sold at \$1.00 each, over 250 of them being sold in the Riverton area by Fred Stratton, Jr.

50 YEARS WITH THE PIONEERS THE FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION IN LANDER, WYOMING

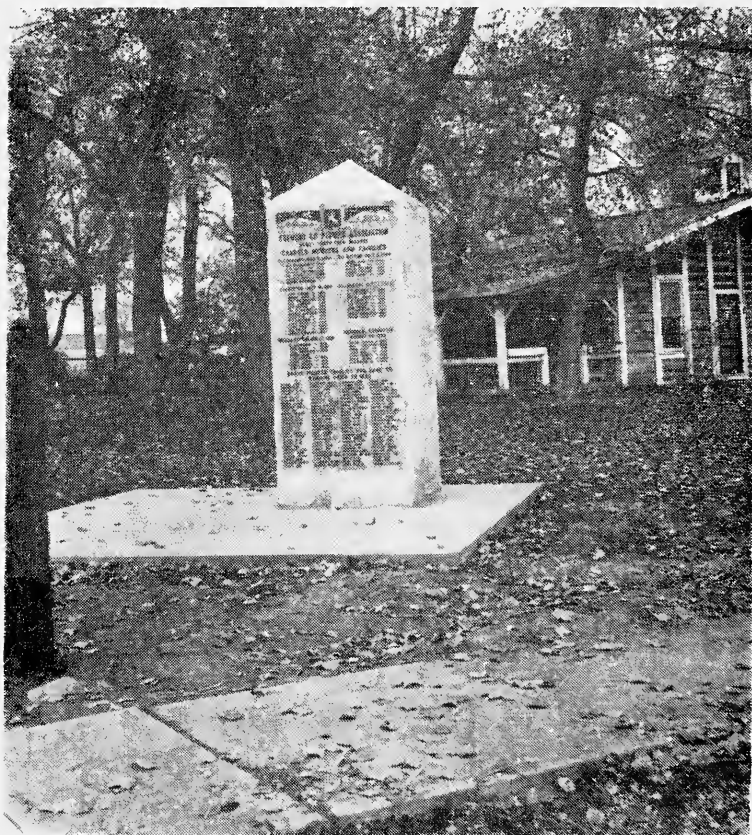
Annual reunions of the Fremont County Pioneer Association were held at the Ed Farlow grove on the west side of Lander from 1904 to 1917 inclusive—18 years—when Mr. Farlow sold the property to Milton Stowe. No meeting was held in 1918 due to a flu epidemic. For the next 8 years meetings were held in the Stowe Grove—from 1919 to 1926 inclusive, with one exception. In 1922 the meeting was held in the Ladies Booster Park, now called the City Park, on the south side of Lander.

The eligibility requirement of continuous residence in the county for the past 25 years was started in 1909 when H. G. Nickerson made the motion which was carried. This has been the custom for 44 years.

OFFICERS OF THE FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

DATE	PRESIDENT	VICE PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	TREASURER
7- 5-1886	L. C. Bliss		James I. Patton	
7- 4-1887	H. G. Nickerson			
1-27-1904	Geo. B. West, Chairman		H. G. Nickerson (Preliminary meeting)	
7- 2-1904	James Kime	R. H. Hall	E. J. Farlow	
9- 2-1905				
9- 3-1906	E. F. Cheney	F. G. Burnett	O. K. Nickerson	M. N. Baldwin
9- 3-1907	H. G. Nickerson	A. P. Battrum	Mrs. Geo. Jackson	E. T. St. John
9- 4-1908	E. J. Farlow	Ben Sheldon	O. K. Nickerson	"
9- 3-1909	Jules Lamoreaux	Thos. H. Maghee	Alice Sheldon	"
9- 3-1910	Thos. H. Maghee	James A. Carr	Mrs. H. G. Nickerson	E. F. Cheney
9- 3-1911	R. H. Hall	Ernest Hornecker	"	"
9- 3-1912	"	"	"	"
9- 4-1913	Jas. A. Carr	E. T. St. John	"	"
9- 3-1914	E. T. St. John	A. P. Battrum	"	"
9- 3-1915	A. P. Battrum	Ernest Hornecker	"	"
9-20-1915	Ernest Hornecker	Abe Foshier	"	" (6 years)
9- 3-1916	E. F. Cheney	Henry DeWolf	"	E. J. Farlow
9- 3-1917		No Meeting — flu epidemic	"	"
9- 4-1918		Lizzie Farlow	"	"
9-13-1919	Henry DeWolf	F. G. Burnett	" (11 Years)	"
9- 3-1920	Lizzie Farlow	J. K. Moore	Miss Edith Nickerson	" (5 years)
9- 3-1921	M. N. Baldwin	John Carr	Dora Robertson	Mrs. Robert Hall
9- 3-1922	J. D. Woodruff	J. M. Hornecker	Mrs. Lizzie Bates	"
9- 4-1923	J. K. Moore, Jr.	C. E. Bates	"	"
9- 3-1924	John Carr	"	"	"
9- 3-1925	Mart Hornecker	Finn Burnett	"	"
9- 3-1926	Peter Anderson	Frank Nicol	"	"
9- 3-1927	C. E. Bates	Dora Robertson	"	"
9- 4-1928	F. G. Burnett	Cora Crowley	" (7 years)	"
9- 3-1929	Frank Nicol			
9- 3-1930	Dora Robertson			

9- 3-1931	Cora Crowley	Esther Nalls	Mrs. Park Hays	"
9- 3-1932	Esther C. Nalls	Mary Butler	"	"
9- 3-1933	Dan Hudson	Dora Robertson	" (4 years)	"
9- 3-1934	Mrs. E. F. Cheney	Mrs. W. A. Robertson	Mrs. Lawrence Bowers	"
9- 3-1935	Harry Leseberg	Mrs. Jack Rogers	"	" (14 years)
9- 3-1936	Mrs. Park Hays	Camille McKenzie	"	Miss Clair Hall
9- 3-1937	Lyda Sherlock	Tim Barrett	"	"
9- 3-1938	Stuart Nalls	Mrs. Ben Cochrane	" (5 years)	"
9- 3-1939	Tim Barrett	Esther Bowers	Ruth Abbott	"
9- 3-1940	Allie Hall Millard	"	Netta Farlow	"
9- 3-1941	Nellie Trout	"	Nova Manoun	"
9- 3-1942	Mabel C. Moudy	Stub Farlow	"	"
9- 3-1943	Carl Obert	Hattie Hudson	Mrs. Alice Hays	"
9- 3-1944	A. J. (Stub) Farlow	Nova Manoun	"	"
9- 3-1945	Ervin Cheney	Allie Millard	"	"
9- 3-1946	Lawrence Bower	"	Essie Fisher	"
10-10-1947	"	Jules Farlow, Sr.	"	"
10- 8-1948	"	Nell N. Stratton	Anna L. Scott	"
10-14-1949	" (5 years)			" (17 years)
10-20-1950	Jules E. Farlow, Sr.			
10-12-1951				
9- 3-1952				
8-30-1953				
				31 years



FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION MONUMENT

Located at 6th and Lincoln in Pioneer Park, Lander. The Pioneer Cabin is in the background. The monument committee proposes the addition of an additional 150 names to the monument of eligible pioneers who came to Fremont County between 1880 and 1905 and who resided in the county 25 years or more.

NAMES AS THEY APPEAR ON THE MONUMENT

(OX TEAM)

(BUCKING HORSE)

(STAGE COACH)

A. J. (Stub) Farlow

FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

Names Taken From Records

CHARTER MEMBERS AND FAMILIES

1ST MEETING—JULY 5, 1886

H. G. Nickerson—1868

L. C. Bliss—1869

James I. Patton—1870

Ed Alton—1868

Alonzo Harvey—1877

Archie McFadden

2ND MEETING—JULY 4, 1887

John Fosher—1869

James Irwin—1869

William McCabe—1858

Geo. Jackson—1869

Ben Sexton—1868

Wm. B. Gratrix—1866

August Laucken—1865

Jake Fry—1869

P. P. Dickinson—1867

Louis Paire—1868

Chas. Fogg—1867

Wm. Evans—1868

James A. McAvoy—1869

SPECIAL MEETING—

JAN. 27, 1904

E. J. Farlow—1878

Geo. McKay—1868

Pete Anderson—1869

Peter Beck

Sam O'Meara—1874

David Jones—1876

Chas. Stough—1879

Abe Fosher—1868

3RD MEETING—JULY 2, 1904

James Kime—1869

R. H. Hall—1873

Maj. N. Baldwin—1866

Lizzie Farlow—1868

Hugo Koch—1861

4TH MEETING—Sept. 2, 1905

C. P. Cottrell—1869

Ed St. John—1868

Mrs. L. C. Davis—1873

E. F. Cheney—1866

Joe Trucky—1868

Jas. Couch—1879

F. G. Burnett—1868

Ernest Hornecker—1869

Frank Lowe—1870

MONUMENT COMMITTEE—

AUGUST 30, 1953

Jules Farlow—1884

Nell Stratton—1886

Anna Scott—1916

Clair Hall—1880

Essa Fischer—1890

Ervin Cheney—1883

J. K. Moore, Jr.—1876

[the next page continues after this as on the monument]

FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER ASSOCIATION

*Brave Pioneer Families Who Came to Wyoming Prior to 1880**(Names Taken From Records)*

Allen, Chas.
Amoretti, E.
Appleby, C. S.
Atkins, J. J.
Axe, Allen
Baldwin, M. N.
Beebe, James
Borland, Matt
Boyd, Wm.
Bragg, Robert
Boland, Ed
Borner, John
Bowman, Ike
Bruce, J. E.
Burns, J. R.
Carr, James A.
Casto, Frank
Clark, W. V.
Clark, O. M.
Cook, Wm.
Crowley, C. W.
Curry, John
DeWolf, Henry
Evans, Ben
Farlow, Henry
Faris, Joe
Fletcher, Chas.
Forrest, James
Grant, John
Giesler, L. L.
Gustin, E. A.
Goodrich, J. E.
Grimmett, Orson
Harris, W. W. (Curly)
Harrison, Chas. B.
Harsch, Phillip
Hart, Chas.
Haynes, Wm.
Heath, W. A.
Heenan, Mike
Hornecker, J. M.
Huff, John
Iiams, Sam
Johnson, W. G.
Jones, Wm. T.
Knott, John
Laird, Jim
LaJeunesse, A. J.
Lamoreaux, Jules
Lane, A. D.
Lannigan, W. M.
Harting, Henry

Langlois, Geo.
Le Clair, Edmo.
Leseberg, Fred
Logue, Harry
Ludin, Jules
Maghee, Thomas
McAuley, Robert
Meigs, Guy
McGrath, Thomas
Moore, J. K.
Murphy, Mike
Myer, Jake
Myers, O. O.
Noble, W. P.
Norton, C. C.
O'Brien, Wm.
Oldham, Chas.
O'Neal, Wm. F.
Painter, John
Pelon, John
Peralto, P. T.
Peterson, Louie
Peterson, Joe & H.
Pitts, E. H.
Reid, John
West, Geo. B.
Riley, John
Robinson, J. M.
Rogers, Wm.
Schlichting, Wm.
Sherman, Jason
Sherlock, Richard
Sheldon, Ben
Spangler, Sam
Smith, James
Spencer, J. H. Maj.
Stagner, Speed
Steers, John
Stevenson, Wm. C.
Trosper, W. B.
Tweed, Wm. (Boss)
Van Patten, Wm.
Vidal, Phil
Wagner, Joe
Weiser, Phil
Welch, J. M.
Werlen, John
Wilson, Ace
Woodruff, J. D.
Wroe, Geo.
Young, Ed.
Yarnell, Nelson

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs.*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART II—1852

XIII.

(BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO LUKE LEA,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, MARCH 30, 1852. *Extract.*)⁴⁴

Major Holeman's report for this quarter, having been received subsequent to the foregoing writing and just previous to the closing of this mail, is the reason of its not being mentioned therein. It is however transmitted herewith (marked B) together with the usual endorsement which is enclosed in this package. I will merely observe that an agency establishment in the Uinta valley would accommodate the Indians of that region known as the Uinta and Yampah Utes, and the Snakes or more properly Shoshone Indians in this Territory and being supported by a settlement will have a tendency to harmonize any ill feeling that may have heretofore existed among them. . . .

XIV.

(STEPHEN B. ROSE, SUB-AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF
INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,
MARCH 31, 1852.)

Sir

I have the honor of Submitting the following to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs through Your Excellency. I received a communication from your Hon on the 10th of Jan mentioning that

44. This letter (U/4-1852) is voluminously concerned with Indian affairs in general; only the postscript is here printed. With his own letter Young enclosed the quarterly reports of Rose and Holeman transmitted through his office, these are our Documents XV and XVI.

45. Present Brigham City.

a difficulty had been reported to you as having occurred between the Snake Indians and the Citizens of Box Elder⁴⁶ and wishing me to proceed there immediately and investigate the matter which request I complied with and am happy to inform you that all is amicably settled. On my return I learned that the Indian children found in the possession of the Spaniards had been returned to the Indian Department and agreeable to your order I have provided them with good comfortable homes where they are well treated and seem happy they were in a most deplorable condition and I was compelled to get some clothing and give them to keep them from perishing⁴⁶. On the 16th of Feb I found a company of men starting for Uinta Valley and having received a note from you last fall wishing me to proceed there and ascertain the situation of the Indians in that Part of the Territory and not having had an opportunity before in consequence of having been occupied on other duties I thought it a good opportunity to visit the Valley. but upon my arrival there I found the Indians had all gone to the Buffalo country and therefore cannot give you any account of them. I would suggest the propriety of calling the attention of the Department to a number of French Canadian Traders settled upon Green River and in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger who are constantly trading with the Indians although they have been notified to the contrary they have had a number of the different Tribes together this winter and made a number of speeches to them endeavouring to prejudice them against the peaceful inhabitants of this Valley. Accompanying this report you will find a schedule containing an account of the expenditures of the quarter ending this day

XV.

(JACOB H. HOLEMAN, INDIAN AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG,
SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,
MARCH 30, 1852)

Sir,

Since my report, made to your Excellency, on the 31st of December last, there has nothing occurred of importance in my department.

Agreeable to your instructions, in January last, in company with Sub-Agent S. B. Rose, visited the Indians north, as far as

46. The reference is to New Mexican slave traders, to the Utah operations of whom Brigham Young put a stop.

Box Elder. We found them friendly disposed towards the whites, and in the General, on friendly terms—there had been previously, some little disturbance, but all had quietted down. The information we had received of their having a considerable quantity of American Gold, we found to be true—we made every effort to ascertain in what manner they came in possession of it. One, who had several pieces, stated, that he had received it two or three years ago, in a horse trade, from an emigrant—others accounted for having the Gold in various ways, but to my mind, not satisfactory. A great portion of this band, was absent on a hunting expedition—we could not see their chief, nor could we get any information which seemed of a character to be relied on. Whether these Indians have participated in the robberies on the California route, or not, is extremely doubtful—I thought some circumstances looked rather suspicious—Yet they professed friendship towards the Whites, and many of them had given such evidences of their friendship, as to induce the citizens there, to believe they were sincere. We made every effort to ascertain the true situation of the white females, who were said to be held as prisoners, by a band of Indians in that neighborhood. So far as we could learn, from Whites and Indians, no prisoners had been in that neighborhood. We learned, however, from the Indians, that a band of the “white Knives,” as they are called, residing perhaps in Oregon, had sometime previous, two white women as prisoners, but for some cause, which they could not explain, they had killed them both. We, however, could get no information except from the Indians—and not being acquainted with the character and conduct of these Indians, I placed but little reliance in any thing they said. I gave them a few presents, which pleased them very much and they promised a great deal in future.

I met with a deputation of the Utah Tribe, from Uwinty Valley, at Fort Bridger, in December last, as I previously informed you—they had been sent by the chief of the band, with overtures of friendship, and requested that I would send some traders to visit their village. I selected a competent man, who was acquainted with them, and who spoke their language, to accompany the traders, with a few presents to their chief men. He has just returned, and reports very favourably of the kind feelings of these Indians. In accordance with my request, they have determined to meet the Snakes, in a council, for the purpose of establishing a treaty of peace and friendship between the tribes—and are now engaged in that laudable object. From the assurances given me, both by the Utes and Snakes, I hope, and believe, that they will succeed—and that they will make a treaty, which will place their friendly relations upon a much more lasting foundation than they have ever been heretofore. I enclose you my report for the quarter ending 31st inst. . . .

XVI.

(JACOB H. HOLEMAN, INDIAN AGENT, TO LUKE LEA,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT
SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 29, 1852)⁴⁷

Sir—I have advised you, in my previous communications, of the difficulty and danger to emigrants who travel the Oregon and California route—and of the necessity of doing something for their protection. I also informed you, that if not instructed otherwise, I should visit that section of the Territory, and endeavor to make such arrangements with these Indians as would insure safety to emigration in future. I have had several conversations with the Superintendent upon this subject, without coming to any determination or receiving from him any particular instructions. For the purpose, therefore, of bringing the matter to a close, and that there should be action upon the subject, I address to him the enclosed letter. He left this city on the 23d inst. on a southern tour, to be absent several months, without giving me any instructions, or even acknowledging the receipt of my letter. He has been in an ill humor with me, since the receipt of your annual report, in which is a letter I addressed you from Fort Laramie, and in which I speak of the excitement of the Indians on account of the whites settling their lands—and more particularly against the Mormons. In order to justify myself for the statements made in that letter, I have thought it advisable to give you my authority, as I have been threatened with denunciation and a contradiction of all matters concerning the Mormons.

Mr. James Bridger, who was the Interpreter of the Snake Indians at the Treaty of Laramie, and who is very favorably noticed in the Communication of Col. D. D. Mitchell, informed me, that the Utah Indians, residing in Uwinty valley, had frequently expressed their dissatisfaction in the strongest terms, against the Mormons making settlements on their lands; that they had understood they intended to do so—and were anxious to know what they should do, or if they had the right to prevent it. This was stated to me, in such a manner, that I could not hesitate to believe it. In addition to this, Mr. Barney Ward,⁴⁸ a Mormon, who was the interpreter of Sub-agent S. B. Rose, in conversation,

47. H/89-1852. Enclosed with the letter is a copy of Holeman's letter to Young, dated Great Salt Lake City, April 19, 1852. It is sufficiently summarized for our purposes in Holeman's letter to Lea.

48. Elijah "Barney" Ward has a certain celebrity in history as the only mountain man permanently converted to Mormonism. A brief biography appears in Andrew Jenson, *Latter-day Saint Biographical Encyclopedia*, Salt Lake City, 1920, Vol. 3, pp. 552-554.

frequently stated that the Mormons intended to make a settlement in Uwinty Valley, and that he was going to reside there as an Indian trader. With this information, believing that if the settlement was attempted, that it would cause an outbreak, and another "Indian war," for which Government would be called upon to defray the expenses, I made the statement in my communication from Laramie—not however, for the purpose of producing unkind feeling towards the Mormons, but to impress upon the department the necessity of adopting such measures, as would place both the whites and the Indians in a position to understand their rights and privileges, and thereby prevent further disturbances among them; as there had been, as I conceived, great injustice done the Indians already. I subsequently met a deputation of the Uwinty Utes, sent by their chief Soweates, who confirmed the information I had before received and expressed their decided disapprobation to any settlement being made on their lands by the whites, and more particularly by the Mormons. This same deputation was directed by their chief, to request, that I would send them some traders, towards whom and the government they pledged friendship in the strongest terms. I sent them two different companies of traders, one from Fort Bridger, who they treated with great kindness and respect—the others went from this city—upon learning they were from the Mormon city, the Indians immediately demanded to know if they were Mormons—and although one was a Mormon they were compelled to deny it,—such was the feelings of hostility expressed towards the Mormons, that if they had been known to be so, they would have been driven from the village. The Shoshonies or Snakes, were equally opposed, and expressed their disapprobation to the Mormons settling on their lands, in the strongest terms.

I thought I was in the discharge of my duty, in giving to the department this information, as I conceived it of some importance. The Indians in this Territory, have, in the general, been badly treated—upon some occasions, so much so, as to produce resistance. Then, upon the most trivial occasion, would follow, as the Mormons call it, an "Indian War"—and being better armed and equipped than the Indians, a most brutal butchery would follow. For all these services, in all these "Indian Wars," I understand, that there is a petition presented or will be presented to Congress, for the Government to pay the Bill. Before they do so, however, I hope they will enquire into particulars—as these people seem more inclined to fleece the Government of her money, than to render her any important service or friendship. I have thought it to be my duty to inform the department of all matters calculated to produce excitement or dissatisfaction among the Indians. With this view, I have made you the several communications, relative to matters and things here—I shall continue to do so as circum-

stances may occur. And while I confine my statements to facts, I feel confident I shall be sustained by the department.

I shall, in accordance with my previous advices to the department, leave in a few days for the Humbolt, where, if I find it necessary, I shall establish an agency, as it is no doubt, the most important point on the route. If it should be necessary, and any good can be effected, I will extend my trip as far as Carson Valley, near the line between this Territory and California. If I should not succeed in establishing friendly relations with these Indians, I shall, on my return, have it in my power to give the department such information, as will enable them to act more advisedly in future. At present but little is known, except, that they are murdering and plundering every train that passes the road. As the Treaty of Laramie has given security to emigration, from the States to the country occupied by these Indians, an arrangement with them will open a general highway through all the country, from Missouri to California, and give security to the numerous and increasing emigration which is annually passing to California and Oregon, and which at present is attended with so much danger and loss of life and property. The Indians in this section have had but little intercourse with the Whites, and what they have had, has rather tended to excite them against the Whites, than to create friendship or respect. The first were a set of traders and trappers, &c whose practice was to cheat them out of what little they possessed, or take it by force when able to do so—the Second was the Mormons, who forcibly took possession of their country, drove off their game, and killed many of the Indians—the last was the emigration, who often committed depredations on those who were inclined to be friendly, through the mistaken idea that all Indians were treacherous—and by this means frequently caused the innocent to suffer. Such transactions, has, in a great measure, brought about the present condition of things here. Many of the tribes, however, are becoming friendly, and by a prudent and humane course which has characterised all the acts of the government in regard to this unfortunate race, I hope the balance may be reconciled, and the country and the highways be relieved of the distressing scenes, which so often occur.

I mentioned to you in my last communication, that the November mail from California to this place, had been cut off by the Indians, and the contents destroyed. The remains of Mr. Woodward, the contractor, has since been found, some forty miles beyond the settlements in this valley. We have received information, from the Indians, near Fort Hall, that he and his escort, five in number, were attacked by this marauding band of Indians on the Humbolt, and that four was killed—the fifth, Woodward, made his escape. it is supposed that he must have been wounded, and

died from exhaustion, as his watch and many valuable papers were found near the remains of his body, which was almost entirely destroyed by wild beast—it was identified, however, by his clothing, watch, papers, &c.

The Snake Indians, who attended the treaty at Laramie returned well pleased with their reception and treatment—they are very friendly with all who pass through their country, giving them every assistance in their power, and pledging a continuance of their friendship; on account, as they say, of the kindness of their Great Father to them. This feeling is diffusing itself throughout many of the other tribes and bands, who regret that they had not been there also. In fact, I believe, that there is but one tribe in the Territory who are disposed to molest the emigration, and that is the tribe, I contemplate visiting. I shall be compelled to incur some expense, but shall be as economical as possible. I shall have to hire some ten or fifteen men, an Interpreter &c. to accompany me, and shall make all other arrangements, as far as possible, subject to your advice and instruction, which I shall expect on my return

I regret that I have not been able to receive positive instructions in relation to my duties, and more particularly in regard to expenditures, and the particular kind of expenditures. I fear that I have already gone too far—all I can say on this subject, is, that in attending the Snake Indians to the Treaty at Laramie, although somewhat expensive, it has done much good, and will have a very happy effect upon our Indian operations in future. One thing, however, is certain—all operations with the Indians cost money, perhaps more in this Territory, than many other places. I have therefore, thought it better to incur a little expense, for purposes, which I deemed of importance to the Indians and to the Government, than to wait for instructions so distant and difficult to obtain. Besides, I can see no use in my remaining idle, when there is important work to perform—particularly as it will have to be done, at some time, and perhaps at a much greater expense.

Will you be so kind, as to say to me, on the receipt of this, what will be the proper allowance to these men, who accompany me, either as their per diem or monthly pay. I fear you will consider me somewhat *pestiferous*—but you must recollect that I have had no instructions by which I could form a correct opinion of the extent of my powers and duties, or the particular wishes of the Government. I was directed to report to the Governor, which duty I performed without delay—He having no instructions, as he informed me, I was left to act upon your verbal instructions, to take such steps as in my judgement would best conduce to the interest of the Indians and the Government. I have endeavored

so to act, and hope my conduct may meet the approbation of the department, and that I may hear from you by the return mail.

I received a communication by the last mail, informing me, that in consequence of my having failed to render my accounts up to the 30th of September last, I had been reported to the President. I regret that it was not in my power to make my report at the time alluded to—I had been in attendance at the treaty of Laramie, with the Snake Indians, where I was detained much longer than I had anticipated, when I left this city—not doubting, when I left, but that I should return before the time specified for making my report, I did not take with me, many papers, necessary to enable me to do so. In addition to this—my horses failed, on my return, to such an extent, as to prevent my travelling at the usual speed—I had to wait on them or to leave them—I thought it more prudent to sacrifice my personal comfort, than to leave my animals which would have been a total loss to the Government, and did not reach this city until the 26th of October, too late to make a report. I however forwarded my accounts by the November mail, which I have no doubt you have received, ere this, and which I hope may be satisfactory to the department. . . .

P. S. May 1st. Not receiving any communication from you, and being left to act from my own judgment, I shall proceed to equip ten men, with an Interpreter, and two friendly Indians, and proceed immediately to the Humbolt. It is reported here, that these marauding Indians in that section, have been making great preparations for their operations on the emigrants; and as there is nothing else, of an importance, for me to do at present, it seems to me, that my duty prompts me to this course. I shall use every effort in my power, peaceably, to quiet the Indians on this route, and to get all the information possible, concerning them, their habits, disposition &c. and the prospects of doing any thing with them in future. I shall use economy and discretion in all matters, and report the result to the department, on my return. If I find it necessary to go as far as Carson Valley, I may be detained some two or three months. It is unnecessary to take this trip, unless a thorough investigation is made of all matters which may be of interest to the Government or to the Indians, so as to enable the department to act more advisedly in future. It is very necessary that something should be done, and as speedily as possible, as the longer it is delayed, the more difficult, and expensive it will be to the Government. I shall be compelled to draw on the department for funds, to defray expenses. I shall also take with me a few articles, to be used as presents, if I can dispose of them, to advantage an effect. The April mail from the States has just arrived. . . .

XVII.

(BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO LUKE LEA,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, MAY 28, 1852)⁴⁹

Sir, Your two letters of January 28th and February 20th were received per last mail, which arrived during my absence on a tour south, being *only* about two and a half months since the date of the last written; another month before a reply can be started, and the same time allowed to reach Washington making in all, to write and receive an answer, six months! This shows how we are blest with mail facilities.

I do not know that you ever received my first report dated 13 September 1851, as I have received no acknowledgement of its reception. I observe that the only paper which has found its way into the annual report, from Utah, is Major Holeman's, written at Fort Laramie and dated September 22, 1851. This is also attributable it is presumed to deficient postal arrangements. I wish to correct some erroneous statements made in that report, of the truth of which at that time Major Holeman might either through misconception or misinformation entertain an honest belief. I allude to the following paragraphs. "I find much excitement among the Indians in consequence of the whites settling and taking possession of their country, driving off and killing their game, and in some instances driving off the Indians themselves" "the greatest complaint on this score is against the Mormons; they seem not to be satisfied with taking possession of the valley of the Great Salt Lake, but are making arrangements to settle other, and principally the rich valleys and best lands in the Territory. "This creates much dissatisfaction among the Indians; excites them to acts of revenge; they attack emigrants, plunder and commit murder whenever they find a party weak enough to enable them to do so, thereby making the *innocent* suffer for *injuries* done by *others*. I find also another class of individuals, a mixture of all nations, and although less powerful in numbers *equally injurious* to the country and the Indians. These are a set of traders called here Freeman," &c again, "I am informed that they have induced Indians to drive off the Stock of emigrants, so as to force them to purchase of the "Freemen" at exorbitant prices and after the emigrants have left, make a pretended purchase of the indians for a mere trifle, and are ready to sell again to the next train that may pass, and who may have been served in the same manner" "These scenes are transacted so far from

49. U/8-1852.

the officers of the law, and by a set of men who are somewhat lawless that it will require extreme measures and some force to relieve the country of them."

With the exception of a few, perhaps fifteen or twenty white men at Fort Bridger and vicinity, who make no improvements nor raise grain, no settlement has been made or attempted upon the Shoshonees or Uinta Utes land. Some twenty years ago the Shoshonees claimed a small tract at the mouth of Weber upon which there is now a settlement,⁵⁰ but abandoned it as the Buffalo receded, and it has since been held by the Cumembahs or Snake Diggers who united by marriage with a broken off band of Shoshonees which the Shoshone Indians do not claim as at all belonging to their nation.

At the time Major Holeman made the above statements he had never seen an Indian upon whose land the whites who make improvements and cultivate the earth had settled, and no Indians have ever been driven off these lands that I have ever heard of. The Shoshonees and Uintas, to whom I more particularly allude being the only ones in the Territory with whom the Major had at that time had any knowledge of, or intercourse with, have at various times solicited settlements to be made in their respective lands in order that they might be benefited in the articles of clothing provisions, as the game spoken of affords even in the most retired and secluded places, but a very precarious dependence for subsistence. The only dissatisfaction that I have ever been able to learn as existing among them, was in consequence of no such settlements being made as they desired although they have been told that they will be accommodated in this thing as soon as circumstances will permit. Many upon whose lands settlements have been made have gone to work and bid fair to become quite useful in their new avocation. There seems to be a mistaken idea in relation to the Shoshone Indians committing depredations, murders, &c upon emigrants. It has been and is the universal practice of emigrants upon reaching the country of these Indians, to relax their vigilance and usually dispense with their guard. This feeling of safety and sense of security is induced from the known friendly disposition of the Shoshonees in whose country the weary traveler can repose in safety, and the emigrant pass with impunity. As long as my acquaintance with them has existed, this is the first time that I have heard of such charges coming against them. The Uinta Utes and also all others in this Territory live south of all the travel to Oregon, California, or this place, and being at enmity with the Cheyennes and Shoshonees

50. Then called East Weber, now Uintah, at the mouth of Weber Canyon.

never extend their travels as far north as the line of travel, consequently could not, were they so disposed, trouble the emigrants; unless they should take the southern route from this place, which in the emigrating season is seldom done. Of these facts and especially the peaceable disposition of the Shoshonees the traveling public should be advised, that their minds might be disabused of prejudice against them; not so much to relax their vigilance, as to refrain from the wanton and murderous practice of shooting them, whenever they show their heads; a practice too often indulged in, by those travelers, who apparently bereft of every sensibility of feeling, consider and treat all Indians as enemies.

Whether the settlements are or have been detrimental to the "country" the "Indians" or the traveler, let those answer who are acquainted, a few items like the following. Have they received any benefit by finding in the valleys of the mountains, a resting place where they could recruit themselves and animals in peace and safety while on their toilsome march across the plains and mountains?—Is it any benefit to have a civilized society and an abundance of supplies of every kind of provision and grain furnished midway of the journey where its absence leaves nothing but a dreary waste and arid desert, involving starvation or inevitable destruction to the belated traveler in the interminable snows of the mountains? Would not Captain (Indian) Walker otherwise most likely extend his exploits, in seriously annoying the traveling public? Are not the Indians better fed, better clothed, and more peaceably disposed towards the whites than before their settlement among them? An affirmative reply must be made to all these queries, by any person who is at all acquainted with the circumstances, and disposed to speak the truth.

In relation to the "Freemen" of Green River I will only say that usually emigrants upon arrival at that point very frequently find their stock so much reduced by hardships that they are often very glad of an opportunity of exchanging for fresh animals at almost any rate that may be asked, thus furnishing an opportunity to those who have stock, an abundant source of profit without stealing themselves, or inducing the Indians to steal for them. Having long followed this practice of trading with the emigrants many of them are very well supplied with good stock which readily recruits when turned upon the rich pasturage of that region.⁵¹

51. As Brigham Young was later to have trouble enough with the mountain men living in the Green River Valley, and for three years had regarded doubtfully the influence exerted by Jim Bridger against the Mormons, these remarks are interestingly dispassionate.

It is not safe to trust too far the savage Indians notwithstanding all their professions of friendship. Hence the impropriety of extending settlements faster than can be maintained; for our experience proves to us that although the whites, at their most earnest solicitation, may locate upon their lands with every assurance of safety and protection for themselves and property, yet when coming into daily contact with them, and stock begins to fill the range, their indolent and predatory habits lead them to incur the risk of satisfying their wants. They also sometimes become saucy and offensive to females who are left without sufficient protection, but in most cases if their wants for food, and clothing are supplied, but little difficulty occurs. We have had some serious difficulties at various times with them, but it has been caused usually through these sources, as the people have been unable to furnish them with all they wanted; their *involuntary contributions* become too *burdensome* and when withheld exasperation ensued. But chastisement when so richly deserved has had a most salutary effect, and in all instances with the exception of some Cumembahs; the hostile belligerents have come to terms and subsequently lived in peace with seemingly a better understanding than before.

These Cumembahs inhabiting principally the central part of this Territory extending north and south and westerly from the settlements and bordering upon the Desert as related in my former report of Sept 13/51 have as yet never come under the influence of a settlement of whites; but in Tooele and other places made such inroads upon the settlements, which altho' in their vicinity were yet upon other Indian's lands, as to compel the citizens in order to ensure their own safety to repel them and seek to break up their haunts by force. These are the Indians that so infest Mary's river. It was supposed that some Panaks and Shoshonees attracted thither by their success in plunder had joined them; but a small representation from those tribes inhabiting in the vicinity of Fort Hall with whom I conversed a few days since, strenuously deny that either of their tribes or any part of them have ever gone there, and they seemed totally ignorant of the fact if any such existed; although they admitted that they had heard rumours of emigrants being robbed and killed upon that river.

Availing myself of the protection afforded in the emigration to California I intended to send out an expedition to treat with the Indians on Mary's river this season, and had prepared instructions accordingly to Major Holeman. At this time the copy of his report herein alluded to having arrived, I improved an early opportunity of calling upon him, hoping that his longer residence in the Territory and more extended acquaintance had served to correct the views which he had so erroneously entertained and expressed. I sincerely regret to say that he still adhered so strenuously to them as to induce the belief that he was at least indifferent to the

interests of the community, by so manifestly endeavoring to prejudice the mind of the Government against them. He however promised to look over the matter and if he saw anything to retract that he would take great pleasure in doing so. But as he has failed to do it, I declined giving him any instructions as was designed. And he during my absence with an escort of twenty five or thirty men employed at the expence of the Government, as I understand, has gone, intending to visit Carson Valley before his return. It is to be hoped that the enterprise will prove beneficial. I shall now await the result of his enterprise before acting in the premises.

It cannot be expected much will be done towards establishing farms and other improvements for the Indians unless some appropriations are made for that purpose.

Having just returned from my tour to the southern portion of the Territory, and not having time previous to the departure of this mail to make all the statements required in your letter, must crave the indulgence of another mail, when the required information will accompany the quarterly report ending 30 of June. If it is usual to furnish superintendencies with blanks they would be very gratefully received. . . .

XVIII.

(BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO LUKE LEA,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE
CITY, SEPT. 29, 1852)⁵²

Sir, Herewith is transmitted my report ending this 3 quarter of the present year, together with Major Holeman and Rose reports. I will briefly remark, that all is peace among the native tribes in this Superintendency, even on Mary's river. We learn of no depredations of importance; this however is the usual result during the heavy emigration; whether they will again commence when that has passed, and small companies again tempt their rapacity time will develope. It is to be hoped that all parties traveling in that direction will give them no opportunity.

On the 6th day of August Ultimo, there arrived in this city six of the Shoshones as messengers from that tribe to make inquiry in relation to trade, and ascertain if possibly peace might

52. U/17-1852. The substance of this communication has been printed by Dr. Hebard, though she is mistaken in referring to the document as Brigham Young's "annual report."

be made with Wa-chor and the Utahs. This being a desirable object to accomplish, I made the messenger some presents, and informed them that I would send for the Utahs to meet them, if they would come and endeavor to accomplish the object which they seemed so ardently to desire. Accordingly on the 3rd day of September after many fruitless efforts on our part to procure the Utahs, who appeared very wary, and inclined to try the patience of the Shoshones to the uttermost, they were brought together, the Shoshones having been in waiting some two or three weeks. There were present on the part of the Utahs, Wachor, Sowiette, Antaro, Anker-howitch (Arrow pine being sick) 34 lodges. On the part of the Shoshones, Wah-sho kig, To ter mitch, Watche namp, Ter ret e ma, Persh e go and 26 lodges. The lodges were left a short distance from the city, the braves amounting to about fifty in number on each side attending the treaty. Major Holeman having arrived from Carson valley just previous, by my invitation was also present, Interpreters D. B. Huntington, and Elijah Warde. The main difficulty seemed to be accomplished in getting them together upon a friendly footing I led off by asking Wa chor and Wash a kick if they wished to make peace and be friends with each other. They replied they did Will you make good peace that will last? Answered yes. I then said to Wachor tell all of your tribe this, and ask them, if they will do the same, and if so, let every one arise and hold up their right hands It was done unanimously, and the same explanation being made to the Shoshones by their chief, they also responded unanimously in the same manner. I then told them they must never fight each other again, but must live in peace, so that they could travel in each other's country and trade with each other. I then asked the Utes if we had been friends to them and if they loved us. As soon as the question was explained to their understanding, they answered in the affirmative by acclamation, with evident signs of joy and good feeling. The pipe of peace being first offered to the great Spirit, was often replenished, and sent around by the Shoshones' chiefs until every one had smoked in token of lasting friendship. The Utahs were then asked, if they had any objection to our settling upon their lands, and if they had not, to raise their right hands, which they did unanimously. Sow er ette being the Chief of the Uinta Utes and two of his sons being present, was also asked the same question, Replied that it was good for them to have us settle upon their lands, and he wanted a house close beside ours. I then asked the Shoshones how they would like to have us settle upon their land at Green river; they replied that the land at Green river did not belong to them, but that they lived and inhabited in the vicinity of the Wind river chain of mountains, and

the Sweetwater (or Sugar Water as they called it)⁵³ but that if we would make a settlement on Green river, they would be glad to come and trade with us.⁵⁴ I expressed unto them my good feelings for their kindness, in always being friendly to the whites, and for the safety in which all of the emigrants had ever been able to pass through their country, and hoped they would always continue the same. If any of the whites should steal anything from them, it should be returned if I could find it and if any of their tribe should steal anything from the whites, they must do the same. The Shoshones were expecting that Wa chor and the Utes would give them some horses according to their usual custom for a certain number of Shoshones which they had killed in their last conflict which occurred something over a year ago. Ten seemed to be about the number which had been killed, and the same number of horses were required. But finally agreed upon nine head. Walker now led off in quite a lengthy speech in which he said that he had done wrong and was sorry for it, His friends had been killed on the Shoshones land, and he had supposed that they had done it, but now he was satisfied that it was not them, that Brigham told him not to go, but he would not hear him, he had been sorry ever since, and so forth; had no horses now, but was going to trade with the Moquis next winter and would bring the horses to Green river when he should return. I will hear now what Brigham says to me, me good, placing his hand on his breast, have been a fool, but will do better in future. To ter mitch Shoshone chief then said a few words; his ears were open wide to hear, it was good, and he felt well, his heart was good. I then directed that the Chiefs should have some clothes and ammunition given them, and some beef cattle, and flour having been procured for the purpose, was distributed among them, when they left in apparently high spirits and good and friendly feelings towards each other as well as the whites.⁵⁵

I have been thus explicit in giving the particulars of this interview, as it is the first that has occurred of a like nature since the settlements were founded; and it is hoped will result in long continued amity between the tribes. The Indians are universally fed

53. It has always been supposed that the name of the Sweetwater was bestowed by the trappers who frequented its waters from 1824; the French name, Eau Sucree instead of Eau Douce, has given some validation to the story that a mule with a load of sugar once fell in the stream. Under the circumstances it is very curious that the Shoshoni themselves should be represented as using the name, "Sugar Water."

54. Although it was some time in materializing, this is the genesis of the Fort Supply settlement near Fort Bridger.

55. For additional details about the summer's council with the Indians see the *Deseret News*, August 2, 21, 30, 1852.

and partially clothed throughout the Territory where settlements have been made, according to the ability of the people, and very many children are taken into families and have all the usual facilities for education afforded other children

The following estimates are made out from past observation and experience, as well as a knowledge of the actual wants and necessities of the Superintendency.

Goods for presents, such as blankets, shirts, hats caps	
shoes pants & c	5000—
Ammunition and guns	1500
Provisions and tobacco	5500
	<hr/>
Total for presents	12000—
	12,000
For Major Holeman's Agency current expenses as per bills of last year	5000
Major Rose Do Do	3500
*Two [Stricken out: Interpreters pay	1000]
Total Agencies	9500
	9,500
Superintendent's operations	2700
Defraying expenses of farming	600
Messengers on various business	
Expenses of office, clerk hire, and other general contingencies	
[Stricken out: * including Interpreter \$500	2500]
	5,800
*(leave out)	
	c 5,800
	D\$27.300

It will be observed that the above estimates do not contemplate holding of treaties or establishing schools, blacksmiths, mills &c at agencies, as usual in other Territories, and would be desirable in this. The estimates for such purposes were made in my report of estimates to Elisha Whittlesey Esq: December 31st, 1851, and have probably been received 'ere this. . . .

My Pal - 57 Years

By

HARRY ROBB

I'm going to miss him; I know I shall,
For his letters have been like stories that sell.
I have only met him from year to year,
But his friendship to me has been most dear.

It brings fond memories of days way back,
When we drank bad water from the same cow track.
When our stirrups have rubbed and clicked together,
As we rode the ranges in all sorts of weather,
When we sat our horses on the same side hill,
Watching a beef-herd take their fill.
To know he's gone is going to hurt,
For he was kind of man that would give his shirt.

When the night was bad and the work most hard,
Without even asking, he would stand my guard.
I'm going to miss him, now he's gone beyond,
But I know his horse will swim the pond.
And we will meet again in the buffalo grass,
Ere many more years will come and pass.
I know he'll be waiting for he was a pal of worth,
And we will lope on together as we did on earth.

to Bump from Harry. 8-13-1952.

This was written in memory of Wm. "Bump" Miskimins, by his pal and cowpunching friend Harry Robb. "Bump" grew up at LaGrange and after retiring from his job with The Swan Land & Cattle Company he returned to LaGrange and went into the ranch and cattle business which he continued until his death on August 1, 1952.

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

FRANK L. BOWRON

Response to our recent organization of the Wyoming State Historical Society has been overwhelming. Attendance at the initial meeting in Casper was far beyond our original expectations and the speed with which county chapters are springing up throughout the state underscores the need for an organization of this type.

In view of this amazing response, it is certainly fitting to pay tribute to the person who is responsible for the founding of our group, Miss Lola Homsher, who is doing such a wonderful job as state archivist and historian. Miss Homsher's travels around the state, stirring up interest and laying the foundation for the Society, were an immeasurable contribution to her chosen field of work. I hope that the members of our Society, as well as other persons interested in Wyoming history, will let Miss Homsher know of their gratitude for her excellent efforts. There are undoubtedly others who have made contributions toward the beginnings of this group but the lion's share of the work fell on her shoulders.

* * * * *

It is my hope to devote this space to a discussion of problems which face our Society during the year and the reader's suggestions as to material for this space will be appreciated.

It seems to me that our primary objective during the first year of the Society's existence must be that of organizing and chartering county groups throughout the State. Until we have a statewide membership, our efforts will lack the necessary support to follow through on the Society aims. If your county does not presently have a chapter of the Society, I would like to suggest that you contact Miss Homsher and ask for organizing materials.

Virtually every county in the state faces some major problem in the preservation of historical sites and the storing of valuable papers. It is this problem upon which we can build our local chapters. In working to build your county organization, I suggest that you discuss local problems first and sell the Historical Society as one means of meeting a specific local problem.

I would like to urge local Historical Society chapters to take advantage of special event slogan postal cancellations which can be authorized by U. S. Postal authorities. By this means, every letter which leaves your post office can bear a slogan advertising some historical event. Some slogans recently authorized by the Post Office Department include "Ohio University/1804-1954/Sesquicentennial", the 100th anniversary of Omaha, Nebraska, the 75th anniversary of Ocean City, New Jersey, the 50th anniversary of the Borough of West Caldwell, New Jersey, all of which slogans will be used during the first six months of 1954. The 1850's marked the early beginnings of a number of historical events in the territory which later became Wyoming, and this is one economical means for these milestones to be recognized. You might check with your local postmaster about these cancellations or write to the U. S. Post Office Department in Washington.

* * * * *

U. S. Senator Lester C. Hunt recently put forward a suggestion that the women's groups of Wyoming, assisted by other groups interested in Wyoming history, sponsor a campaign to place a statue of of Esther Morris of South Pass City in Statuary Hall of the National Capitol. On December 8 twenty persons representing Albany, Natrona, Campbell, Fremont and Sweetwater counties met in the city council chambers at Casper to discuss the various aspects of such a campaign.

Senator Hunt traced the history of Statuary Hall, outlined the procedure to place a statue there, and called attention to the fact that only six states have not taken advantage of the 1864 law which permits a state, at its own expense, to place not more than two statues in the hall. The group attending the meeting tended to favor a woman who would be connected with the attainment of woman suffrage to represent Wyoming. Only one woman, Frances E. Willard, is now represented in Statuary Hall.

The cost of such a project would be between \$25,000 and \$30,000, and it was agreed at the meeting that the support of the newly organized Wyoming State Historical Society would be sought.

I know that there are some members of the Society who feel that every penny available for historical purposes should be spent within the borders of the state for badly-needed preservation and restoration work, and certainly it would be difficult to disagree with this view. I feel that the primary purposes of our Society are aimed at work within the State and while we can and should cooperate with these efforts, we must devote ourselves to the very important tasks that face us in Wyoming.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of merit in the project put forward by our senior Senator and I would urge every member of the Society to consider his proposal with these points in mind.

First, the national publicity attendant upon the placing of this statue in the Hall would certainly benefit our society. As you know, there are several powerful and wealthy national groups dedicated to women's rights and it seems possible that these national women's groups would assist in financing the cost of the statue. The campaign to raise funds for the statue would certainly spotlight the colorful history of Mrs. Morris, the woman responsible for the first successful legislation giving women the right to vote and the first woman Justice of the Peace in the nation, should she be selected. More directly, it could benefit South Pass City, which certainly could be classified the "Cradle of Women's Rights", as a result of Mrs. Morris' efforts.

Forty-two of our forty-eight states have now honored at least one of their outstanding citizens with the placing of such statues in the Hall. Several million persons visit this national shrine each year and I can assure you that nearly every one of them views each of these statues. The placing of a statue of a noted woman in Statuary Hall would give our State the recognition it deserves for the part our pioneers played in bringing equal rights to women.

In January, Miss Velma Linford of Laramie, who was elected chairman of the Casper meeting and was authorized to appoint an executive committee to initiate and keep action going on the campaign, will meet in Cheyenne with the members of the Executive Committee of the Historical Society at the first meeting of that board to discuss this matter. I would appreciate very much learning the views of any of the readers of this column on Senator Hunt's suggestion.

* * * * *

Whether the Society joins the sponsors of this project or not, Senator Hunt should have our commendation for his laudable efforts to recognize one of the outstanding figures in Wyoming history.

* * * * *

Another storehouse for preserving and displaying Wyoming's historical material will be available when the new Casper Junior College building is completed. Dean Maurice Griffith of the College indicates that a part of the school's library is being set aside for historical display purposes and that the safe storage of documents of historical value is being taken into consideration in planning the new building. The college building, authorized last fall by Natrona County voters, will cost about \$750,000.00.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

Wyoming State Historical Society

The organization of a Wyoming State Historical Society has been a subject of interest to many citizens of Wyoming for a number of years, and many expressions of this interest have been received by the State Archives and Historical Department. Since the State Library, Archives and Historical Board is charged with the duty of stimulating and developing an interest in the history of the State and with preserving the history of Wyoming, the subject of such a Society has been of concern to the members of that Board.

During 1953 the Board discussed the best means of initiating the organization of a Wyoming State Historical Society. As a result of these deliberations, the Director of the State Archives and Historical Department was authorized to call a meeting of all interested persons at Casper, Wyoming, on a date most convenient for the greatest number of people, for the purpose of organizing such a society.

Newspaper releases were sent to all state newspapers giving publicity to the proposed meeting at Casper and inviting all persons interested to be present at the first meeting. Through correspondence with persons who indicated an interest in the Society the date of Sunday, October 18, was chosen.

At 1:15 p.m. on October 18 at the Woman's Club House in Casper, Wyoming, the organizational meeting of the Wyoming State Historical Society was called to order by Mr. Fred Marble of Cheyenne, Chairman of the State Library, Archives and Historical Board. More than seventy-five persons representing all areas of Wyoming were present at the meeting. Excellent cooperation was received from the people of Natrona County. The Natrona County Pioneer Association made arrangements for the meeting place, the Casper Chamber of Commerce furnished registration facilities and gave to each registrant a name badge on which was printed the name of the proposed Wyoming State Historical Society, and the local newspapers gave coverage to the meeting.

Mr. Marble opened the meeting with a short address of welcome. He then introduced Mr. F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan who spoke briefly on the needs and purposes of a state historical society.

Mr. Marble was elected chairman of the meeting by a unanimous vote, and Mrs. James Taylor, Jr., of Casper was elected secretary of the meeting.

The meeting was devoted almost exclusively to the discussion and adoption of a constitution and by-laws for the new society. In order to provide the meeting with working material, a study of the constitution and by-laws of historical societies of surrounding states had been made prior to the meeting. From this study a suggested form for a constitution and by-laws for the Wyoming State Historical Society was prepared and each person present was provided with a mimeographed copy. A thorough study of the suggestions was made and spirited discussions took place during the four-hour meeting, with successful results. The constitution as it was adopted follows:

CONSTITUTION OF THE WYOMING STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ARTICLE I

The name of this organization shall be the Wyoming State Historical Society.

ARTICLE II

The purpose of this organization shall be: to collect and preserve all possible data and materials including historical relics, relating to the history of Wyoming and illustrative of the progress and development of the State; to promote the study and preservation of such data and materials and to encourage in every way possible interest in Wyoming history.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP.

Section 1—The organization shall be composed of the State Society and of chapters in each county of the state, upon each of which chapters will be the responsibility of collecting and preserving the items, documents and records of its area. Each County Chapter shall have its own officers and constitution.

Section 2—Membership in the Society shall be open to all persons who will actively support the association and upon payment of dues as set forth in the by-laws of the Society; provided, however, that persons residing in a county in which is located a duly chartered county chapter of this Society shall affiliate only through membership in such county chapter. Persons residing outside the state or in a county in which no county chapter has been chartered shall affiliate directly with the State Society.

Section 3—County Chapters may be organized in the counties of the State of Wyoming, provided that affiliation shall not be accorded to more than one such unit in any given county.

Section 4—Affiliation of County Chapters shall be by charter, to be granted by the Executive Committee of the Society upon application pursuant to rules and regulations set forth in the By-laws of the Society.

ARTICLE IV—OFFICERS.

Section 1—The elected officers of the Society, who shall be elected by the Society at its annual meeting and who shall hold office for one year or until their successors are installed, shall consist of the following: (a) a President, (b) two Vice Presidents, (c) a Secretary-Treasurer.

Section 2—The Executive Secretary shall be the same person as the Director of the State Archives and Historical Department. He shall conduct the correspondence of the Society; shall preserve the official communications of the Society; shall collect or cause to be collected moneys due the Society and pay the same to the secretary-treasurer; shall give notice of the meetings of the Society and of the Executive Committee; shall edit and distribute publications of the Society; shall keep in the State Archives and Historical Department as a part of the collection there all books, manuscripts and other collections contributed to or acquired by the State organization of the Society; shall make an annual report to the Society.

ARTICLE V—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Section 1—The Executive Committee shall be composed of the elected officers of the Society, the executive secretary and one delegate from each duly chartered county chapter of the Society.

Section 2—The Executive Committee shall direct and control the activities of the organization within the limits prescribed by this Constitution and the By-Laws. The Executive Committee shall meet at such times as may be fixed by said Committee, but at least twice each year.

ARTICLE VI—ANNUAL MEETING.

Section 1—The Society shall meet annually.

Section 2—Time and place for the annual meeting shall be set by the Executive Committee at least two months prior to the said meeting and written notice shall be given by the Executive Secretary to the President of each chartered County Chapter and to members residing in counties not chartered at least one month prior to said annual meeting.

Section 3—Every member of the Society shall be eligible to vote at the annual meeting and every question presented to the annual meeting, unless otherwise herein provided, shall be decided by a majority vote of the members present at such annual meeting.

ARTICLE VII—AMENDMENTS TO THIS CONSTITUTION

This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any annual meeting.

BY-LAWS

ARTICLE I

There shall be three (3) classes of membership in the State Society: Life Members, Annual Members, and Non-voting Honorary Members.

ARTICLE II—DUES

Section 1—Annual dues of annual members of the State Society shall be \$3.50, payable in advance. A county chapter may set additional dues in its own constitution for use of the local chapter. No

annual member shall be allowed the privilege of a vote or a place on the Executive Committee of the Society while his state dues are in arrears.

Section 2—The fees for Life Membership shall be \$50.00, and when once paid no further dues shall be imposed upon these members.

Section 3—The Executive Committee may recognize those who contribute to the advancement of the aims of the Society by the issuance of such non-voting honorary memberships as it deems proper.

Section 4—All membership fees and annual dues shall be paid to the Executive Secretary who shall turn over such moneys to the secretary-treasurer.

ARTICLE III

Section 1—Any county in which Fifteen (15) or more legal residents desire to form a county chapter of said Society may organize such chapter and apply for a state charter. Said county group shall make application for a charter to the State Executive Committee by forwarding to the Executive Secretary a copy of the constitution of said chapter, which constitution must not conflict with the provisions of the State Society constitution, a list of the charter members and officers of said county chapter, together with payment of state dues for any members who have not affiliated with the State Society for the current year and payment in the amount of Ten Dollars (\$10.00) to cover the costs of preparing a charter for said chapter.

Section 2—Application for charter shall be the first order of business at any meeting of the State Executive Committee or at the annual meeting of the Society and Charters shall be granted by a majority vote of the members present at any such meeting. Upon a charter being granted, said chapter shall be entitled to immediate membership upon the State Executive Committee.

ARTICLE IV

Section 1—The ANNALS OF WYOMING, the historical publication issued by the State Archives and Historical Department, shall become the official publication of the Society. The Treasurer shall pay into the State Historical Fund that portion of the dues of each member required for the purchase of the periodical, one copy of each issue to be received by each member of the Society.

Section 2—Other publications by the Society may be determined by action of the Executive Committee from time to time.

ARTICLE V

Section 1—A quorum of the annual meeting of the Society shall consist of 14 members.

ARTICLE VI

Section 1—Order of Business. Roberts Rules of Order Revised shall govern the Society in all cases to which they are applicable, and in which they are not inconsistent with the by-laws or the special rules of order of this Society.

ARTICLE VII

Section 1—These by-laws may be amended by 2/3 vote of those present at the annual meeting.

Adopted October 18, 1953
Casper, Wyoming

Immediately following the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, the election of officers was held. Mr. Frank L. Bowron of Casper was elected president, Mr. F. H. Sinclair of Sheridan first vice president, Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander second vice president, and Miss Maurine Carley of Cheyenne secretary-treasurer.

Charter membership rolls will be held open to July 1, 1954.

CHARTER MEMBERS

LIFE MEMBERS

Berry, Miss Henryetta, Cheyenne	Homsher, Miss Lola M., Cheyenne
Coe, W. R., New York City	Larson, Dr. T. A., Laramie
Condit, Mrs. Thelma S., Kaycee	Salisbury, Herbert J., Cheyenne

ANNUAL MEMBERS

Allen, Miss Cody, Cody	Collins, Dabney Otis, Denver, Colorado
Allen, Mrs. Mary Jester, Cody	Cooper, Ralph, Kansas City, Missouri
Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne	Corthell, Irving, Laramie
Anderson, Elwood, Gillette	Dahlquist, John E., Fort Bridger
Barclay, Rex L., Lance Creek	Dahlquist, Mrs. Laura, Fort Bridger
Bardo, Gerald, Lusk	Daley, Mr. & Mrs. P. E., Rawlins
Bentley, Mrs. Helen M., Casper	David, Robert B., Casper
Berlet, Walter H., Casper	Day, Hugh S., Riverton
Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne	Day, R. C., Rock Springs
Bishop, Marvin L., Casper	Deering, Mrs. Jean Miller, Boone, Iowa
Blakeslee, Claude L., Casper	DeVore, Harold, Laramie
Blakeslee, Mrs. Claude L., Casper	Dickey, Hubert F., Gillette
Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne	Dickinson, Norman R., Riverton
Boice, Mrs. Fred D., Jr., Cheyenne	Diver, Mrs. Jessie S., Long Beach, Calif.
Boice, Mrs. Margaret McIntosh, Cheyenne	Dobler, Miss Lavinia G., New York City
Bon, Miss Lorraine, Cheyenne	Dodge, Mrs. Beulah I., Rock River
Bowen, Chester H., Gillette	Dodge, George W., Rock River
Bowron, Frank L., Casper	Eberstadt, Edward & Sons, New York City
Bragg, William F., Jr., Torrington	Ehernberger, Jim, Cheyenne
Bremers, Ralph R., Omaha, Nebraska	Elmore, Mike, Gillette
Brice, Mrs. David W., Wheatland	Farlow, Jules E., Lander
Brock, J. Elmer, Kaycee	Faville, Mrs. A. D., Laramie
Brown, Mrs. Sholie Richards	Foster, Biford, Lander
Monterey, Calif.	Froyd, Erwin A., Torrington
Burns, Miss Dorothy M., Sheridan	Fuller, E. O., Laramie
Burnside, Dr. Raymond A.	Fullerton, Mrs. Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, Calif.
Des Moines, Iowa	Gaber, Mary A., Casper
Carley, Miss Maurine, Cheyenne	Gage, Jack R., Sheridan
Carter, E. B., Orr, Minnesota	Gantt, Paul H., Washington, D. C.
Carter, Miss Gladys, Laramie	Garton, Mrs. Maude, Casper
Champ, Mrs. Myrtle M., Gillette	Gehman, Lester, Denver, Colorado
Chassell, Norvall W., Waterloo, Iowa	
Clausen, Miss Esther M., Laramie	
Clairmont, Mrs. Maude, Fort Washakie	

- Geier, D. O., Banner
 Gettys, Claude L., Story
 Gillespie, A. S., Laramie
 Gillies, Miss Catherine, Thermopolis
 Gillies, Miss May, Cheyenne
 Gordon, Alex, Rawlins
 Gose, Mrs. Etta M., Upton
 Graf, Mrs. Louise Spinner, Green River
 Griffith, James B., Sr., Lusk
 Griffith, Mrs. Vernon S., Sheridan
 Hardy, Marrabel, Gillette
 Harris, Burton, Hackensack, N. J.
 Harrower, James K., Pinedale
 Hart, Mrs. Shelia, Lander
 Haynes, Mr. & Mrs. Jack E., Bozeman, Montana
 Hays, Mrs. Alice C., Lander
 Henderson, Mrs. Paul C., Bridgeport, Neb.
 Hesse, Miss Vivienne, Buffalo
 Hewlett, Mrs. George Wilson, Cheyenne
 Hilman, Fred W., Big Horn
 Himebaugh, Mrs. Duke, Casper
 Hodgson, Mrs. Colin, Hanna
 Hook, James W., New Haven, Connecticut
 Hoover, H. H., Kansas City, Mo.
 Hord, Mrs. Violet M., Casper
 Hull, Mrs. Irene David, Encampment
 Hunter, Allen, Gillette
 Hurd, Mrs. Emilie, Denver, Colo.
 Hurd, V., Green River
 Huston, Mrs. A. T., Gillette
 Hutton, Miss Eunice, Green River
 Hutton, William, Green River
 Ilsley, John P., Gillette
 Jack, Wm. "Scotty", Casper
 Jayne, Dr. Clarence D., Laramie
 Joelner, Mrs. Fred, Casper
 Johnson, Fred J., Medicine Bow
 Kafka, Mrs. Olive Garrett, Rock River
 Keeline, H. W., Gillette
 Kennedy, Donald M., Sheridan
 Kent, Raymond D., Kelly
 Kintz, Ralph G., Gillette
 Latham, Wm. "Bill", Chugwater
 Latham, Mrs. Wm., Chugwater
 Lawrence, W. C., Moran
 Leermakers, J. A., Rochester, N. Y.
 Lindsley, Miss Alice Louise, Sheridan
 Linford, Miss Velma, Laramie
 Littleton, Ernest, Gillette
 Logan, Edward O., Cheyenne
 Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colo.
 Lott, Warren B., Buffalo
 McCormick, John S., Elk Mountain
 McFarling, Lloyd, Palmer Lake, Colo.
 McMahon, Thomas B., Jr., Gillette
 Malone, Miss Rose Mary, Casper
 Manley, Mrs. Frank A., Spur, Texas
 Marble, Fred W., Cheyenne
 Marion, W. L., Lander
 Marquiss, R. B., Gillette
 Metz, P. W., Basin
 Mickelson, James F., Big Piney
 Mickelson, Mrs. Mae E., Big Piney
 Miller, Thomas O., Lusk
 Mitchell, Mrs. Minnie A., Cheyenne
 Mockler, Frank C., Dubois
 Mockler, Mrs. Frank C., Dubois
 Mokler, Miss Edness, Casper
 Moore, Charles C., Dubois
 Moore, James K., Jr., Lander
 Moudy, Mrs. Mable Cheney, Laramie
 Mumey, Dr. Nolie, Denver, Colorado
 Newell, Most Rev. Hubert M., Cheyenne
 Nicholas, Tom, Casper
 Nisselius, Jack, Gillette
 O'Callaghan, J. G., Casper
 Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne
 Orr, Dr. Harriet K., Berkeley, Calif.
 Paddock, A. A., Boulder, Colo.
 Parks, William P., Sr., Gillette
 Peryam, Mrs. Mable Large, Encampment
 Peters, Mrs. Leora, Wheatland
 Peterson, Robert A., Cheyenne
 Peyton, Mrs. Pauline E., Douglas
 Peyton, Miss Pauline M., Douglas
 Pool, Mrs. Guy E., Torrington
 Pryde, George B., Rock Springs
 Rawlings, C. C., Ranchester
 Reed, Lloyd R., Lincoln, Neb.
 Ridings, Miss Reta, Laramie
 Riley, Mrs. Gladys F., Cheyenne
 Riter, Mrs. Franklin, Salt Lake City, Utah
 Ritter, Alta, Gillette
 Ritter, Raymond R., Gillette
 Rosenstock, Fred, Denver, Colorado
 Schroer, Mrs. Blanche, Lander
 Scifers, Mrs. Barbara, Casper
 Sherard, Agatha, Gillette
 Sims, Albert G., Douglas
 Sinclair, F. H., Sheridan
 Sinclair, Mrs. Jack, Gillette
 Smith, Joe A., Wood River, Illinois
 Smith, Miss Louise S., Cheyenne
 Snell, Miss Bernice, Lander
 Snoddy, Mrs. Joe, Gillette
 Spielman, Jesse E., Gillette
 Spielman, Mrs. Jesse, Gillette

Spring, Mrs. Agnes Wright, Denver, Colo.	Trenholm, Mrs. Virginia, Glendo
Stan, Charles S., Casper	Turnbull, Roy, Lusk
Stimson, Dallas, Gillette	Turk, B. E., Sussex
Stoddard, Lee C., Manville	Tyrrel, Mrs. W. S., Lusk
Stolt, Miss Edna B., Cheyenne.	van Hatten, C. J., Powell
Storm, Archie, Sheridan	Wakeman, E. E., Newcastle
Stratton, F. D., Riverton	Wallis, Miss Martha, Laramie
Stratton, Fred D., Jr., South Pass City	Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver, Laramie
Stratton, Mrs. Nelle N., Riverton	Watson, Judson P., Lusk
Swan, Henry, Denver, Colo.	Webb, J. Early, Kaycee
Swartz, Mrs. Kate, Gillette	Wentworth, Edward N., Chicago, Ill.
Taylor, Mrs. Bertha B., Mountainview	Wheatland High School (Willard Fox, Supt.), Wheatland
Taylor, Mrs. James W., Jr., Casper	Wilkins, Mrs. Edness Kimball, Casper
Taylor, Livingston L., Columbus, Ohio	Williams, Wm. B., Banner
Templin, Curtis, Chugwater	Williamson, A. P., Lake Andes, South Dakota
Thom, John C., Buffalo	Williamson, C. D., Hanna
Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne	Wyoming Typewriter & Equipment Co., Cheyenne
Tonkin, T. C., Casper	Yoder, Dr. Franklin D., Cheyenne
Toppan, Fred W., Jackson	
Travis, Maury M., Casper	

History News—

So that members of the Wyoming State Historical Society can keep in closer touch with what is being accomplished in the historical field in Wyoming, a mimeographed sheet entitled *History News* was inaugurated in December 1953. This news letter will be issued six times a year, and it is hoped that it can become a monthly sheet in the near future.

History News offers to local chapters a means by which they can exchange information on their activities and by such an exchange obtain suggestions for program planning. News from headquarters at the State Archives and Historical Department will also appear.

Local Chapters—

To Fremont County goes the honor of organizing the first County Chapter of the Wyoming State Historical Society. The organization meeting was held on November 8 at the City Hall in Riverton. Officers elected were J. K. Moore, President, Norman Dickinson, Vice President, and Mrs. Schroer, Secretary-Treasurer.

The Campbell County Historical Society was organized at a meeting held in Gillette on December 4. E. A. Littleton was elected temporary chairman and Mrs. Myrtle Champ temporary secretary-treasurer, to hold office until a meeting in January at which time a constitution will be adopted and permanent officers

elected. Mrs. Alice Spielman, Mrs. Myrtle Champ and Mrs. Roy Hardy were appointed to a committee to draft the constitution and by-laws to be presented at that time.

The Goshen County Historical Society was organized at a meeting on December 11 in Torrington. Approximately forty residents of Goshen County gathered at the Southeast Center in Torrington to hear a talk given by Dr. T. A. Larson, Head of the Department of History at the University of Wyoming. Following his talk steps were taken toward the organization of the local society under the guidance of an organizing board composed of Col. E. A. Froyd, Rev. Homer C. Crisman and William F. Bragg. A constitution was adopted and temporary officers were elected to serve until a meeting on January 4, at which time permanent officers will be elected. Temporary officers are Col. Froyd, acting president, Rev. Crissman, acting secretary, and Mr. Bragg, acting treasurer.

Oral History—

The collection of Wyoming's story by recording continues as an activity of the State Archives and Historical Department. Rumor has it that some local groups may shortly begin this method of collecting the stories of the old timers, also, which will be a fine thing for the future of our history in Wyoming.

In the gathering of oral history it is well to give your informant time to think over some of the questions you wish to ask him. Give him an opportunity to organize his thoughts and if possible make sure of some hazy facts. Our memories play us tricks years after an event has occurred, and a planned interview is a valuable interview.

It is important that we record more than dry facts. History is made by people, and we want the local color, the life and the vitality of the times that such recordings can give us.

A good start on recording the history of the Dubois country back to the 1880's was made in July when Mrs. Frank C. Mockler and your editor spent several days interviewing the old-timers of that area. Chief interviewer was Mrs. Mockler who has long been interested in the history of the area and can ably direct her interviews to gain a maximum amount of information. Interviewed were W. Noble Harrison, Mrs. Tom Moriarty, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Olson and Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Welty.

Records have also been made recently by A. S. Gillespie of Laramie, Jules Farlow of Lander, Bill Frazee of Inglewood, California, Dr. Lillian Heath Nelson of Rawlins, Grant Harnden of Laramie, former Acting Governor Fenimore Chatterton of Nevada, Colorado, and Mr. Thomas Gordon of Cheyenne.

We Miss Them—

While it does not seem possible to mention the names of all of our old-timers who are slipping away over the Great Divide at all too frequent intervals, those persons who have been active in the historical field have been mentioned from time to time in this column.

The death of A. J. "Stub" Farlow of Lander on July 24 was a shock to all those who knew or knew of him. The new monument dedicated to the Pioneers of Fremont County especially honors "Stub" with the engraving of the famous Wyoming "Bucking Horse" shown at the top of the marker.

Mrs. Lillian H. Baker, daughter of one of Buffalo's pioneer families, died on November 15. An accomplished organist, Mrs. Baker, as a girl of 15, played for the funeral of Nate Champion and Nick Ray in 1892. Her hobby in recent years was the writing and recording of the early history of Johnson County.

Charles Washakie, 80, the last surviving son of Chief Washakie, legendary chieftain of the Shoshone tribe of the Wind River Reservation, was killed on September 8 in an automobile accident at Pocatello, Idaho. With him has disappeared another important link with Wyoming's early history.

Mrs. T. S. Taliaferro of Rock Springs died at the age of 81 on October 13. She had made her home the center of historical interest through the many historical furnishings which had been in her and her husband's families for generations. In 1936 she was appointed a member of the Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union, an organization which is responsible for and owns George Washington's national shrine at Mount Vernon. She has been one of the few women west of the Mississippi River to receive the honor of this appointment.

From Our Newspaper Files—

The largest collection of early and current Wyoming newspapers to be found in Wyoming are located in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department. More than 4600 volumes, the earliest of which date back to 1867, are easily accessible to the many researchers who visit the department to use the newspapers as well as other historical research facilities.

From the *Laramie Daily Independent*, December 26, 1871:

Our stock men have been recently removing their stock to more favorable localities in the neighborhood. A few miles distance in the mountain country will exhibit remarkable differences in the fall of snow and grazing advantages. N. K. Boswell & Co. have removed their sheep to Virginia Dale, where they think they will stand the winter. They have one hundred tons of hay there to help out with. Mr. Winslow has removed his flocks to some point on Little Laramie, we understand, and says there is very little snow in that region, and

if the winter does not grow worse they will probably winter through. Other parties are now making changes. Dr. Latham informed us yesterday that he would not remove his cattle, but would merely put them on snow-shoes.

Northwestern Live Stock Journal, April 10, 1885.

Messrs. Boyce & Felloon, of Twin mountains, sold to Joe LaRose, a Cheyenne butcher, on Tuesday, eleven head of range steers which averaged 1,100 pounds getting therefor 4½ cents.

Carbon County News, January 12, 1878.

Every indication goes to show that oil has been discovered in Wyoming near the Cheyenne river, on the Black Hills road. Steps are being taken for the development of the enterprise, and we hope ere long to see our evenings brightened with burning fluid from these wells.

The Wyoming Weekly Leader, Cheyenne, March 13, 1869.

News from Red Cloud—This Sioux, who exercises authority over all the Northern Sioux, has informed the Agent that a large portion of his followers are destitute, and that they must be supplied, else he would be compelled to resort to unlawful measures. Accordingly the Agent, Mr. N. G. Taylor, has allowed Jules Ecoffey, Adolph Cunney and John Ricthart to take stock of woollens, etc., to Red Cloud's present camping grounds, about sixty-five miles northwest of Laramie. The stock is estimated at \$25,000. Red Cloud claims to have about fifteen hundred lodges with him. The traders left yesterday morning.

Manuscripts Welcome

Have you a good manuscript on some phase of Wyoming's history which might offer a contribution to the published history of Wyoming? All articles published in the ANNALS are copyrighted for the author's protection. Its circulation now reaches all parts of Wyoming, to thirty-seven other states and Washington, D. C., and to three foreign countries.

Recent Acquisitions

MUSEUM

Bernstein, Mrs. Martin, Cheyenne	Two demijohns, two quart and gallon sizes; miniature picture frame.
Brown, Thomas M., Cheyenne	Pencil pointer, Guhl & Harbeck, Germany.
Capitol Building Commission Cheyenne	Large steel safe used by the Secretary of Wyoming Territory.
Chatterton, Fenimore, Arvada, Colorado	Beaded anklets made by Julia Lone Bear, Araphao
Cheyenne, City of	1902 Model mimeograph machine.
Connor, Rock H. Chicago, Ill.	Eight "Clearing House Certificates" used in 1907.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Danks, Jimmie,
Ardmore, S. Dak. | McCarte made by Tom Horn, October 1901. |
| Dildine, Fred R.
Los Angeles, Calif. | Coffee mill, 2 kerosene lamps and 3 lamp chimneys. |
| Gillespie, A. S.
Laramie | Telegraph insulator, top of pole and iron band from first line across southern Wyoming, found by Donor on his ranch near Rock River; knots used by cowboys on the range with explanations of each; trailer hitch used on tongue of freight wagon. |
| Gordon, Tom,
Cheyenne | Platter purchased 1882 in Cheyenne; crocheted bedspread made by Mrs. John Gordon (Mother of Donor) in 1883, Cheyenne; reed pad made by Navajo Indians, 1906. |
| Greenhouse, Jack
Cheyenne | Memorial medal to John Davis. |
| Kunkel, Mrs. Millie Wenger,
Cheyenne | Doll sofa & velvet cape (1883), carpet bag (1865), dolls (1890), sewing and art book of Donor (1890), 2 needle point pieces by Anna Wenger Hoffman, cigar case of Rudolph Wenger, 1880. |
| Mumey, Dr. Nolie,
Denver, Colorado | Gavel made by Donor from timber from Commissary Building of old Ft. Bridger. |
| Nelson, Dr. Lillian Heath (Mrs. Lou), Rawlins | Mustache cup & saucer and cup and saucer purchased by her parents in Rawlins in 1882; glass tumbler and hand painted sauce dish purchased 1820 in Wisconsin by Donor's grandmother. |
| Perales, Clarence P., Jr.
Cheyenne | Fourteen Ft. D. A. Russell exchange tokens. |
| Rawson, Mrs. Alice Barber
Denver, Colorado | Medical instruments of former Gov. Amos W. Barber, watch, wedding dress of Donor's mother, hat pins, hair brooch, carriage whip of Guy Kent, bonnets and dresses of 1890 period, parasols and other items from the former T. A. Kent & Gov. Barber homes. |
| Rice, Clarke P.,
Torrington | Mule shoe, chisel and bolt found on Custer Battlefield, 1885. |
| Ridley, Charles E.,
Cheyenne | Two rifles: 40-90 sharps and ball & cap. |
| Ross, Edward,
Gillette | Two samples of carnotite (Uranium) ore from Dakota Sandstone near Car-lile, Wyoming. |

VanBenthuyssen, Mrs. Estella M. Fan given Donor in 1887.
Cheyenne

Wyoming Typewriter & Equip- 1919 Underwood Standard Portable
ment Co., Cheyenne Typewriter, Monarch Typewriter,
1911 Stenotype machine, 1909 Rotary
Neostyle mimeograph machine.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS AND PAPERS

- | | |
|--|--|
| Beard, Mrs. Cyrus,
San Gabriel, Calif. | Manuscript, "Panics or Depressions in the U. S."; Vol. 1 Nos. 2, 3, 4 <i>Ft. Union</i> ; Facsimile <i>Frontier Scout</i> , Ft. Union, S. D., Dakota Territory, July 14, 27, Aug. 17, 1764; correspondence dated 1917, 1918, 1919 to Mrs. Beard; Federal Judge Riner's remarks at funeral of Judge Cyrus Beard, 1921. |
| Bishop, Mrs. T. K.,
Basin | Typescript copy of diary of Volney King; information on "Prayer Rock". |
| Bogensberger, M. J.
Cheyenne | Twelve cancelled stamped envelopes, postmarked in the 1880's. |
| Carlisle, Bill,
Laramie | Photostat copy of Instrument of Surrender by Japanese Sept. 2, 1945. |
| Coe, W. R.
New York City | Pictorial map of Pony Express Route. |
| Cooper, Mrs. Clara Chassell,
Berea, Ky. | Letter regarding Inyan Kara Church. |
| Coughlin, Louis D.
Laramie | Stories from Laramie Daily <i>Bulletin</i> on Mr. Coughlin's retirement from Forest Service, Aug. 1953. |
| Dunn, Mrs. Vallie
Laramie | Manuscript, "Musings of a Pioneer", account of Frederick C. Bath by his wife, Mrs. Vallie G. Bath. |
| Chatterton, Fenimore,
Arvada, Colorado | Brochures on Shoshoni Reservation lands; invitations, clippings, proclamations while Governor of Wyoming. |
| Gordon, Tom
Cheyenne | Bible published 1882; certificate of Donor for examination as UPRR engineer, Aug. 21, 1903; family record of Donor. |
| Governor's Office,
Cheyenne | Posters and pamphlets on 150th Anniversary of Louisiana Purchase. |
| Graf, Mrs. Geo. J.
Green River | Manuscript, "Early History of Green River" by Louise Spinner Graf. |
| Greenhouse, Jack
Cheyenne | Provisional Commission of Edmund Burgoyne by Maj. Gen. E. O. C. Ord (1865); first paper money, 1690, from Massachusetts Colony. |

- Jones, Mrs. K. C.
Ft. Laramie Manuscript, Radio program on history of Kaspiere Club and history of the name Kaspiere.
- Larson, T. A.
Laramie Reprint, "Woman Suffrage in Territorial Wyoming" by T. A. Larson.
- Mumey, Dr. Nolie,
Denver, Colorado Pictorial map, "Bird's Eye View of Gunnison, Colo."
- Olds, Kirby H.,
Cheyenne U.P.R.R. profiles, 1882: Medicine Bow — Rawlins, Rawlins — Bitter Creek.
- Robinson, Harry
Omaha, Nebr. Wyoming Tie & Timber Co. cancelled checks 1927, 1928.
- Rymill, W. L.,
Boulder, Colo. Broadside "The Switzerland Trail" a brief account of Old No. 30 and the narrow gauge train in Central Park, Boulder, Colo.
- Simmons, George O.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa Clipping, Cedar Rapids *Gazette*, Oct. 6, 1953, of story of Mr. Simmons' life.
- Utter, Vincent & Hattie
Wheatland Plat, King Brothers land, Albany County.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY

- Bernstein, Mrs. Martin
Cheyenne *Colorado-Wyoming Automobile Directory*, 1916, and *Hotel Listing*.
- Brimmer, George,
Cheyenne Ludington, Lt. Col. M. I., *Uniforms of the U. S. Army, 1774 to 1889*.
- Chatterton, Fenimore
Arvada, Colo. Pamphlets: "Saratoga Mineral Springs", "Shoshoni Reservation".
- Coe, W. R.
New York City Camp, Charles L., *The Plains and the Rockies*.
Wolle, Muriel Sibell, *The Bonanza Trail*.
Haley, J. Evetts, *Life on the Texas Range*.
Miller, Henry, *Account of a Tour of the California Mission*.
Taft, Robert, *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West*.
Jennewein, J. Leonard, *Calamity Jane of the Western Trails*.
Mumey, Nolie, *Westerners Brand Book, 1951*.
Sutter, Marshall & Bidwell, *Pioneers of the Sacramento*.
Morgan, Dale L., *Jedediah Smith*.
- Hanke, L. F.,
Chicago, Ill. Overton, R. C., *Milepost VJJ—Burlington Lines 1849-1949*.

- Haverly, Mr. & Mrs. Mark,
Wheatland
- The First Mortgage*
Sixth Annual Report of The Agricultural College of the University of Wyoming and of the Wyoming Agricultural Experiment Station, for the Year 1896.
Official History of The U. S. by the Presidents.
Bartlett, Volume I-II, The History of The U. S.
Laws of Wyoming 1890-91.
Journals and Debates of The Constitutional Convention Wyoming 1889.
Revised Statutes of Wyoming 1887.
- Hills, Ratcliff M.,
Hartford, Conn.
- Pamphlet: "Old Glory".
- Hunt, Senator L. C.,
Washington, D. C.
- Pamphlet: "Our Capitol".
- Manley, Woods Hocker,
Spur, Texas
- Manley, Woods Hocker, *The Doctor's Wyoming Children.*
- Rawson, Mrs. Alice Barber,
Denver, Colo.
- Voorhees, Luke, *Personal Recollections of Pioneer Life.*
- Riley, R. W.,
Cheyenne
- Cheyenne City Directory, 1950.*
- Robinson, Harry
Omaha, Nebr.
- Pamphlet: "Guide to the Custer Battlefield".
- True, Laura B.,
Cheyenne
- Blackmore, R. D., *Lorna Doone.*

PICTURES

- Barrett, Senator Frank A.,
Washington, D. C.
- Photograph of F. A. Barrett for Governor's section of the Museum.
- Bernstein, Mrs. Martin,
Cheyenne
- Photographs (to be identified): souvenir of San Antonio, Texas.
- Chatterton, Fenimore
Arvada, Colo.
- 58 pictures mainly of the Riverton area, 1907, Rawlins in 1890's and while Mr. Chatterton was Wyoming's Acting Governor, 1904.
- Covert, Dean F.,
Cheyenne
- Launching of U. S. S. Monitor Wyoming, Sept. 8, 1900. (3 views)
- Gillespie, A. S.
Laramie
- Ten pictures taken in 1900-1902 of Swan Land & Cattle Co. men showing such activities as eating, branding, swimming, roping; and cattle and horses.
- Graf, Mrs. Louise S.,
Green River
- First jury with women as jurors in State of Wyoming, May 8, 1950.
- Haverly, Mr. & Mrs. Mark
Wheatland
- Early picture of Wheatland.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Jordan, M. S
Lusk | Fifteen pictures of livestock frozen in 1949 blizzard in Lusk vicinity; 52 views of 1949 storm. |
| Mantey, L. T,
Cheyenne | Eleven pictures taken by Donor: Prosser ranch, 1942, 1945; U.P.R.R. engines—steam electric, City Los Angeles, City Portland; Frontier Day Parade 1942; Laramie Peak; Lone Tree. |
| Metz, Mrs. P. W.,
Basin | Five pictures of Heart Mountain Girl Scouts during World War II; three pictures of scenes made of colored beans entered at the Basin festival. |
| Owen, Earl,
Cheyenne | Twenty-seven pictures of Wyoming scenes by J. E. Stimson. |
| Pryde, George B.,
Rock Springs | Thirteen pictures of Union Pacific Coal Company personnel and Reunion activities, 1952. |
| Rawson, Mrs. Alice Barber
Denver, Colo. | Photo album of early ranch scenes by Kirkland and of the Gov. Barber family. |
| Rosenstock, Fred,
Denver, Colo. | Eight stereoscopic pictures of early Hanna, Wyo. |
| Society of California Pioneers
San Francisco, Calif. | Ten W. H. Jackson photographs of Wyoming scenes, 1871 series. |

STATE ARCHIVES

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| Wyoming Live Stock &
Sanitary Board | Circular No. 1, <i>Cattle Scabies</i> , issued by the office of the State Veterinarian, January 8, 1915. |
| Dr. A. C. Hildreth, Sup't
Cheyenne Horticultural Field
Station, U.S.D.A. | Records of the Wyoming Commission for the Celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Birth of George Washington, 1931-1932. |

Book Reviews

Lost Pony Tracks. By Ross Santee. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. 303 pp., 26 illus. \$3.95.)

From the beginning to the last line the reader will find Ross Santee's new work chock full of meaty narrative which has the smack of authenticity throughout. Mr. Santee, who is no stranger to rangeland, recites his experiences in Arizona as a wrangler in the rough country where range work was done largely with pack horses. The northern reader who had range experience will notice some difference in the "lingo" and will miss references to the chuck wagon—which was the center of operations in our northern states in the open range days.

The author knows his horses and his salty descriptions of many of the mounts with which he came into contact—and those he had an opportunity to observe—will bring back memories to the old range hand. The tale he tells of handling the cook's pack string to the shipping point is nothing short of hilarious.

The cow hands with whom he worked were typical—and while they used expressions common to the southwest—they were still cowboys whose lines of thought do not vary, no matter where you find them.

One thing which is particularly worthy of comment is the fact that Mr. Santee has caught the whimsical humor of the cattleman—the dry, crackling sort of wit which most writers of today, and who were not a part of the old range days, fail to recreate. Most of the modern authors of western stuff as well as motion picture script utterly fail to portray the waggish wit which was so much a part of the people of the range. Santee's book is full of it.

His style is easy to read, and while old timers in range country will get many a chuckle out of it, it will prove to be entertaining to readers who are not at all familiar with cow country and cow folks—and from the book they will get a true picture of some of the hardships endured by cow hands and which were taken as just part of the job. The author's stories of range cooks alone make the book worth reading. It is nicely illustrated with the author's own pen and ink sketches. It has a definite place in the bibliography of authentic western volumes.

Sheridan, Wyoming

F. H. SINCLAIR

Fighting Indian Warriors True Tales of the Wild Frontiers. By E. A. Brininstool. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Company, 1953. 353 pages, 46 illus., \$5.00.)

This is a revised and expanded edition of Mr. Brininstool's *Fighting Red Cloud's Warriors*, published in 1926 by the Hunter-Trader-Trapper Company of Columbus, Ohio.

The new book covers wider ground than its title might imply. It includes chapters on Bent's Old Fort in Colorado, on Jim Bridger and California Joe, and even one on Calamity Jane—who, whatever she was, was not a fighting Indian warrior. All these, however, are so much velvet added to lively accounts of the Fetterman disaster, the Wagon Box fight, Forsyth's Beecher Island battle, the Dull Knife outbreak, the Ghost Dance trouble and the Modoc war, together with some lesser known but exciting clashes between red men and white.

Many of the stories Mr. Brininstool retells took place in Wyoming. There was one Indian fight, however, in Wyoming history which he omits, and which was as exciting as some he includes. This was Capt. John R. Smith's three-day battle with Crazy Horse in 1868 at the Horseshoe ranch some thirty miles west of Fort Laramie.

Mr. Brininstool's literary style leaves something to be desired. He is overfond of such phrases as "it was deemed unwise," "it behooved the party to 'get a move on,' " and "bad luck was to follow." To attain emphasis, he relies too much on the exclamation point and too little on the precise noun and the strong verb. Many lovers of Western fact stories will not cavil at this, although historians may wish that, instead of saying, for instance, "it was decided," the author would tell who decided it. The book is also marred by some typographical and spelling errors.

But in the main it is a collection of fast-moving and straight-away accounts of some of the Western tales that to many of us will never grow old. Mr. Brininstool has been an indefatigable writer along these lines for more than fifty years, and as such his contribution is a major one.

University of Colorado

MAURICE FRINK

The Custer Myth. By Col. W. A. Graham. (Harrisburg, Pa.: The Stackpole Co. xxii + 413 pp. illus. \$10.00)

After three quarters of a century, can another book on a small military engagement which has been kicked around in publications without number, serve any useful purpose? Col. Graham and the publisher thought so. After careful study of *The Custer Myth* this reviewer at least finds himself in accord. It should enjoy the

biggest sale of any book published on this highly debatable historical incident.

For the first time the drug-store strategist can in one volume find authentic documentation for his most cherished philosophy of what transpired on that historic day on the Little Big Horn. For the first time available source material is consolidated for the critical analysis of the expert so that he may try his hand at reconciling it into an accurate reproduction of the tragic event.

There is ample new fuel for an old fire represented in heretofore unpublished pictures, maps, drawings, photostats and narratives of participants. The fine pictures of Gall, the only existing photograph of Crazy Horse, the fascinating pictographs of Chief Red Horse and the artist's colorful aerial panorama of the massacre highlight the illustrative feature of the book.

The material in the publication is well arranged in four parts making it readily available for convenient reference. There are 405 pages exclusive of Index bound into a book 8" x 10½".

Col. Graham has contributed a fine publication for the legion of Custer fans and critics, in which they will find many hours of interesting and informative reading and study compiled into a substantial and colorful book to grace with distinction its place in your western history book shelf.

Laramie, Wyoming

ALFRED M. PENCE

Firearms In The Custer Battle. By John E. Parsons and John S. DuMont. (Harrisburg, Penn.: Stackpole Company. 59 pp., \$2.75.)

Without a doubt this newly published monograph is unique in the fact that it answers many controversial questions such as: Were the Indians who defeated Custer armed with Winchester rifles which outclassed the Cavalry weapons? What happened to the arms carried by the 7th Cavalry?

From the front cover, a reproduction of Custer's Last Stand by T. B. Pitman, to the back, the text is strictly factual with no flights of fancy and a minimum of speculative comment. Numerous illustrations, including many reproductions from noted arms collections, assist in keeping the reader fully interested. The illustrations include pictures of General Custer during the early part of the Civil War, on a buffalo hunt in 1869, and on other occasions. Many personal arms of Custers are shown here for the first time.

The story of the historic battle itself is better told elsewhere than in this paper which deals primarily with the arms employed. This is probably true because both authors are noted and ardent antique firearms collectors. John E. Parsons and John S. DuMont have combined their skills to fill the gap in Custer Battle

literature. The student of Custer and the arms collector will find this publication a must as it gives the first full account of the weapons used. Incidentally the painting reproduced on the front cover was commissioned in 1952 by Mr. DuMont.

Of the twelve companies of the 7th Cavalry, five, including a number of Indian scouts, packers, guides and civilians, were completely annihilated. The firearms, including 405 Springfield .45 caliber carbines and 396 Colt .45 revolvers, were carried off by the victors. Many of these captured weapons were later used against the soldiers. Contrary to a popular belief Spencer repeating carbines were not carried by the troopers and Sharps carbines in a very limited number only.

During the course of battle the 7th Cavalry fired or lost 38,030 rounds of carbine ammunition and 2,954 pistol cartridges, of which possibly 10,000 rounds were captured by the Indians. No doubt a large number were lost when the horses stampeded, carrying away the saddle bags.

When considering the armament of the hostiles, a far greater variety of weapons is found, acquired through trade, capture, or the smuggling ventures of renegade white men. An ironic item is the fact that the weapons of the victims of the Fetterman Massacre were taken by the Sioux and Cheyennes who in turn were Custer's attackers. The Indians used anything they could lay their hands on. From the reports of witnesses half of the warriors carried bows and arrows and lances while half of the remainder carried muzzle loaders and single shot rifles of assorted manufacture and age. This left approximately 25 percent with modern repeaters such as Henrys and Winchesters. Even at this Custer's troops were facing superior fire power.

A question was brought forth during the course of the book, whether it was intended or not is unknown. Custer left behind three Gatling guns (early type of machine gun) as they would impair the speed of his mounted force. Would these three weapons have saved his doomed 7th Cavalry?

Francis E. Warren Air Force Base A/1C RICHARD FERRIS
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Westward the Briton. By Robert G. Athearn. (New York.: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953. xiv+208 pp. illus. \$4.50)

Robert G. Athearn has made a valuable contribution to Western Americana in his new publication *Westward the Briton*. In one volume the West is pictured as seen through the eyes of intelligent and well-traveled Britons. This is a well-balanced account of the West as it was during the period 1865-1900, and it discourages

the "wild west" myth which has grown up over the years. More than three hundred accounts from books, magazines, printed articles and manuscripts were used by the author in obtaining his evidence and conclusions.

Dr. Athearn feels that it is significant and important to look at the Old West through the British eye because "these people were literate, intelligent, well-traveled, and above all, not favorably influenced by the local manifest destiny virus. The things they saw could be set against those they had seen in England, or on the nearby continent. They had a basis of comparison. Interesting, but perhaps not so important, is the fact that the average western American was busy, from sunup to sundown, building a little empire of his own. Seldom did he have time to record his thoughts, his observations, or any description of what he was building."

The British traveler, on the whole, was surprised to find few traces of the "Wild West." He found, for the most part, good shops, good food, good hotels, and schools and churches. He was impressed by the courteous manners, the hospitality of the Westerners, the respect for the personal rights of others, and the intense feeling of social equality.

The author has divided his summation of the observations of his writers into several topics: the Western myth, travel facilities, cities, home life, investment inducements, law and order, and Indians, the latter of which was one of the greatest of disappointments to the travelers.

Of the cities of Wyoming, Cheyenne was most prominently mentioned since "the visitors heard tall tales about Wyoming, particularly Cheyenne . . . They hastened northward, to that place which was labelled 'Hell on Wheels'—and again they were disappointed."

Again of Cheyenne the comment was made that "Hope still remained that Cheyenne would one day be a great city, but as one critic said, the period of waiting would undoubtedly be much longer than the optimistic westerner was prepared for."

For any researcher or student of the Western scene during the 1865-1900 period, certainly this book will be a must in order to gain a lucid, well-balanced understanding of the West as it really was as against the later the Hollywood version.

Cheyenne, Wyoming

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Contributors

JAMES WILLIAM HOOK was born in Wapello County, Iowa, January 9, 1884. He was graduated from Iowa State College in 1905 from the school of engineering, following which he came to Cody, Wyoming, for a short period. Since that time he has had an outstanding career in the field in engineering in Iowa, New York and Connecticut. He is the co-author of *The New Outlook in Business* (1940), and author of "Industry's Obligation to the Unemployed" (1938), "James Hook and Virginia Eller", a genealogy (1925), and "Judge Karl Bechtel of Hanau, Germany" (1936). For a full biography of Mr. Hook see *Who's Who in America*.

NORA GATTIS DUNN was born in Missouri. She received her education in the schools of Campbell, Missouri, and married R. L. Dunn in 1912. In 1922 she came to Cheyenne where she has resided since. Mrs. Dunn is actively interested in history and historical writing. She wrote the article on Mr. Meanea while working with the Statewide Historical Project in 1937.

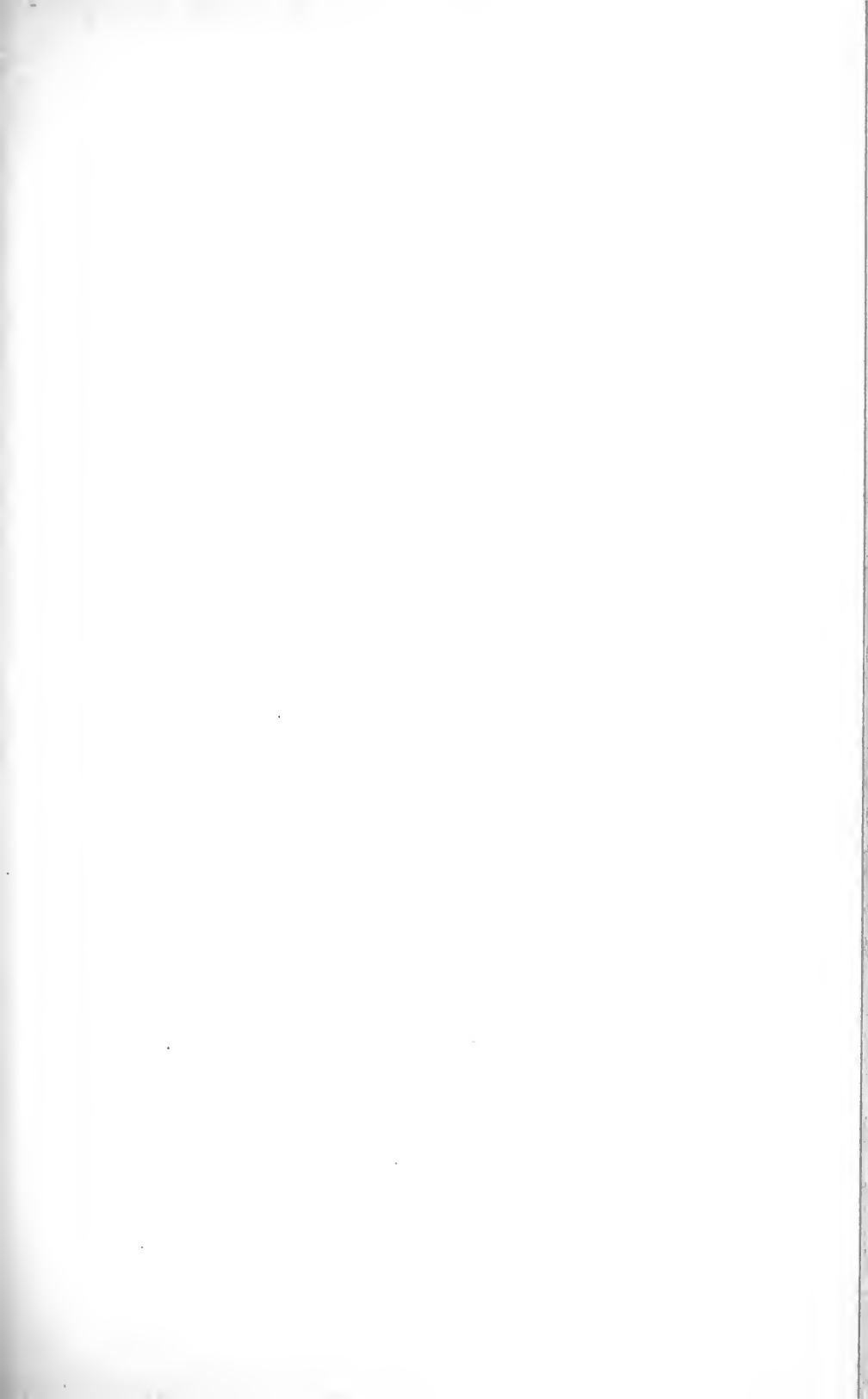
HARRIET KNIGHT ORR, daughter of Judge Jesse Knight and Mary Hezlep Knight, was born July 3, 1877, at Evanston, Wyoming. A graduate of the University of Wyoming in 1898, she later received her M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at the University of California. She was a teacher in the Cheyenne public schools, principal of the Cheyenne High School 1908-09, a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of Wyoming from 1903-08, and a member of the faculty of the University of Wyoming from 1920-1945, at which time she became Professor Emeritus of Education. She was married to Joseph T. Orr at Cheyenne on June 30, 1909.

GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN was born at Simcoe, Ontario, Canada, on October 18, 1862, and came with his parents to Kansas in 1868. He rode the old Chisholm Trail in the 1870's, worked as a cowpuncher for large cattle outfits in Wyoming, hunted large game for the markets, and acted as a guide for big hunting outfits in northwestern Wyoming. He went to the Big Horn Basin in 1883 and settled in the Worland area, from which he later served as State Senator for several terms. He became known as "Bear"

George McClellan as a result of his stories and record kills of bears in the Big Horn Mountains. He died at his ranch on October 18, 1934.

JULES E. FARLOW, SR., was born on August 12, 1884, at Lander, Wyoming, the son of Edward J. and Elizabeth Lamoreaux Farlow. Mr. Farlow, whose parents were early pioneers of the Wind River Valley area, has spent his life in that vicinity where livestock and ranching have been his chief business interests.

DALE L. MORGAN. For a biography of Dr. Morgan see the ANNALS OF WYOMING Vol. 21, Nos. 2-3, July-October 1949, pp. 108-109. Dr. Morgan is currently engaged in historical research in Washington, D. C. His latest book, *Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West* was published by the Bobbs-Merril Co. in the fall of 1953.



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*Mrs. Mary Godat Bellamy, John S. Bugas, and L. C. Bishop,
June 2, 1952*

The First Ninety Years

By

CLARICE WHITTENBURG

It was June 2, 1952. The last strains of the organ march by Grieg died away. Faculty and degree candidates at the University of Wyoming in Laramie seated themselves in the front of the huge, recently opened Memorial Fieldhouse. Together with other members of the large Commencement audience, they faced a flower-lined stage crowded with dignitaries. Following the invocation, Governor Barrett spoke a few words of greeting.

As President Humphrey rose to announce the title of the Commencement address—"Green Lights for Freedom"—and introduce the speaker—John S. Bugas, an alumnus—many eyes focused on this young man who had risen to the position of vice-president in charge of industrial relations at the Ford Motor Company in Detroit. Others in the audience centered their attention on the faces of the two persons who, later in the morning, would be awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

One of these two honorary candidates was an unassuming little brown-eyed woman, ninety years of age. Those brown eyes, sparkling with the excitement of it all, looked out over the big audience as a little smile hovered around her lips.

How satisfying it was to know that the members of her own closely knit little family had come from near and far to witness the tribute to be paid her by the state of her adoption! Out there, in front of the stage, sat sons Ben and Fulton; daughters-in-law Beth and Wilhelmina; grandson John and his wife Josephine; even eleven-year-old great-grandson, John Cary Bellamy II.

Unfortunately, her hearing was no longer what it once had been. She leaned forward eagerly, trying to catch the speaker's words. It was of no use! His back was turned and the microphone he faced threw his voice out toward the audience, away from the people who sat on the stage. She settled back in her chair and resigned herself to turning her thoughts inward.

A few years ago, she had seen a flashback moving picture at the old Empress Theatre, now the Fox Theatre, in downtown Laramie. Each picture flashed upon that screen had fallen into place in its natural chronological order and had been preceded by the slow merging and gradual fading of the date of the year which had heralded it.

Just now, with time on her hands, and unable to hear the voice at the podium, she would sit quietly and reflect on the "flashback movie" of her own life.

1861

It had begun on Friday, December 13. Yes, Friday the 13th! Luckily, her parents were not particularly superstitious! Otherwise, they might have feared for the life of the baby—with brown eyes and brown hair, inclined to curl—who appeared that day in their little home at Richwood, Missouri. She was born not only on Friday the 13th, but also in the midst of a Civil War which was sure to leave its mark on the whole nation for many decades to come.

Doubtless her parents did wonder what was in store for her. For little Marie Godat; christened "Marie"; nicknamed "Mollie"; later to be known in public life as "Mary G. Bellamy."

Although Mollie's mother was American born, she sometimes mentioned with pride that her father had once been the mayor of Bern, Switzerland. Mollie's father had come directly to this country from Switzerland where he was descended from a long line of French Huguenots.

1868

Little Mollie was the youngest of seven girls. One brother had died before she was born. With the neighborhood children, she attended school and played some of the games children still like to play today—"Anthony Over," "Drop the Handkerchief" and "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

Following Mr. Godat's death, Mollie accompanied her widowed mother on a visit to the home of Estelle, a married sister in Galena, Illinois. They decided to make their own home in that little town and Mrs. Godat was pleased with the schooling her daughter acquired there.

1873

Mollie was twelve years old when another sister, Alice, died suddenly in far-off Wyoming Territory. Alice's husband, J. L. Murphey, sent an urgent appeal to Mrs. Godat in Illinois to come west and make her home with him and his orphaned two-year-old son, Louis.

Never would Mollie forget that train ride! Four days it had taken them to travel from Galena to Laramie, Wyoming.

This little western town had sprung up five years before as "end-o'-track" on the Union Pacific, the country's first trans-continental railway. At birth, Laramie had consisted of canvas tents and board shacks, put together hastily from any materials available. The use of discarded railroad ties and dismantled wagon boxes caused some of the shacks to assume a "Mrs.-Wiggs-of-the-Cabbage-Patch" appearance. The town was still crude and rough and boisterous in 1873 but the lawless element which always followed the building of a railroad had moved on west-

ward to Carbon (soon a ghost town); to Fort Steele (just a memory); and to Rawlins (still, in 1952, a fine, thriving community.)

Laramie people back in 1873 had bought their drinking water (at twenty-five to thirty cents a barrel) from men who brought it directly from the Laramie River, just west of town. For cooking purposes, some families sank barrels of their own in ditches beside the unpaved streets and got the water they needed.

Mollie adjusted quickly to this strange, new western town. She made many friends among the children and the grownups. She joined the school group which later made up the first class to graduate from Laramie High School. There were only two members of that class besides Mollie Godat—Maggie Carroll and Cora Pearson. Maggie was living today with a son and daughter in Salt Lake City. Cora had died many years ago.

1876

Ah, that was the year the United States held its Centennial celebration! The West, as well as the East, participated. Fort Sanders, two miles south of Laramie, boasted of the Army reports which declared the Sanders band held the second highest rating in the whole nation. There were many band concerts in Laramie in those days, but the one which marked the Centennial celebration was one which the town's citizens never forgot!

1878

Again Mollie traveled westward but this time she went alone. As a brand-new western schoolma'am, she journeyed to the neighboring state of Nevada where Eliza Page, a third sister, lived. For three years she made her home with Eliza at Tybo in Nye County and taught the children of that neighborhood.

1881

Back in Wyoming Territory once more, she traveled upstate to teach in a rural community twenty miles from Buffalo. While living with the John R. Smith family there, it had been fun to stake out a homestead claim on land nearby. Actually she never "proved up" on the claim since she returned to Laramie when she was notified of a school vacancy at home. Just last year, however—in 1951, seventy years later—a member of the Smith family had told her (while visiting in Laramie) that bit of homestead acreage was still known in the old community as "the Mollie Godat land."

1882

Mollie began her Laramie teaching career in the old West Side School across the railroad tracks. Actually, at first, she was just a helper for Mrs. Belle Whiting, whose group (known as the

"Third Primary Department") numbered far more pupils than any one teacher could possibly handle. The salary of eight dollars a month which the school board first paid Mollie did not seem very munificent, even in 1882. Later, she was assigned a grade of her own in the northwest corner of the East Side School, built in 1879. Today, in 1952; that old East Side building still formed the heart of the modern, block-square Laramie High School building. Of course not many of the townspeople living now realized that fact.

Those teaching days in the 1880's and 1890's were happy ones. Perhaps, in the Commencement audience out front, were some of those very same pupils she had taught long ago. Several of them still made their home in Laramie. Among them were Bert Miller (retired banker); Fred Frick (retired postal clerk); Martha Wallis (who still occupied her parental home on South Eighth street, a stone's throw from the old school); and Maud May (from the old May ranch near Centennial), who became the wife of George Stevens. Some of her former pupils who lived elsewhere today still wrote occasional cards, or dropped by to see her, or even sent flowers when they were in town. A teacher's life was such a full life, its compensations not limited by the meager pay check, but reaching out, (in her case) to span a period of 70 years.

1886

It was in the midst of a full teaching year that she had married Charles Bellamy, a civil engineer from Boston, Massachusetts, who had loved the West as she did. He had also loved her name, "Marie." She was no longer "Mollie" now, even in her own thoughts. It was Charles who had named that sparkling blue lake in the Snowy Range of the Wyoming Rockies west of Laramie for her. "Lake Marie," it was called! Today a modern sign at the edge of the lake proclaimed its name and it appeared also on local maps of the region.

Charles' work in civil engineering carried him far away from Laramie at times but he always came back to the hometown of their choice.

1887

Marie continued to teach at the old East Side School even after little Ben was born. When he was about five years of age, the Bellamy family moved to Cheyenne where Charles became secretary to General Thompson in the Territorial land office.

1895

They were still living in Cheyenne when the twins, Fulton and Freeman, were born. Freeman was not very robust and he died

at the age of eight months but Fulton, like Ben, lived to make their little home a happy one.

1896

That was the year she became a charter member of the Cheyenne Woman's Club and threw herself wholeheartedly into its activities. She had always enjoyed work outside the home as well as inside.

1898

Back in Laramie once more, she was one of the chief organizers of the Woman's Club in that town. Now, fifty-four years later, she was still a faithful member.

1902

Teaching was in her blood! No longer a classroom worker, she still yearned for it. Her friends urged her to run for the office of Albany County Superintendent of Schools. She did, and she won! Her theme for the children of that county was "KNOW WYOMING!" Again and again, she urged their teachers to acquaint them more fully with the rich geographical and historical background which was theirs. Constantly also, she advocated greater equalization of tax money among the various districts.

1904

What a happy privilege it was to serve as one of the founders of the Wyoming State Federation of Woman's Clubs! The groups were growing throughout the nation and it was a fine thing to witness the increased interest of women in civic betterment.

1905

She and Charles made several eastern visits to the home of his Boston relatives. Occasionally they took Ben or Fulton with them. How well she remembered meeting Julia Ward Howe, ardent suffragette and composer of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic!"

Both as a territory in 1869 and as a state in 1890, Wyoming men had made woman suffrage possible. By 1905, voting was a commonplace event for women from the "Equality State." Marie was therefore somewhat amused at a Boston tea party when Mrs. Howe requested that they sit together so that she could "talk with a woman who actually had voted."

1910

Five years later, Marie was more than a voting citizen. Her good neighbors of Albany County sent her to Cheyenne as the first Wyoming woman to serve as a state legislator. She became chairman of the credentials committee and a member of the com-

mittees on public buildings, education and libraries. As her goal, she set up the betterment of conditions for the women and children of the state. She was instrumental in establishing the Boys' Industrial School at Worland so lads of tender age need no longer be housed with hardened criminals. She felt that women, also, should have separate penal quarters so she persuaded her fellow legislators to arrange for them to be segregated from the men and sent to a neighboring state prison where they could be housed more efficiently. She helped formulate laws which would result in the handling of better foods by Wyoming merchants.

At that time, even in the "Equality State," a widow was not permitted to become the administrator of her husband's estate. One bill Marie had helped introduce provided for this to happen.

She felt very strongly that all of the state institutions of higher learning should be housed on a single campus so she gave freely of her time in helping to bring the College of Agriculture to Laramie. The Home Economics department was added to the State University partly through her efforts.

Those two years at the statehouse in Cheyenne were busy, strenuous years but certainly they had born fruit!

1912

That was the year Ben married Beth Cary. Beth (Nebraska and Iowa bred) had come to Wyoming when her father assumed supervision of some of the bridge construction work along the Union Pacific railway. Ben had received his B. S. degree in Civil Engineering at the State University in 1910 and Beth was granted a normal diploma in Education in June of the year they were married.

1915

Again an eventful year! Marie (or "Mary G. Bellamy" as she was called in public life) was a delegate both to the state and the national Democratic conventions. She served also as a member of the national committee which notified President Woodrow Wilson of his second nomination.

Of far greater significance in the life of the Bellamy family was the birth of the one and only grandchild—Ben and Beth's boy, John Cary Bellamy—on April 18, 1915.

1917

Fulton entered the 148th division of field artillery as a lieutenant and served overseas during World War I for several months. Ben's name, which had been lost in the records of the army office, was not located until about the close of the great conflict.

1918

Mary G. Bellamy was sent by the women of Wyoming to the great national suffrage convention in Washington, D. C. Here

she met again Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt who had won her admiration years before as an ardent advocate of women's rights.

1920

Two events stood out in her memory of that year. Beth, who had continued her college work along with her duties as a wife and mother, received her bachelor's degree in Education that June.

Of great national significance that year was the 19th amendment to the Federal constitution, granting woman suffrage. It was ratified by 3/4 of the states on August 26. A wonderful victory, indeed! Mary G. Bellamy was proud to have played a small part in the campaign which led to the adoption of that amendment.

1921

How proud she was in the June following passage of the suffrage act, when her friend, Carrie Chapman Catt, became the first woman to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from the University of Wyoming! Little did she dream then that 31 years later a similar honor would be paid to her, Mary Godat Bellamy! She could scarcely believe it yet.

1929

Ben, Beth and teen-age John left Laramie for an eastern sojourn which lasted five years. On the eastern coast, Ben served the city of New York as an engineer. His work centered around the development of vehicular tunnels and water supply and the construction of city hospitals. John was one of 5,000 pupils at Stuyvesant High School where he graduated with a number of awards, including the gold medal of honor.

1934

Sorrow entered the Laramie home at 315 South Tenth street in the summer of 1934. Charles' death came as a distinct shock following an illness of short duration. Even yet, it seemed impossible that he was gone.

1935

After her husband's death, Mary threw herself into the work of the various local organizations to which she belonged. Chief among them were the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church, the Woman's Club, the American Legion Auxiliary and the Auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

How pleased she was when the local Woman's Club undertook the big problem of establishing and maintaining a county historical museum! They used "the Mary G. Bellamy Collection" as part of the nucleus for that museum.

That year of 1945 marked Fulton's marriage to Wilhelmina ("Billie") Pecheau of Montrose, Colorado. They had met in

Cheyenne where she was teaching and he was working in the state engineer's office.

1936

Young John graduated with a bachelor's degree in Civil Engineering at the University of Wyoming about the same time Ben, his father, was appointed to one of the chief engineering jobs on the Heart Mountain federal irrigation project upstate near Cody.

1938

Following his attainment of a master's degree in Physics at the University of Wisconsin, John became deeply interested in individual experimentation. His decision to leave an assistantship at Madison and come home to engage in "atom-busting" research pleased his grandmother very much. Except at mealtime, she saw very little of him but, just the same, it was comforting to know he was there. He spent from eight to ten hours daily in the family garage which served as his laboratory and he studied nuclear reactions from four to five hours at night. "Atom-buster Bellamy," they called him!

1940

Of course she was still interested in Ben's engineering activities and in Fulton's duties with the Civil Aeronautics Administration but somehow, since Charles' death and her own retirement from really active civic work, so much of her life seemed to center around John. His wedding to Josephine Johnston of Sinclair, Wyoming, occurred in September, 1940. She saw less of him after that because the young couple moved forty miles north of Rawlins where John took over a surveying job at the Ferris oil field.

1942

Just as it had been hard to watch Fulton march off to war back in 1917, it saddened her to say good-bye to John in 1942. He served in the Pacific as a special consultant to the Army Air Force and later became director, for a time, of the Institute of Meteorology at the University of Puerto Rico.

1946

Soon after the close of World War II, John received a Ph.D. in Meteorology at the University of Chicago. Since that time he had been employed as assistant director of the Cook Electrical Research Company in Chicago. Both Fulton and his wife, Billie, held degrees from the University of Wyoming by this time, he in Engineering and she in Education.

1948

In HARPERS MAGAZINE for May, Wolfgang Langewiesche

—test pilot and writer on aviation affairs—paid a special tribute to John's wartime discovery of the way to measure barometric pressure while flying from continent to continent. According to Langewiesche, "that little trick helped more to make an airplane ocean-worthy than another couple of engines would help, or another ton of gasoline."

Two honors came that year to John's grandmother also. The Casper, Wyoming, Kiwanis Club presented her with an award for outstanding achievements and the Wyoming Press Women voted her an honorary membership.

1951

Still another honor came her way when the state chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution (in which she held a local honorary membership) presented her name as the one to represent Wyoming on the inscriptions placed in the Memorial Bell Tower, newly erected by the national organization at Valley Forge.

1952

And now it was 1952! What was that old saying—"the first hundred years were the hardest?" One thing she could say in all sincerity—her "first *ninety* years" had been full and satisfying! God had been good, indeed! How rich she was in friends, for instance! Dozens of them had helped to make this final great honor possible for her. How grateful she was to all of them, particularly to her two very good friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Fey!

Her eyes sought also the place in the audience where the Bellamy family sat together as a unit. At breakfast that morning, they had decided that the long Commencement activities would be too tiring for John and Jo's three youngest children so they were left at home. Eleven-year-old John II, however, was sitting out there in the audience with a rapt expression on his face as he watched the nearly 450 degree candidates march across the stage to receive their diplomas. What was he thinking? His own father, mother, grandparents, great-uncle and great-aunt had attended the University of Wyoming. In just a few moments, he would watch this same institution confer an honorary degree upon his great-grandmother.

In a few moments? Mercy! Already the Commencement marshal, (her good neighbor and friend, Dr. Sam Knight, head of the University Department of Geology) was approaching to escort her to the president's station. Dr. T. A. Larson, head of the History Department, was beginning to read her citation:

"Mary Godat Bellamy, exemplary woman, wife and mother; pioneer educator, legislator and civic leader . . ."

Yes, certainly her "first ninety years" had been well worth living!

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The Bordeaux Story

By

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM

A road sign, a small community club, and a telephone exchange serving two ranches are all that remain to preserve the name of historic old Bordeaux. When one places a call to the exchange, the inevitable question follows, "Is that in Wyoming?"

Bordeaux in Wyoming and in France are as related as the family, members of French Parliament, for whom they were both named. Bordeaux, Wyoming, no longer has a post office, but scattered stones of foundations and a number of unidentified graves mark the site.

James Bordeaux, the French fur trader for whom the original road ranch was named, is rightfully claimed by Wyoming, Nebraska, and South Dakota as he contributed to the early history of the three states. However until recently, little more was known about him than of La Ramie, Sybille, Richeau, and La Bonte, his contemporaries whose names have been immortalized by streams in southeastern Wyoming.

Bordeaux, who was associated with Fort Laramie almost from its establishment, was host for John C. Fremont and Francis Parkman when they made their celebrated visits there in the '40's. He also served Fremont as councilor and interpreter. In "The Oregon Trail", Parkman describes him as a blustery, little man, a true product of the untamed West.

In introducing him to the reader, Parkman says that without a word he stalked ahead of his guests, mounted the stairs, "tramped" along the balcony, and "kicked" open the door of the room they were to occupy. This accomplished, he began to "roar" for buffalo robes. Perhaps his manner accounts for his Sioux name, Mato, meaning bear.

Through the efforts of Alexander Bordeaux, Jr., (grandson of James) and his son, Kenneth, both of White River, S. D., documents have been brought to light that help in piecing together the Bordeaux story. Chief among these are a publication of the historical department of South Dakota and the unpublished manuscript of Susan Bordeaux Bettelyoun (daughter of James) in the archives of the state historical library at Lincoln.

Just when the Bordeaux brothers, Paul and Felix, landed at New Orleans to seek their fortune in the new world, we do not know. James, the son of Paul, was a small boy at the time. His father is said to have owned and operated a large plantation at what is now St. Louis, Missouri. When James' mother died, his



Alexander Bordeaux, Jr., Grandson of James Bordeaux

father remarried. Lack of understanding between the boy and his stepmother prompted the elder Bordeaux to permit his son to accompany a group of fur traders by flat boat to Fort Union. He was placed in the care of an older man who had been employed by his father. As James was under age, his meager wages from the fur company were given to his father, who in turn sent him what clothing and supplies he needed.

With the Indian's excellent narrative ability, Alexander, Jr., tells some of the incidents he has heard since childhood. "At Fort Union, my grandfather and a man he called Pete, who was also from St. Louis, carried mail between Fort Union and Fort Pierre. They had to make that long, hard, and dangerous journey on foot. They traveled mostly by night to keep out of sight of hostile Indians who roamed the region. It was on one of these trips that his partner, Pete, was wounded fatally by some Rhee Indians they encountered. During the fight that followed, Pete was shot in the back with a poisoned arrow. Though badly wounded, he and Grandad made their way into some heavy timber on the side of a butte and lost their enemies, but they had to remain there in hiding until after dark. Grandad did all he could for Pete, but he soon passed away. Before daylight, he carried his body to the top of the butte and piled rocks over it, and continued on alone to Fort Pierre. He notified Pete's relatives, who in later years moved his remains back to St. Louis to a more permanent resting place. This incident took place on Bear Butte, near what is now Sturgis, South Dakota."

James worked for a time for the American Fur Company at Fort Pierre. Then he took his Rhee wife and two children to the Platte region, where he became a well known fur trader, serving more than once as bourgeois at Fort Laramie. His wife, unhappy in the Sioux country, soon returned to her people.

He was next married to Marie, daughter of Swift Bear, a Brule Sioux war chief, who was killed along the Platte River in a clash with Pawnee Indians. Alexander, Jr., recalls a younger warrior who was named in his honor. "I knew him well," he says. "He used to come to the Rosebud Agency in his old age on business." He was not a relative.

Mr. Bordeaux speaks of the road ranches or trading posts operated by his grandfather. One was on Bordeaux Creek, between what are now the towns of Hay Springs and Chadron, Nebraska. This was established late in the year of 1846. Another, an earlier one used as headquarters, was nine miles below Fort Laramie at what was known as Bordeaux Bend. This ranch was made famous by the Grattan massacre.

The story is as tragic as the Fetterman massacre, except in number of men killed. It was brought about by an Indian who killed an emigrant's cow and shared the feast with his tribesmen. The commanding officer at Fort Laramie demanded his surrender

and sent Lieutenant Grattan after him. The Indians, taunted by a drunken interpreter, opened fire. All but one of Grattan's men were killed. One man, Obridge Allen, who found himself without a horse, watched the encounter from the roof of Bordeaux's road ranch. The one survivor could not tell of the death of his twenty-nine comrades. His tongue had been cut out, and he died shortly afterwards.

Had Bordeaux, rather than Lucian Auguste, served as Grattan's interpreter, the massacre might have been averted, for the Indians hated Auguste. They were incensed when he told them that the soldiers would cut out their hearts. One of the chiefs, realizing that Auguste would foment trouble, begged Bordeaux to go with him to prevent a fight. By the time they arrived, it was too late. The massacre was in progress.

If Bordeaux had not been a trusted friend of the Indians, he would probably have suffered the same fate as Grattan's men. Knowing the Indians' nature, he opened his doors to them. They celebrated their victory by helping themselves to the stock on the shelves in his trading house. Satisfied, they made no attempt to take Fort Laramie.

In speaking of the Grattan massacre, Alexander, Jr., says, "Had it not been for Grandfather and his wife and their influence among her Indian relatives of the Brule Sioux, Fort Laramie would have been wiped out after the Grattan massacre. He got along well with those Indians from the beginning and saved the day a number of times for the army."

His influence among the Indians is further attested by Parkman, who tells of his persuasive power over Whirlwind when he wanted to go on the war path. Realizing that this would jeopardize the buffalo robe trade for another season, Bordeaux put forth his most logical argument against it. Under the influence of his speech, Whirlwind "became tired like a child of his favorite plan." Then, having shaken the Indian's resolve, Bordeaux "exultingly predicted" there would be no war.

Bordeaux was first and last a shrewd trader. When he discovered, in 1867, that the War Department had definitely located Fort D. A. Russell and had ordered the construction of a road and telegraph line joining it with Fort Laramie, he was the first on hand to establish a trading post along the new route. Antoine Ladeau, guide at Fort Laramie, informed him that a branch road from Chugwater north was to be opened at the same time. Bordeaux established his camp at the junction of the roads. Here he built a small store and road ranch. After placing Hugh Whitesides in charge, he returned to his headquarters at Bordeaux Bend.

The left branch of the road was opened when Major Nelson B. Sweitzer and his troops of the Second U. S. Cavalry moved northward with a large train of supply wagons for the purpose of constructing Fort Fetterman, the supply center for forts Phil Kearny,

Reno, and C. F. Smith farther to the north. The new trail was known variously, as the Sweitzer Cut-off, the Fort Fetterman Cut-off, and the Bordeaux Cut-off. The Bordeaux ranch passed through several hands before being bought, October 28, 1870, by John Hunton, the last of the post sutlers at Fort Laramie. For a decade or so, it was known as "Hunton's," then the LD ranch, now the property of Fred Prewitt. Bordeaux's squat-roofed trading house located on this ranch was the beginning of Bordeaux, Wyoming, which later boasted of a hotel, a store, and a post office. It was not only a military sub-station but later a favorite stopping place along the Cheyenne-Deadwood Trail.

Alexander, Jr., recounts a number of incidents that took place at his grandfather's various road ranches. These were told to him by Alexander, Sr., and his brother, Antoine. Among these is a significant account of the Indian attack upon Bordeaux's road ranch near Chadron.

"The Crow Indians burned down the ranch and ran off eighty-five of Grandad's horses. His family and help barely got away with their lives. They packed the children on their backs and fled into the night. After they were far enough away to be out of



James or Mato ("Bear") Bordeaux, as he was known to the Sioux, with his wife Marie. (Taken from a charcoal sketch.)

danger, they stopped and looked back to watch the ranch go up in flames.

"Camped nearby was a fierce war party of Brule Sioux, some of Grandmother's relatives. They were notified immediately of the attack, and it wasn't long until the Sioux were in hot pursuit of the fleeing enemy, the Crows. Part of the Crows took refuge up on top of Crow Butte, near what is now Crawford, Nebraska, while the rest of the party made away with the horses. The Crows on top of the butte, rolled huge rocks down on the Sioux. One of the rocks narrowly missed hitting Chief Two Strikes.

"The Sioux kept a big fire going around most of the bottom of the butte so they could watch their enemies, but the Crows escaped down the steep bank during the night by tying pieces of rawhide together and lowering themselves to the ground.

"They left an old man behind. He sang death songs all night and threw rocks down at the Sioux. Then when morning came, the Sioux were rather taken back to find that the wiley Crows had escaped. They killed the old man they found alone on the top of the butte."

Mr. Bordeaux speaks of another brush his grandfather had with the Indians, this time at the road ranch near Fort Laramie. A hostile band of Sioux ran off nearly five hundred head of cattle and horses. This put an end to his trading operations in Wyoming.

"Grandad tried suing the government for \$60,000, but he was unable to get anything out of it as the damage was done in Indian Territory. This caused him to build another place, in Charles Mix County (South Dakota), outside the boundry, on the Missouri River. It was located fifteen miles above Fort Randall, at the Wheeler Crossing. This was his last business venture."

All of James and Marie's children were born in Wyoming, the two oldest in the late '30's at Fort Laramie. They were Lema (Mrs. Lamoureux) and Antoine. The younger children, Louis, John, Susan (Mrs. Isaac Bettelyoun), Alexander, and William were born at Bordeaux Bend. Lema and Antoine attended school in St. Louis, their father taking them to and from in a covered wagon. He would go cross country alone. "When he first tried this," his grandson recounts, "he was warned by friends that he would never return alive, but he only laughed and said he could get along with any of the plains Indians. He wasn't afraid of them. He was a man that took some awful chances."

Mr. Bordeaux tells an incident to prove this. "Grandad had quite an experience one time when he was bringing Antoine home. He was traveling across Kansas when a war party of nearly 500 Comanches charged from over the horizon. Antoine was a very sick boy. He lay, wrapped in blankets, on the floor in or near the front of the wagon. When Grandad told the Indians he had a sick boy, they moved to the opposite side of the wagon as the

wind was blowing from the direction of the boy. The Indians took them into camp and set up a lodge for them. They stayed until Antoine was able to travel. The Comanches were real good to them during their stay."

When the American Fur Company became firmly established at its famous trading post at the mouth of the Laramie River, in the '30's, it sent John Sybille and a companion to the Black Hills of the Dakotas to invite the Sioux to the fort to trade. Chief Bull Bear, with one hundred lodges of his people, accepted the invitation. He and the first of his tribesmen to arrive were so well pleased with their new location that they spread the news, and the Sioux began to swarm into the Platte region. Allied with their friends, the Cheyenne and the Arapaho, they caused so much trouble that the authorities at Fort Laramie finally decided to remove them to Nebraska, near the less troublesome Pawnee tribes. George E. Hyde, Indian authority, says that the Sioux, bitter enemies of the Pawnees, considered this a march to their death.

Two companies of Nebraska troops were sent to help move the 200 lodges of Sioux. Fifteen lodges, apparently sensing the situation, had already moved elsewhere when the soldiers arrived. The troops, accompanied by forty civilians, began the march with the 185 lodges. The Indians seemed docile and easily managed until they reached Horse Creek, where they staged a rebellion, apparently by prearranged plan. After a brisk encounter, they scattered in all directions.

Mr. Bordeaux gives his version of this event. "My father and Antoine and some of the older children used to tell of the time when they were young and the army was moving some Brule Sioux from the Fort Laramie region. They used Grandad's teams, wagons, and equipment to help move supplies along with the troops. The Indians became suspicious, and one morning (May 16, 1865) they killed one of the two officers in charge. This took place near the mouth of Horse Creek in Nebraska.

"The Indians forced the troops to withdraw from the creek so that their women and children could escape across the river. A running fight took place, and my grandfather and the children had to flee with the troops in their covered wagon. My dad used to say that the children were curious to see what was going on. Each time they would look out the back end of the wagon, the men inside would jerk them down. But they kept trying anyway.

"During the flight, my dad said that a man named Louis Rou-bidou was the driver of an ox team that couldn't move fast enough to suit him, so he jumped off and started running on foot. Again Grandad and his family escaped death, but some of the people were killed on both sides." Besides the officer mentioned above, seven soldiers were killed and seventeen soldiers and civilians were wounded. There is no record of Indian casualties.



Mary Julia (Jordan) Bordeaux in her tribal costume

James Bordeaux's final enterprise, the post on the Missouri River, was operated until the late spring of 1878, when the Brule Sioux were moved from there to the Rosebud Indian Reservation. He died that same year and was buried at the agency. Some years later, his daughter, Susan Bettelyoun, had the remains of James, Marie, and their son, John, moved to St. Francis, South Dakota.

Antoine and Alexander, Sr., who served as scouts for the army upon a number of occasions, lie buried at White River. Antoine was one of the guides on the Powder River Expedition.

Alexander, Jr., whose keen memory and able discourse contributed to the colorful story of his grandfather, resides on the old Jordan ranch near White River. He was born at the Rosebud Agency in 1884. His mother, Salayce, was a daughter of Lester Pratt, of St. Joseph, Missouri, a member of the Treaty Council of 1868. Her mother was a Brule Sioux.

Mr. Bordeaux's wife, the former Mary Julia Jordan, is the daughter of Colonel Jordan, a drummer boy of the '60's, and Julia, a full-blood Oglalla Sioux. Julia belonged to Red Cloud's band and was related to some of the famous warriors and orators of her tribe. She is said to have been a niece of Red Cloud. When Crazy Horse surrendered at Fort Robinson, in 1877, he presented his rifle to Colonel Jordan. This is still a prized, family relic.

Mr. Bordeaux hopes some day to visit the site of his grandfather's road ranches as his son, Kenneth, has done. They are both justifiably proud of their family name and of the role James Bordeaux, trader, interpreter, and settler, played in the early history of the West.



The Bucking Horse by Allen T. True. The original drawing is located in the Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department.

Wyoming's Insignia- The Bucking Horse

By

JEAN C. GADDY

One week about eighteen years ago Dr. C. H. Welsh of Cheyenne was driving through Los Angeles little thinking he was violating a law. Inevitably, as was right, he was stopped by a policeman for lack of license plates on his car. A startled look by the doctor at the front and then at the rear of his automobile proved the minion of the law quite correct.

"It's becoming a hard problem to protect those darn Wyoming bronc plates," said the officer. "Nearly every day we pick up a car without plates and find he is from Wyoming."

Nineteen thirty-six was the first year that Wyoming had issued the unique license plates which were to furnish such an irresistible challenge to sleight-of-hand souvenir hunters. The distinctive design of the bucking bronco and his determined cowboy rider have from that year to the present enticed the imagination of out-of-staters and endeared itself to the pride of all Wyomingites. Doubtless part of the reason for these attachments to what is after all a mere license plate is that the design is authentically western and that it is particularly steeped in the history of the state.

The cowboy trade has reigned supreme ever since the introduction of the cattle industry to Wyoming's vast grazing lands with the advent of the Texas Trail and others. Thus, it was only natural that the cowboy and his dependable working companion, the horse, should eventually become a prominent symbol of the ranching industry and the fabulous romance of the West, aided and abetted by its gala rodeos. It was only one step further for someone to originate the idea for the Wyoming bucking bronco license plate, and the credit for this particular inspiration falls to then Secretary of State Lester C. Hunt.¹

1. Although Senator Hunt has since indicated that "The idea of the Wyoming license plates was entirely original with me to the best of my knowledge. No other person had mentioned such a plate in my presence," in his letter to Lola M. Homsher, August 24, 1953, some mention should be given to a statement made by the late Charles E. Lewis of Powell to C. Watt Brandon. Mr. Lewis credited a similar design to George Austin, Buffalo, Wyo., who during World War I had drawn a picture of a bucking bronco on his company's bass drum (Co. F., 148 Field Artillery). The drawing attracted the attention of his commanding officer, Col. Burke Sinclair, who ordered a stencil made and an identifying plate attached to each of the artillery vehicles.

It is, perhaps, particularly fitting to refer to the creation of this idea as an 'inspiration' for it is the purpose of this paper to indicate that the man Secretary Hunt called "the most typical cowboy I know," the late Albert "Stub" Farlow, was most certainly the inspiration for the design of the plate although not its model, as has been mistakenly publicized in the past. This does not constitute a loss of distinction for "Stub" but rather adds to it, for it is his spirit, not merely his likeness, riding herd on American traffic to the tune of 152,868² Wyoming license plates. The *St. Louis Post Dispatch*³ pays tribute to the stubborn courage which he and the West have typified in overcoming the most untamed of obstacles, stating, "As the kind of cowboy which an old western saying says could not possibly exist—the cowboy who never got thrown—Albert Farlow deserves more prominence than Hop-along Cassidy. And he may get it."

The first announcement of the new bucking bronc plate was made by the *Wyoming State Tribune*, July 15, 1935:

A boldly embossed picture of a cowboy doing a good job of riding a widely-bucking bronco will adorn Wyoming's automobile license plates of next year.

Secretary of State L. C. Hunt today approved a design for the next edition of the plates, taking his choice from two that were submitted. The picture of the rider and horse were drawn by Allen T. True of Denver, brother of James B. True, Wyoming State Highway engineer⁴

More details were given in an official news release published in the *Wyoming State Journal*, August 22, 1935:

Lester C. Hunt, Sec. of State, has originated and produced a unique and attractive idea in the 1936 license plate. Prior to the 1935 legislature, the makeup of the plates was always the same, since specifications were definitely set out by statutes, allowing only a change in color from year to year. This made it possible for wide-spread counterfeiting of plates which was very difficult to detect; and with the thought in mind of overcoming this counterfeiting, together with the idea of producing the present plate, Secretary Hunt has introduced in the Legislature a bill to allow any changes in the makeup and design of the license plate the Secretary of State deemed necessary.

The art work in connection with the plates was done by Allen True . . . in the form of a drawing 20 x 26 inches, which was reduced by photostatic machines in State Engineer Burritt's office to the dimensions for use on the plates. The plate has been made up in black and white, the two colors which hold their identity at the greatest distance, and has the approval of Governor Miller, Highway Eng. True and Capt. Geo. R. Smith of the Highway Patrol.

2. Wyoming Highway Department figure as of May 31, 1954.

3. As quoted from the *San Juan Lookout*, August 18, 1953, p. 5.

4. It may be of interest to note that Allen True was selected to supervise the painting of Pima Indian designs on the enormous Hoover Dam property. The project, to adorn the world's biggest water retention job, was described as the largest painting task of the kind ever assigned to an artist.

The plate is slightly larger in size. The contract for the manufacture of the 1936 license plate has been granted to the Gopher Stamp and Die Co. of St. Paul, Minn., at approximately the same figure as in 1935.

Sec. of State Hunt is of the opinion that the new plate not only is symbolic of our State, but also carries with it a definite advertising value for Wyoming. That he is correct in this assumption is evidenced by the extraordinary amount of interest that the new "Cowboy Plate" is already attracting.

Early in 1935 the design of the bucking horse and rider occurred to Secretary Hunt as being particularly appropriate since it "would not highlight any particular locality or event since rodeos were common all over the State."⁵ While further considering this idea of a Wyoming license plate, he mentioned it to Mr. Lewis, who had been in the Secretary of State's office for several years in charge of making up license plates, and he was told that it was not appropriate to put designs of this type on license plates. However, the Secretary of State evidently felt his idea was worthy of a try, and the process of designing the 1936 license plate started in April or May, 1935. Specifications and call for bids were probably prepared within that same period and the contract let in June.

As he had admired the murals in the House and Senate Chambers at the State Capitol Building, Secretary Hunt decided to call Mr. Allen T. True of Littleton, Colorado, the artist who had painted them.

"I contacted Mr. True by telephone and asked him if he would mind coming to Wyoming, which he did one Sunday morning and I explained to him in detail what I had in mind. Mr. True said he would be glad to make such a drawing, and he returned the next Sunday morning with the drawing. Mr. True was paid \$75.00 for the drawing."⁶

Looking back recently Senator Hunt remarked, "I have in the intervening years been pleased that I had Mr. True do the drawing rather than to use a photograph of a bucking horse, in that Mr. True, through his knowledge of art, understood what design could be stamped in steel and retain its identity at some distance. He therefore made the drawing with only one bridle rein, and only one front leg on the horse and with only one rider's foot."⁷ The correctness of the Senator's judgment in selecting Mr. True's bucking horse and rider design has since been borne out although at first it was thought that the skeletonized figures might not show up as quickly or as plainly as a solid figure, but this objection has been thoroughly discarded. The Purdue Motor Club, who made license plate surveys, applauded the Wyoming plate for several

5. Senator L. C. Hunt's letter to Lola M. Homsher, August 24, 1953.

6. *Ibid.*

7. *Ibid.*

years after it was introduced by naming it as the most distinctive plate in the United States and, along with New York State, as the best state-advertising plate of all the forty-eight states.

Publicity on the new plate began appearing in Wyoming in July and August of 1935. Around September, Secretary Hunt followed his custom of distributing sample license plates in their adopted colors, and with zeros for numbers on them, to filling stations, hotels, motels, newspapers, etc. The enthusiastic acceptance of the plate must have been heartening to their originator. On December 20, 1934, for example, the Secretary of State's office had collected \$7,263 in fees from the advance sale of 1935 license plates. One year later, December 20, 1935, receipts for the corresponding period amounted to \$15,588.75, or more than double those of the preceding year. Much of the increase was doubtless evidence of the rapid growth of Wyoming's transport industry from year to year,⁸ but it is not wishful thinking to also attribute its fair share of the increase to the unique license design which had been introduced.

An amusing incident was recorded by the *Wyoming State Tribune* on November 14, 1935, to illustrate the general reaction to the bronco car plate. A Montana admirer wrote to Secretary of State Hunt:

"Will you please give me this information?

"Is it possible for one living in Montana to have a set of Wyoming license plates on his car?

"If so, will you kindly advise how to go about it. For, I kind of got stuck on your 1936 plates."

Secretary Hunt replied that there was no objection to a Montanan using Wyoming plates—that he could have them if he sent a certificate of title and the necessary fees. Such out-of-state requests have not been unusual since.

Realizing its uniqueness, Secretary of State Hunt applied for a copyright of the plate design as a work of art. The copyright covers the use of any horse and rider design on license plates, thereby protecting the exclusive right of the symbol for the State of Wyoming. It is, however, due to expire in 1956 unless renewed. In 1942 Secretary Hunt turned the copyright, which had been taken out in his name, over to the keeping of the State of Wyoming as he realized it might be the last plate issued under his supervision.

Approximately two months after the release of the new plates for general use, one of the most interesting aspects of the bucking

8. In March of this year, W. H. Sigler, Assistant Director for the Motor Vehicle Division, said that since the first license plate was sold in 1913, purchases have climbed from 1,584 in that year to 177,189 in 1953. *Casper Tribune Herald*, March 24, 1954.

bronc plates was introduced on December 25, 1935, when the *Wyoming State Journal* came out with a story headlined LANDER COWBOY IS RIDER ON PLATES . . . "The bronc rider on your new 1936 license plate represents A. J. (Stub) Farlow of Lander . . . Secretary of State L. C. Hunt said."

Albert Jerome Farlow was born February 2, 1886, in Lander, Wyoming. His father, E. J. Farlow, who came to Wyoming in 1876 from Adel, Dallas County, Iowa, was of Scotch Irish descent. His career had led him from that of horse wrangler to that of rancher in Fremont county, and he was also to become an Indian authority. Successively, he was mayor of Lander, Justice of the Peace, State Legislator, U. S. Commissioner, and (1936) vice-president of the Stockgrower's Bank at Lander. E. J. Farlow married Lizzie Lamoreaux, who was of French-Sioux descent, and daughter of Jules Lamoreaux, one of Wyoming's earliest pioneers. There were two children from this marriage, Jules and Albert.

Albert's boyhood days were spent with Indians, horses, ropes, spurs, and everything pertaining to a cowboy's life. He got his first lesson in roping by standing on the back porch roping pieces of wood on the woodpile to haul in the supply for the stoves in his home. According to L. L. Newton his nickname, "Stub", was acquired at an early age, it being derived "not from a short stature but from the fact that he rode a horse long before any saddle could be shortened to serve his little legs."⁹

At the age of eight "Stub" was introduced to the arena which was to earn him in later years the description of "one of the finest



Under Sheriff Albert J. (Stub) Farlow taken in April, 1953

9. Casper *Tribune Herald*, August 13, 1950.

bronc riders in the world,"¹⁰ although he preferred describing himself as more of a stunt rider than anything else. In 1894 in Lander his father put on the first "Pioneer Days," Wyoming's oldest rodeo celebration. It featured the kidnapping of a little white child—"Stub" dressed in girl's clothing,—from a stagecoach by Indians and "her" eventual rescue by the U. S. Cavalry. The *Wyoming State Journal*¹¹ relates, "It was filled with all the thrills of a real Indian kidnapping—for in those days such things were not unknown in real life."

Since that initial performance "Stub" was to re-enact many a thrilling scene in subsequent rodeos covering seven states. As he says, "I was a fill-in man for years. Now they call them stunt men. I have been roped off of running horses by cowboys and dragged [to a stop]. This was called the 'horse thief drag.' I have been roped by the neck and hanged ten or twelve times, and have been burned at the stake right here in Lander."¹² The burning at the stake incident was so realistic, it is recounted, that women fainted and strong men flinched.

Besides "Stub's" love of horses and livestock, being early exposed to the rigors of the range undoubtedly was instrumental in developing his early skill at riding and roping. At the tender years of ten, twelve, and fourteen he did a full hand's work on the drive of beef herds from Lander to Casper. These herds averaged from 600 to 850 head and the trip took a month's time. At a more mature age he worked two summers at Fort Keough, near Miles City, Montana, breaking cavalry horses for the government. He wrote once that "this was fascinating work and the finest bunch of horses I ever worked with."¹³

A seasoned cowpoke at twenty-two years, "Stub" joined Charley Irwin's Wild West show, performing along with Tom Mix, and worked eight summers with the Cheyenne Frontier's Day outfit, seven with the late Charles Irwin as manager, and one year with Eddie McCarty and Vern Elliott. He nearly always won some of the top money, though in later years he was the first to admit with his big grin that there were times too when he walked away empty-handed—all part of the game.

It was in 1908 that "Stub" Farlow won the highest purse relay ever staged at the state fair at Douglas, winning eleven out of twelve heats. He also won in competitions at Miles City, Bozeman, Billings, and Idaho Falls. In fact, at Idaho Falls he was a one-man show resulting in his being selected as the Wyoming all-around cowboy. Five days after he went alone to this show he

10. *Wyoming State Journal*, April 2, 1936.

11. *Ibid.*

12. *Wyoming State Journal*, July 23, 1953.

13. *Ibid.*

walked off with three \$500 silver-mounted saddles and \$1,800 in cash. He had won first bronc riding, first in steer roping, first in five-day relay races, best wild horse racer, won the famous War Bonnet race and \$200 for being the all-around champion cowboy!

"Stub" finished his distinguished rodeo career in 1915, but he continued to live close to the cowboy life. He was instrumental, along with his father and brother, Jules, in conducting some of the early day Lander rodeos on the Farlow ranch between the years 1900 and 1920,¹⁴ and was also arena director from about 1925 to 1931. In 1921 he married Netta Ann Weed in Lander, and the couple settled on the 4J Ranch north of Lander and raised cattle and sheep. He divided his time between such varied interests as supervising CCC camps in Jackson and Thermopolis, driving the school bus on the Milford-Hudson and Squaw Creek-Baldwin Creek routes, and serving as under sheriff in Lander, a post he held at the time of his death on July 24, 1953. He also owned a dude ranch in the mountains above Lander. It was not all work and no play for "Stub", however. Though he spent most of his life in the livestock business, his favorite recreation was hunting and fishing, and he built himself a cabin to carry out these relaxing pursuits high in the mountains on Porcupine Creek near the headwaters of Baldwin Creek.

Since his unexpected and untimely death, Wyoming's favorite cowboy has been honored twice. In September, 1953, an impressive list of real pioneers of Fremont county was engraved on a granite stone dedicated at Lander's Pioneer Grounds. Also engraved were an ox team, a bucking horse and a stage coach. The bucking horse is an exact replica of the one used on the Wyoming license, and underneath it is inscribed "A. J. 'Stub' Farlow." Farlow's name has also been recommended by Senator Lester C. Hunt for commemoration in the proposed Rodeo Hall of Fame foundation. A bill is expected to be introduced in Congress seeking federal permission to incorporate a non-profit foundation to honor past and present cowboys, stockmen, and ranchers who have contributed to the development of the West.

There has been a good deal of controversy, much factual and much pure speculation, about the identity of horse and rider on the Wyoming license plates. In fact, "Stub" Farlow has often been referred to "as the man on the Wyoming license plates," but this is something of a misnomer. The design was not taken from a photograph of a ride "Stub" made on the horse "Dead Man" at the War Bonnet Roundup at Idaho Falls nor from the picture postcard of "Stub" on "War Dog" which Senator Hunt

14. "Stub" also ran sheep from 1907 to 1920 when he was taken in as a partner by his father.

had in his office along with the original drawing¹⁵ of bucking horse and rider by Allen True. Nor does the bucking horse represent that great black buckler, "Steamboat", who for so many years reigned supreme in the arena. It is indeed difficult, in face of the evidence, to deduce unequivocally that the license plate cowboy is "Stub" Farlow, anymore than that the horse is a specific one. In the words of Senator Hunt to Lola Homsher:¹⁶

Your question with reference to Mr. Farlow is prompted by the fact that some time after the plate was in use, I gave a release to the effect that in originating and designing the plate, I had in mind "Stub" Farlow who was the most typical cowboy that it was my pleasure to know and for the further reason that he was a personal friend of mine.

Many stories have appeared in the press from time to time—their origin I do not know—saying that the bucking horse license plate was a certain horse and the rider was Mr. Farlow. *Such is not the case*, but I did have "Stub" Farlow *in mind* when designing the plate. [Italics are the author's.]

The Casper *Tribune Herald* of August 13, 1950, put it most accurately when they stated, "The famed Wyoming rider was the inspiration several years ago for the bucking bronc buster now so prominent on Wyoming license plates." However, the misleading headline over this news item—MAN WHO POSED FOR WYOMING'S FAMOUS BRONCO LICENSE PLATE . . . —is another example of the confusion that has arisen making it necessary for Senator Hunt to remark, "Many stories have appeared in the press from time to time . . . saying that the bucking horse license plate was a certain horse and the rider was Mr. Farlow."

Though the silhouette of the rider of the bucking horse cannot truthfully be identified as A. J. "Stub" Farlow, that his spirit is identical there can be no doubt. "He represents all that is typical and symbolic of the West," says Senator Hunt. Perhaps this sincere expression not only explains "Stub's" connection with the rider on the plate but also explains the appeal of these colorful and imaginative plates themselves, an appeal sparked by the inspiration of Senator Hunt, the artistry of Allen T. True, and the spirit of "Stub" Farlow.

15. Now in the possession of the Wyoming State Historical Department.

16. Senator L. C. Hunt's letter to Lola M. Homsher, August 24, 1953.

The Rock River Stage Coach

By

OLIVE GARRETT KAFKA

The old stage coach which is now the property of the children of Rock River has a history colorful enough to give it a place in the annals of early Wyoming history.

For several years the old coach was a familiar sight in Rock River, always to be seen parked one place or another wherever it was most convenient to the last persons using it.

During the year before it came into the present ownership, it stood along the side of the Lincoln Highway just outside of the fence of its then owner, and what a joy it proved to passing tourists who could be seen during that season climbing in it and on top of it and posing for snap shots. It was found later that they had also cut off and carried away as souvenirs a good bit of it.

Before tourists thronged the highway as they have done for the past three decades, this old coach played an active part in many of the festivities of the town. For example no newly wedded couple was considered quite properly inducted into the state of matrimony unless they were given a ride in the stage coach, and they always got it.

The late J. F. (Sam) White owned the vehicle for a number of years and, some months before his death, sold it to Lewis Butler, then cashier of Rock River's First National Bank. When that institution closed its doors, the stage coach, with other effects, was up for sale. It was about to be shipped to a party in Brunswick, New Jersey, when we learned of the deal, and the bare idea of its being taken away was unthinkable. Mr. R. K. Neiderjohn was receiver for the bank, and when he was approached and given the reason for keeping the stage coach in Rock River, he very easily agreed to hold up the shipment a few days so that the money with which to buy it could be raised. And that last was very easily accomplished. A subscription list was presented to the townfolk, its caption stating that the stage coach, when purchased, was to be the property of the children of Rock River to be held in perpetuity by them. Dr. Patrick made the appeal, and I feel safe in stating that not one person when shown the document refused to subscribe something. Had the price been twice or thrice the sum paid, it would have been as easily raised, for no one, when they learned of it, wished to see the old relic taken away; and everybody seemed pleased to see its ownership vested in the children.

When Henry Ford's ten millionth car cavalcade on its coast to coast swing stopped to stage a parade in Rock River, the stage

was put in the procession, (a movie was made of that parade). Drawn by four horses, with an experienced driver¹ holding the ribbons, it added its own unique and suggestive note to the show.

It turned out that this coach, now so woefully out of repair and entirely paintless, was the same one that for several years had added its quota to the pageantry of Laramie's early history.² During its years in that city it was carefully housed and was a beautiful thing to look upon with its gay coat of vermillion and in excellent condition.

During all of those years it was owned by the late Mr. Linscott. When interviewed, that gentleman betrayed a surprising knowledge of interest in early Albany County history, also a very unusual interest in stage coaches and their uses and the part they played in pioneer days. When told our mission was to obtain the history of the Rock River vehicle, he showed instant interest, exclaiming, "Say, I'm glad those little kiddies own the poor old wreck. I hope they take care of it." He then told us when and why he first bought the coach. "I expect," he said, somewhat self-consciously, "you will think I'm an old sentimentalist. Perhaps I am. Anyhow, I bought that stage coach in Rock Creek a short time after it made its last trip with the mail, bought it just because I liked it, well—something like you might like a person. Bought it from the contractor for the stage line from Rock Creek north, over the Fort Fetterman to Fort McKinney and Junction City, Montana, road; and they bought it from the Patrick Brothers who ran the Denver, Cheyenne, Deadwood stage lines. I know this old coach was in two holdups while on the Deadwood route—say, if it could just talk."

Mr. Linscott told us where to find bullet holes in the coach body, and they were there, too, just where he said to find them—wherever the wood work was left to show them.

After the stage coach was acquired for the Rock River children, care for its housing was taken and thanks are due to the Southern Wyoming Lumber Company, the late Sidney Morris, and D. E. Richards of the Lincoln Highway Garage, all of whom housed it in successive periods, extending over a considerable time. Plans were made for a glass enclosed shelter to be built on a corner of the schoolhouse grounds in which to keep the stage coach, the

1. Frank Franzen, Rock River merchant, drove the stage coach in the parade. He is an only son of the late Asmus Franzen, pioneer rancher and business man.

2. Doubtless in many of the homes of the old families in Laramie, there are photographs of the stage coach behind a four or six horse team and filled with jolly folk riding in parade or pageant of some lodge or organization. Or if it be a hunting party, coming home with its game, sage chickens, ducks or antelope—perhaps all three. Mr. Linscott stated to us that he sold his stage coach to J. F. (Sam) White of Rock River.

building to bear a short legend of it painted in sufficiently large lettering to catch the attention of passing tourists; and, taking a tip from those earlier tourists, to give them opportunity for taking pictures about, in, or on the coach as desired for a price and under supervision, of course. School children of responsible age were to be placed in charge during the tourist season, two serving at a time for a week or two weeks, and while in charge to receive a percentage of the proceeds, the balance to be used to create a fund sufficient to put the stage coach in perfect repair and make it again the beautiful vehicle it once was. The idea behind this was to help the children to develop civic pride and love for their home town, to learn to transact business, and to cultivate a sense of responsibility.

Regretfully we have to record that this plan, for some reason, was not carried out. The writer moved away from the town and thus lost track of its activities. Dr. Patrick left Rock River. Its leader was gone so Rock River citizens lost interest.

The West

By

LOUJINCY POLK

Sunshine and sagebrush and a blue sky above,
This forms the foreground of a story of love;
In the background perhaps a thousand miles away,
Or some decades removed by time, lies the dark on another day;
Enter—ox teams and wagon, printing press and pen,
Tents and rolls of bedding, fearless women and men;
A moving line on the prairie, a halt by the side of a stream,
The sound of ax and hammer, and a home fulfills their dream.
Those pioneers met with hardships—the fittest stood the test,
And we, their great grandchildren were given this glorious West.
Sunshine and sagebrush and a blue sky above,
Our heritage from those heroes with a thousand stories of love.

The Passing of the Range

Written when Jireh became a town, 1911

By

LEE CROWNOVER STODDARD

The cowboy's heart is sad tonight,
As he watches the setting sun,
For he knows the day of the range is past,
And the cowboy's life is run.

He sits in his saddle, the reins hung loose,
His horse's head hangs low,
For he hates to think he must move on
And further westward go.

Now he looks again at familiar hills,
At the gently rolling plain,
Then imagines he hears the trampling herd,
And his comrades' voices again.

His memory paints a picture now
Of a roundup camp at night,
How he rolled his bed on the soft green grass,
With the stars as his only light.

He thinks of the weary watches at night,
When he sang to the restless herd,
Then how he'd sleep when he got to bed,
To wake with the morning bird.

His fancies now float further on,
To the work of the branding pen,
When he threw his rope with a practiced hand,
With a good horse at the end.

But the range has passed to the westward,
And he must follow along,
Altho he's weary and sad at heart,
For his lips refuse a song.

He has followed it many and many a mile,
Hoping in vain it would pause a while,
But the cowboy sits in his saddle still
As he watches the range pass over the hill.

Washakie and The Shoshoni

*A Selection of Documents from the Records of the Utah
Superintendency of Indian Affairs*

Edited by

DALE L. MORGAN

PART III—1852-1857

XIX

JACOB H. HOLEMAN, INDIAN AGENT, TO LUKE LEA,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT BRIDGER,
UTAH TERRITORY, NOV. 3, 1852⁵⁶

Sir—During the past Summer, there has been some excitement with the Indians and Whites, in this Territory in consequence of the establishment of a ferry and bridge across Green River, by the Legislature of Utah Territory. It seems, that for several years previous, ferrys have been established by the Mountaineers, for the accommodation of travellers, on the various roads crossing this river. At the last session of the Legislature, a charter was granted to a Mr. Moore, (a Mormon) giving to him the exclusive privilege of ferrying, and thereby excluding all others—a certain portion of the tolls, were set apart, by this act, for the benefit and use of the Mormon Church.⁵⁷ A charter was also granted to a company, all

56. H/201-1853.

57. The legislature of the State of Deseret, precursor of the Territory of Utah, granted the first ferry rights to Green River on Feb. 12, 1850, to whom is not known; see Dale L. Morgan, "The State of Deseret," *Utah Historical Quarterly*, 1940, vol. VIII, p. 99. The first Utah Territorial Legislature, in an act approved Jan. 16, 1852, granted these ferry rights to one Thomas Moor; he was granted "the right of erecting one or more ferries on Green river, for one year, at any point within Utah Territory, for the accommodation of travelers: *Provided* he pay ten per cent of all moneys collected on said ferry, to be paid into the Territorial treasury, for the benefit of the Territory of Utah, on or before the first day of October next ensuing." A schedule of rates was adopted, ranging from 25 cents for individual animals to \$6 for wagons over 4,000 lbs. The act also provided that if any person should erect "any public ferry across said river within Utah Territory, without permission of the Legislature of the Territory of Utah, said person or persons shall pay the sum of one thousand dollars, to be collected for the use of the Territory of Utah." *Acts, Resolutions, and Memorials, Passed by the . . . Legislative Assembly, of the Territory of Utah. . . .*, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1852, pp. 166-167. (These, the sessions laws, will hereafter be cited simply as *Laws of Utah* for the date in question.)

Mormons, for the purpose of building a bridge across this river.⁵⁸ These charters, and the occupation of the country by the Mormons, have produced much excitement among the Indians, who express their disapprobation, in the strongest terms.⁵⁹ I received a few days since the following letter:

“Fort Bridger, Oct. 9. 1852

“Maj J. H. Holeman, Ind. Agt.

“Dr Sir—I beg to call your attention to the disturbed state of the Snake Indians at this moment, in consequence of the occupation of a part of their country by the *Mormon Whites*. Being an American citizen, and having the welfare and honor of my country in view I believe it is imperative for you, without delay, to allay, by all the means in your authority, the present excitement. I saw the Chiefs here, in council, at this Fort, and heard them assert, that they intended to immediately drive the whites from their lands, and much persuasion was used to pacify them for the present time. And now, dear sir, if you do not use the authority vested in you, speedily, I do believe and fear scenes of destruction and bloodshed will soon ensue.

“Respectfully—Yours
“A. Willson”

The above letter is from a gentleman, passing through the country, on his return to the States from California, and who was remaining at Fort Bridger a few days. I visited, immediately, the section of country alluded to and found that a company of Mormons, under the charter of the Legislature of Utah Territory, had assembled on Green river, and had commenced the construction of a bridge, but finding so much opposition on the part of they [sic] Indians, they determined to abandon it for the present, and all have returned to Salt Lake City.⁶⁰ This satisfied the Indians,

58. No charter for a bridge is recorded in *Laws of Utah*, 1852. But see Note 60.

59. See Morgan, “The State of Deseret,” p. 99 n., in which comment is made on the group psychology involved in these ferry grants. The Mormons, themselves essentially squatters, calmly ignored the squatters’ rights of the mountain men. Unable to cope with the Mormons in the Territorial Legislature, the mountain men improved upon their close relations with the Shoshoni to stir up the Indians against the Saints and build a case they were better able to defend. The issues were complex, and they are argued at length in subsequent official correspondence, a major theme, in fact, of Indian relations in the Wyoming area over the next four years.

60. A great deal of the history of the Green River area is here passed over very lightly; more should be said about this episode, for it marks a distinct forward step in the Mormon occupation of what became Uinta County, Wyoming. Expansion of Mormon colonization into the Shoshoni country had been foreshadowed in August, 1852, when apparent agreement was reached with the Shoshoni on this subject; see Document XVIII. Following this up, Brigham Young on Aug. 30, 1852, addressed a letter “To the brethren who are emigrating to the valleys of the mountains,” sent by Dimick B. Huntington, William Elijah Ward, and Brigham H. Young,

who immediately left, and at present all is quiet. The Mormons, I understand, intend to resume their efforts to build this bridge in the spring—the Indians I also understand, have resolved, that the Mormons shall neither occupy a ferry, nor build a bridge on the river, which is some 160 miles from the settlements in Salt Lake valley. Both parties I understand are determined. Should the Mormons persist in their determination, a war will be the

with advice concerning "our wishes pertaining to making a settlement on Green River." This letter, the original of which is in the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office in Salt Lake City, said in part:

It has long been our cherished object to have a good permanent settlement located and established at that point. It is a very desirable location for many reasons which will be felt doubtless by the pecuniary advancement of those who shall make that place their home, but chiefly that a location may be established which will be calculated to strengthen this people and extend a favorable influence among the native tribes in the midst of whom we are located.

It is extremely desirable to have one or two good bridges built across Green River, which should be accomplished while the water is low this fall and ensuing winter. Those can be toll bridges and inure to the benefit of the builders by such arrangements as shall be made with the Legislature the ensuing winter. No better place can be found for exchanging stock and trading with the emigrants as all concentrate at that point. It is also believed to be a good stock country and that grain sown early in the spring, say February or March, will mature in the best locations. No settlement has as yet been made upon the Shoshone's lands. They have always evinced a most friendly spirit and will no doubt, if correctly managed, continue to exhibit the same.

It is also a place where a station is needed to produce mail facilities to keep a change of animals, etc. But the advantages which the place possesses in a pecuniary point of view for a settlement is not what we wish so particularly to present as the necessity for a settlement at that point, and the fact of its being calculated to be productive of much good in promoting the advancement of the cause which is dear to every Latter-day Saint. We therefore say unto you that we wish to have a sufficient number stop to organize a county at that place which was last winter named Green River County and attached to G. S. L. County for revenue, election and Indian purposes. [*Laws of Utah*, 1852, pp. 162-164]

It is not our wish to oppress the brethren, but wish those who remain to do so of their own free will and choice, having and feeling an abiding interest in the cause which we have espoused. An extension of the settlements in that direction will manifestly promote the emigration. . . . You can stop and while your teams are recruiting select out the best place for a location; build up your cabins; and then come into the city so far as it shall be necessary to procure your winter supplies, after which you can return and make your arrangements for the ensuing season of emigration, etc. . . .

The exact nature of the difficulties that developed does not appear in the Mormon sources, but on October 14, 1852, Brigham Young wrote to "Wm. D. Huntington, Brigham H. Young and others at Green River":

I wrote to you on the 4th inst., per Indian Simons, to return from

consequence, and great distress and suffering must follow, as it is on the main emigration route from to California and Oregon.

In regard to the occupation of the Indian country, under these charters from the Legislature of the Territory, and their authority to grant them, I should be pleased to have advice and instruction immediately. Maj. [John] Hockad[a]y, who will hand you this, is fully advised of all the circumstances—I refer you to him for further information. In relation to these ferry's and bridge, the charter provides that 10 cents on every dollar received as toll, shall be paid into the tithing office, for the benefit of the Church.⁶¹ This seems to me, to be unconstitutional—advise me, in relation to this matter—I am called upon, almost daily, for information and am not able to give it, not knowing the power of the Territorial Legislature.

I wish, also, advice in relation to the use of Spirituous Liquors—On the route from the states to Salt Lake City, there are two establishments for the accommodation of travellers and emigration—I have given them Licence, as Indian traders, being in the Indian country—they keep spirits for the use of the travel, but in no case, do they permit the use of it by the Indians—they are what may be termed *Tavern Keepers*.⁶² If it is improper for me to allow them this privilege, please advise me.

The Mormon authorities have levied a tax on these Mountaineers and have collected, in some instances—as the tax is considered extravagant, and partly for the use and benefit of the Mor-

that place and for all of you to come away and bring your effects with you to this city and leave not one behind. Owing to the uncertainty of your getting the letter from that source, I now write you by Bro. Hutchinson. It is needless to urge the matter of settlement at that place at the present. We do not wish to lay the foundation for any difficulty which by a little foresight may be avoided.

If some of our people would go out with the Indians upon their trip hunting and get acquainted with them and with their chiefs, then a good influence might be exerted among them, which it would not be in the power of anybody else to counteract; but we must wait for the present; therefore, all of you come back and let things take their course a little longer. . . .

Hosea Stout, who came as a colonizing missionary to the Green River area in the spring of 1854, wrote in his journal on May 15, “. . . we arrived at Russell's [after] Baiting with Batise at twelve Here at Russell's is where Huntington & Co. commenced a settlement in 1852 which was wisely abandoned afterwards.” And next day, “we moved two miles down the River to the Mormon Crossing of Green River Ferry,” which serves to fix the location of the initial Mormon effort at colonization in Wyoming.

61. It will be seen that this does not square with the language of the law as quoted in Note 57.

62. These “taverns” may have been located on Green River; but one of them was possibly Fort Bridger.

mon church, it is producing much excitement, and I fear will produce bloodshed. These men declare their willingness to pay any tax which the Government may demand, but refuse to pay a *Mormon Tax*, as they term it. As I am frequently called upon for information on these subjects, I should like to be fully advised, as it may prevent difficulty and trouble in future. . . .

XX.

JACOB H. HOLEMAN, INDIAN AGENT, TO LUKE LEA,
COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WEBBER STATION
[UTAH], MARCH 5, 1853⁶³

Sir—I addressed you a hasty note, in November last, from Fort Bridger in relation to difficulties between the Mormons and the Indians. I remained on Green River, had frequent conversations with the Indians until all matters were quieted for the present. But I fear a disturbance, if the country should be settled and occupied by the Mormons, or if they should attempt to build Bridges and establish ferries under the acts of the Territorial Legislature, alluded to in my note of November last. I am at a loss to know how to act—I have so frequently asked for information and instructions, on various matters, without receiving any, that I fear my communications have not reached you. I hope, however, that they have not miscarried, and that I shall receive them by the first mail. We have not had a mail from the States since October. There has been so much snow, that the Mountains and roads have been impassable, except on foot, with Snow Shoes. I have been unable to reach Salt Lake—I was compelled to remain at Bridger until January, when a warm spell dissolved the Snow, and I made an effort—but could get no farther than this place, where I have been compelled to remain ever since, some three months—living upon wild game that we could kill. There are three Mormon families living here⁶⁴—all they have to live on is flour—they have no meat but such as they can kill. From these we have been enabled to get bread, and such other accommodations as they can afford, but at a very high price, and none of the best at that—they have but a scant supply for themselves. I have remained here in this predicament on account of my horses, being satisfied, that if I left them, they would be lost—I have a hired man with me, and by our constant attention we have been enabled to save them through the winter. The snow is disappearing on the South hill sides, the grass is commencing to grow, and I hope to be able,

63. H/234-1853.

64. The "Webber" or Weber Station from which this letter was written was probably in the locality of present Henefer.

in a few days to reach Salt Lake City, when I will communicate to you more fully—there being no mails from this Territory, to the States, since October has prevented me from writing before. The mail carrier of October, was compelled to leave his horses, and part of his mail here, and take the letter bag to the City on foot. He has just arrived from the city, with the March Mail, after a laborious travel of five days, only forty miles, and will make an effort to reach the States. He reports the Mountains impassable for horses, particularly weak as ours are—but I hope to be able to leave in a few days. You will please receive this as my excuse for not communicating to you at the end of each quarter.

My situation with Gov. Young, as Superintendent, is rather an unpleasant one—While I feel disposed to treat all parties fairly, and protect the Indians so as to prevent difficulties with the Whites, he seems to have no other anxiety but to favor his own church and people. If things are not changed I feel satisfied, I can be of no great service to the Indian department. My course is well known to the department—I have acted from circumstances, and to the best of my judgement, and hope that my conduct has been justified by the department. If matters are not changed, so as to produce a better feeling in the Mormons, toward the Government, or if the authority and laws of the Government are not enforced, if it should be the wishes of the department I would like to be called home, as my duty to the Government compels me to act in such a manner, as to give offence, frequently, to the Mormons, who seem to recognize no law but their own self will. This is a very unpleasant situation and one that can be productive of not much service either to the Government, to the Indians, or to myself. They seem desirous to hold all the offices themselves—and when a Gentile is appointed he is never treated with respect, but is abused let him do as he will. I have, and do yet, disregard their abuse, but feel that my efficiency as a Government officer is impaired by such conduct.

I have heretofore suggested to the department, various matters—having taken some pains to acquire information, and at the expense of the Government, and having formed a friendly acquaintance with the Indians and made myself acquainted with the country, if my suggestions should meet the views of the department, I will, with pleasure, give them such attention as the department may direct—as I do not feel disposed to relinquish a duty imposed on me, however arduous and disagreeable the service may be—particularly, having recommended them. . . .

P. S. I have written in a great hurry, on a board on my knee; you will therefore excuse the scrawl. . . .

XXI

STEPHEN B. ROSE, SUB-AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 30, 1853⁶⁵

Dear Sir

Since my last report there has nothing of importance occurred amongst the Indians under my charge, with the exception of a fight between the Sioux and Utes of Uwintā Valley but I apprehend there will be some considerable fighting between them as all the Tribes of Nebraska are collecting their warriors together for a general war with the Utes. I would respectfully call the attention of the Department to the Sale of ardent spirits by the French Traders or Freeman as they are called upon the rivers and road from the States to this City as they are carrying on the sale of it to a great extent I wish to have particular instructions as to what course to pursue in this matter as I think it a serious matter Accompanying this report you will find a Schedule and Vouchers of the expenses of this Agency up to the present time which I hope will meet with the approbation of the Department. . . .

XXII

EDWARD A. BEDELL, INDIAN AGENT, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED G. S. L. CITY, SEPT. 30, 1853⁶⁶

Dear Sir,

I arrived in this city on the 15th day of August ult, and on the same day reported to Governor Young that I was ready for duty, but could not relieve Major Holeman according to the *strict letter* of your instructions, as he was away on a trip to Carson Valley; and as he did not return until yesterday I have not yet had time to receive and receipt for the Government property in his possession, and include the same in this quarter's return, but will attend to it forthwith.

Under the direction of the Superintendent, I have written the Indian Chief named Little Soldier, and his band, who are at present near the mouth of Weber River Canyon, about 45 miles north of this city; also the Shoshones, and Yampah and Uinta

65. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Sept. 30, 1853, U/26-1853.

66. B/295-1853. Bedell had been named to succeed Holeman after the Democratic victory in the election of 1852. He came from Warsaw, Illinois, and had been on cordial terms with the Saints before their expulsion from that state.

Utahs, in the neighborhood of Fort Bridger.⁶⁷ I found them all friendly & professing much friendship, & made them suitable presents, so far as I thought warranted under the strangely small amount appropriated for the expenditure of this Superintendency, but far short, in my estimation, of what they actually need and deserve.

My Account Current, and accompanying papers are in the hands of Govr Young, & will be forwarded by this Mail, and I hope will prove entirely satisfactory.

Please permit me to indulge in a few remarks, which, though perhaps not immediately pertaining to my duties, I deem of importance.

I will not stop to use argument but simply state what I know and most assuredly believe to be facts. This Territory is known as a whole to be exceedingly destitute of game, and to be poor in spontaneous edible roots, & Seeds; and the Lakes and Rivers afford but a limited supply of fish, and the crickets are abundant only for a short season, and in certain localities. The Indians inhabiting this region, like the great majority of their red brethren, delight in leading a life of indolence, and indulge in thieving at every safe opportunity. Very many of the Stock owners enroute for California, and emigrants to Oregon & California stop & winter in these valleys with large numbers of stock. This stock, as it recruits, is very tempting to the Indians, who would take it to the extent of their fancies, were they not prevented by the fear of the settlements. A great proportion, if not a large majority of the white Inhabitants of Utah, are American born citizens, and generally the foreign population naturalize as fast as the laws will allow, and their is not a more loyal set of people, or inhabitants within the United States.

I need not weary your patience with an extended detail of kindred facts, and characteristics relative to the inhabitants, Indians, and temporary sojourners of this Territory, as I have already stated more than may be sufficient to make it evident that the

67. During the period covered by this report, Jim Bridger had been driven from his fort by a Mormon posse—the date, August 26, 1853, being fixed by the diary of a California immigrant, Dr. Thomas Flint (see Historical Society of Southern California, *Annual Publications*, 1923, Vol. XII, Part III, p. 97. There had been hard feelings between Bridger and the Mormons for more than 4 years, and according to Bill Hickman, "About this time it was rumored that Jim. Bridger was furnishing the Indians with powder and lead to kill Mormons. Affidavits were made to that effect, and the Sheriff was ordered out with a *posse* of one hundred and fifty men to arrest him, capture his ammunition, and destroy all his liquors." Bridger easily evaded the posse, but Hickman says the liquor was destroyed "by doses." See William A. Hickman, *Brigham's Destroying Angel*, New York, 1872, pp. 91-92. Bridger did not return to his fort until he came with Johnston's army in the fall of 1857.

appropriations for the Utah Superintendency are altogether too small, unless the Government design to let these Indians starve, so far as it is concerned, or live by plundering, or be sustained by the voluntary contributions of the different settlements. Neither of these courses is presumable, and I fully and cordially coincide with the judgment of Governor Young that \$40,000. is the smallest amount that ought to be appropriated for the years ending June 30th 1854 & 55, and think a larger sum would be much nearer strict justice in the case. . . .

XXIII

EDWARD A. BEDELL, INDIAN AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT.
OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED G S LAKE CITY, DEC. 31, 1853⁶⁸

Dear Sir

In compliance with the regulations of the Indian Department I have the Honor to submit my Second report in relation to the affairs of my Agency. Nothing of importance has occurred Since my last quarterly report dated Sept 30th 1853 made to your excellency except the Masacre by the Indians of the lamented Capt [John W.] Gunnison and his party. In the fore part of October according to your suggestion I visited Fort Bridger and Henrys Fork I found but few Indians there Antero a Ute Chief with a Small band I found on Henrys Fork Encamped I held a conference with him had a talk I made his band presents of a few Blankets shirts & Tobacco He seemed much pleased and they all promised to keep up a friendly intercourse with the whites and remain quiet and at peace—Early in November I started for the Severe [Sevier River] where Capt Gunnison fell but on meeting my interpreter Demick Huntington and being informed by him that he had recovered the Government property or all of it that could be got I returned from Utah Valey to this City. The night before my arrival in Provo City the Indians killed several head of cattle Col [Peter] Conover followed them with a small party of men some twenty miles in the mountains but was not able to over take them. I found a small boddy of Utes Encamped on battle creek had a talk with them They promised to be Peacible and friendly. I received your instructions the last of November to visit the vicinity of Green River but was not at the time able to go in consequence of Sickness Deeming it important I procured the Services of the Hon Orsen Hyde and Sent with him Wm Hickman Esqr as Gua[r]d and Robert Coster⁶⁹ they found a few

68. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Dec. 31, 1853, U/28-1854.

69. Here again some background must be filled in. After the false start in 1852, a Mormon settlement in the basin of the Green River was begun in the fall of 1853, as one of several missions sent to the Indians

Indians made them presents and warned them against being led

of Utah Territory. The official camp journal of the mission is copied into Andrew Jenson's History of Fort Supply, in his History of Lyman Stake, a manuscript in the Church Historian's Office at Salt Lake City. The company, consisting of 39 men with 20 wagons, 93 head of cattle, and 8 head of horses and mules, left Great Salt Lake City Nov. 2 and reached Fort Bridger on the 12th. They had intended locating in the valley of Henrys Fork, but chose in preference to this a location on Willow Creek, a tributary of Smiths Fork, a few miles south of Fort Bridger. Here, on Nov. 17, Fort Supply was founded. An extended account of the mission by a member of it is James S. Brown, *Life of a Pioneer*, Salt Lake City, 1900, pp. 304-374; brief mention by another member is found in Christopher Merkley, *Biography of Christopher Merkley*, Salt Lake City, 1887, p. 33. A formal history by Andrew Jenson is published in *Utah Genealogical and Historical Magazine*, January, 1913; see also Charles E. Dibble, "The Mormon Mission to the Shoshoni Indians," *Utah Humanities Review*, April, 1947.

Orson Hyde did not leave Great Salt Lake City with the advance party, but paid the new fort a brief visit on Dec. 9-12. A letter he wrote on the subject of the mission is published in the *Deseret News*, Dec. 1, 1853. The manner in which the Mormons were able to combine public business with church interests is well shown by Bedell's letter, for Hyde was obliged to go to Fort Supply in any event. He wrote the following letter to Washakie before returning home:

Fort Supply, Green River County
Dec. 10, 1853

Greeting:

Respected and esteemed friends:

I have often heard of you but never had the pleasure of seeing you or of making your acquaintance, both of which I desire and hope the time will not be long until I see you and make your acquaintance.

A little more than one year ago our people began to make a settlement (on your lands) on Green River, but learning that you and your people did not like us to form a settlement there, we left and gave up the settlement. Since that time we have heard by Mr. Battize Lauzon [a phonetic rendition of Baptiste Louisant] that you were willing that our people should make a settlement on your lands, on or near Green River, therefore our great Chief in G. S. L. Valley, Brigham Young, has sent me with a number of men to make a settlement on your lands. We have located on Smith's Fork, about ten miles from Sam Callwell's fort [i.e., what until lately had been Fort Bridger?]. I am now with them, but shall leave them in two more sleeps to go to G. S. L. City. I shall remain there until Spring and when the snow melts and the grass grows I shall come back to this settlement and hope to remain with them. I have heard that some whites have told you that we were a bad people, but in answer to this I would say to you come and see. Our young men are learning your language; they want to be united with your people and a number of our men want to marry wives from your people and we want to be friends. We want to be friends with the Utes and not kill them, but they will steal and rob us and we had to kill some of them and they have killed some of us. We are sorry that they live so bad. When you can learn all about what some white men have done on Green River you will not blame the "Mormons" for taking some of their stock, it was done according to the laws of our Great Father at Washington. Believe not all the bad things that some white

a stray by the notorious Rian⁷⁰ and I am satisfied that their visit had a good Effect and was well timed. As far as I can ascertain there is decidedly a better feeling towards the whites Generally among the Indians of this Territory You will find my account for this quarter for grain tolerably large My Excuse is to be found in the fact that the Horses I received from Major J H Holman My predecessor were in verry low flesh and I was obliged to feed them grain to keep them a live

men say of us but come and see us. We would like some Lamanites of your people to come and live in our little settlement so that we may talk with them and learn your language. I sent you this letter by Bro. Barney Ward who has a Shoshone wife and some of our young men go with him to see you. I send you some tobacco and some shirts also and my best wishes. I hope to see you myself when snow melts and grass grows and then I want you to go with me to Salt Lake Valley and see our great chief Brigham Young and have a talk with him if you can when grass grows, come and see our new settlement and I expect to be here then and I will see you, but all our young men will be glad to see you [this winter] if you can come but I should not be with you then until grass grows and if you cannot come to see me then I will try to find where you are and come and see you and your people. I send you many good wishes and hope the Good Spirit above will be kind and good to the Shoshone nation and to their Great Chief and also to the Mormons and their Great Chief.

Will you send me word by Barney Ward and the young men, what you think and how you feel and they will write the same and send to me and to our Great Chief in G. S. L. Valley.

I am, your Friend
Orson Hyde

To Washakeete.

The above letter is copied into the Fort Supply camp journal under date of May 9, 1854. Owing to severe weather, it was not possible to carry the communication to Washakie during the winter; it was finally taken to him in the spring of 1854, an episode James S. Brown describes at considerable length (*op. cit.*, pp. 312-332). It may be remarked that the dates in Brown's book for this period check up very well with contemporary sources.

70. Ryan's first name was Elisha, but James S. Brown calls him L. B. Ryan. From Brown's account, it would seem that after Bridger was forced to leave his fort, Sam Callwell became the recognized leader of the Green River mountain men—or as Brown puts it, Callwell "was said to be at the head of the gang of desperadoes who plied their vocation from Bridger to Green River, and back on the emigrant route to Laramie; he was a large, trim built man, about six feet six inches tall, and very daring. But after a bowie knife was plunged into his vitals [by Louis Tromley, a Frenchman] he did not survive long, dying in about twenty-four hours. . . . L. B. Ryan [succeeded] Samuel Callwell as chief of the organized band of desperadoes. . . ." Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 310, 312. Bill Hickman has a considerable account of his own dealings with Ryan, who, he says (and this is shown to be the fact in at least one instance), accompanied him on three missions pertaining to Indian affairs in 1854-55. Hickman also says (*op. cit.*, p. 106) that Ryan was subsequently killed by "a Spaniard," this apparently in the spring of 1855.

XXIV

JACOB H. HOLEMAN TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED WASHINGTON CITY, MARCH 7, 1854⁷¹

Sir—In reply to your verbal request, for information, “whether at the time of the organization of the Territory of Utah, the Indians in that Territory, occupied, possessed or claimed title to the whole of the Territory—whether the possessions of the different tribes, bounded on each other, or if not, about how much was not possessed by the Indians at the time of its organization.”

Having resided in the Territory, of Utah, as Indian agent, since 1851, and having had considerable intercourse with the various tribes and bands of Indians in that Territory, I have no hesitation in stating, that within the boundary of the Territory, as I have understood it, the Indians claim all the land.—There are the Shoshonies—the Uwinte Utes—the Pi-Utes,—the Timpany Utes—the Parvante Utes—the Banacks—the Washaws—Sosokos, &c. Many of these tribes are divided into bands, under some favorite chief, and are scattered over the Territory, claiming large boundaries of land.—They move from place to place, within these boundaries, in search of game, and other necessities, but generally, confining themselves within the limits of the grounds claimed by the respective tribes to which they belong.—These claims seem to be acknowledged and respected by the different tribes and bands and are defined by Mountains, water courses &c. There is a small tract of country, lying on the North Platt, between the Shoshonies, and the Sioux and Cheyenes, which is considered as neutral ground, and where they sometimes meet to trade with each other, or for war, as either tribe may feel in the humor. This ground is frequently occupied or visited by the various bands in the vicinity, when game is plenty,—each tribe concedes this privilege to the other; no one tribe or band claims the exclusive right to do so.

The land, in the valley of Salt Lake, upon which the Mormons have settled, was claimed and occupied by the Utes and Shoshonies, until settled by the Mormons. Much complaint has been made by the Indians, and frequent difficulties have occurred, in consequence of this occupation of their lands, by the whites, without their assent. If something is not done, by which the Indians, and the whites may know their respective rights and privileges, much difficulty may be expected. . . .

71. H/574-1854.

XXV.

EDWARD A. BEDELL, INDIAN AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT.
OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED INDIAN AGENCY OFFICE,
UTAH TY., APRIL 6, 1854⁷²

Sir,

In obedience to your instructions, Dated March 24th 1854, informing me that you had received a communication from Maj Higgins commandant at Manti of the whereabouts of the Indian Chief—Walker, and wishing me to proceed with my interpreter to Fillmore City & hold talk with him.

I have the honor to state most respectfully that I proceeded on the 25th of March, in Company with D. B. Huntington Esq^r Interpreter. On the 27th of March, we held a talk with Panawick a Ute Chief with a Small party of Indians at Payson in Utah Valley. He informed me that he had used his influence to get the Indians belonging to old Squash-Head's band, who had stolen from the neighborhood of Springville, some Eighty head of Cattle a short time previous to return them to their owners, and we ascertained that he had succeeded in procuring the return of 24 Head, I told him he and his band had done right, and that I would report their good conduct to you, and that you would inform the great father of his good conduct, I then made them some small presents of Shirts, Tobacco &c. they seemed well pleased & promised to go again into the Mountains, and if the Indians had not killed the remainder of the cattle, to bring them in. I told them to tell old Squash-Head & Peteetneet to come in, & bring the Cattle back if they had not killed them, & be honest, and cease stealing. I also found quite a number of Indians at work on lands that had been ploughed for them by the citizens of Payson.

We then proceeded on our way, and arrived at Salt Creek on the 29th March, a fine flourishing Settlement, where I found Ammon, Walker's Brother, with 10 or 12 lodges of Indians. They seemed very much pleased to see us. Ammon talked very much in favor of establishing a permanent peace, & said he was glad we were going to have a talk with Walker, for he was sure Walker wanted to be friendly. I ascertained that Ammon furnished Captain Fremont with the first provisions he got after entering the Valley in a Starving condition; the citizens also spoke well of the band, they surveyed off & set apart for them 80 acres of land near the Fort, and was assisting such of the Indians as would work to plough and Sow wheat.

I gave Ammon two Blankets, and his men some Shirts, & Tobacco, & explained to them the object of the great father in having the Surveys made by Col Freemont, and the late lamented Captain

72. U/31-1854.

Gunnison. They seemed much pleased and said, that the Parvan Indians that murdered Captain G had done very wickedly, and they were sorry, for they beleived he was a good man.

We arrived at Fillmore City on the 31st of March, and found the celebrated chief Walker encamped near the Fort with about 75 braves with him. I visited him at his Lodge on the morning of the 31st March, in Company with the officers of the Fort and my Interpreter. He appeared quite reserved, but glad to see us. Said he had a great deal to say, and hoped we would make a stay of several days. I told him I could not spend more than a day: he said Kenosh a & other chiefs were there, and he wanted the Indians all as also the officers of the Fort to hear what he had to say, for my Interpreter Mr Huntington could understand him.

I procured a large room from the Hon James McGaw, and commenced a talk with Walker in presence of the Officers of the Fort Authorities of the City & about Eighty Indians, which continued all day. I furnished dinner for the Chiefs at the Hotel, & furnished provisions for the other Indians also. Walker said from the first he had been opposed to this difficulty, & that he had done everything in his power to prevent it, but that he could not control some of his men, and when he found they were determined to steal & murder, he went off to New Mexico to get away, for he felt bad. I told him that the Report had gone to the States, that he & his men had murdered Captain Gunnison & part of his Surveying party, and that the people and also the Great father were justly indignant that such a terrible cold blooded murder should be committed upon men in the service of the United States, and sent by the Great father to locate a Road that would enable them to get a much larger amount of presents, by reducing the cost of transportation. He said, he had heard about it, & seen one party South, making a similar survey & had rendered them assistance & was much pleased. He said he was truly sorry the Pauvants had acted so hastily and indiscreetly, in committing the assault & murder on that party, but tried to apologise for them. Said a train of Emigrants a few days before, had killed an Indian without any provocation, and that the friends & relations of the Indians came upon the party while their hearts were bad. I told him Captain G & his men knew nothing of that, & were entirely innocent, & tried to show and explain to them how wrong it was to punish & murder innocent men, for the acts of bad, and wicked men.

The Pauvant Chiefs Kenosh & Parashunt were present, and quite a number of their men. They seemed very uneasy, and much alarmed. Walker wished me to ask you to inform the Great Father, & the people of the States, that it was not him, or his party that done the deed, & also to ask the Great Father, not to send soldiers to punish the Pah-vants, for he was afraid some

innocent Indians would be dragged into difficulty. I talked with him in reference to selling his land to the general government. He said he would prefer not to sell if he could live peaceably with the white People, which he was anxious to do.

The citizens of Fillmore had set apart Eighty acres of excellent land for the use of the Indians.

I asked Walker, if he or his men desired to raise wheat & Potatoes &c. He said he would much prefer to trade & hunt himself, but he would be glad to have the Indians work & raise wheat & Corn &c (which many are doing).

Walker I found with a large band of horses, which he wanted to trade; or sell, & other property. Walker said that the Shoshones in November last, stole 150 Horses from the Utahs. I promised them to enquire into it & endeavor to get the Shoshones to return the Horses.

I made Walker, presents of Blankets, Shirts, and Tobacco; and also presents to his men. They all said, they were anxious to live in peace, & promised to be friendly to Emigrants & citizens. Said they would not steal any more Cattle, for when they came into Fillmore hungry, the Citizens gave them a beef ox. & Wheat bread &c.

I am firmly of the opinion, if the Emigrants treat them with any degree of kindness & forbearance, as also the citizens of the Territory, they will be peaceable and quiet, which is greatly to be desired.⁷³

In February last, a Deputation of Seven Bannack Indians visited this City for the purpose of having a talk with Your Excellency and myself; the weather was extremely cold & Stormy, & I was compelled to keep them in my Office for several days until the storm abated, and also keep their horses. I think the General Government should build a carroll, and some kind of cheap quarters for the Indians when they come in; for it is almost impossible to get them Kept, while in the City on business.

I am much indebted to D. B. Huntington Esq^r for the favor of providing for them, as also Col [J. C.] Little.

The Bannacks are a friendly race of Indians, & quite intelligent; they say they have never received any presents from the Great Father, but that the citizens of the Territory have been usually very kind to them, and that you have been uniformly been [sic] good to them. I made them presents of Shirts, Tobacco, provisions, and such things as I had and could procure. They seemed much pleased, & promised to continue friendly &c. They said it

73. The peace talks with Walker, described here and in Document XXVI, as also in S. N. Carvalho, *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West*, New York, 1856, pp. 187-196, settled the difficulties with the Utes which are remembered in Utah history as the Walker War of 1853-54. Walker took no very prominent part in the war, and died soon after, on January 29, 1855.

was not good to steal from, or murder the whites, although, they said on several occasions, the emigrants had treated them badly. I told them, that you & the Great father would do everything in your power to have their wrongs atoned for, & that if they would inform me, I would always endeavor to regain any property that the emigrants wrongfully deprived them of.

The Shoshones, as far as I can ascertain, continue to be friendly, they say they do not receive as many presents as they are entitled to, the price of goods is so high here that the appropriation does not seem to go far, for the Indians of this Territory are so very numerous.

Hoping that we may be able to live in peace with the Native tribes. . . .

XXVI

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W.
MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 30, 1854⁷⁴

Sir,

Since my last quarterly report, our relations with our red neighbors have remained uniformly friendly towards the whites, so far as I have information.

I have recently heard rumours of hostile feelings between the Shoshones on Green River, and Country adjacent, and the Utahs of Uinta Valley. As these tribes are in the agency assigned to the late Agent E. A. Bedell, who died on Green River [on May 3] on his return to the States, and as no authentic information has yet reached me, of any serious outbreaks upon each other, I have not deemed it best, up to the present date, to incur the expense of sending an express party to enquire into the matter; and, also, as I expect to visit that region personally during the next month, when I shall be able to learn definit[e]ly the facts in the case.

On the 3rd of May Ult. I left this City on a tour South, with the design of visiting, and talking with the various Indian tribes which might at the time be reasonably near the traveled route, and returned on the 30th Ult. having seen, and conversed with a majority of their principal men, and made such presents of cattle, clothing, &c as the exigences of the case seemed to require. all the Indians thus met with, expressed strong desires for "good peace," and thus far have acted in accordance with their professions. But they are generally very poor, and have few and scanty resources for subsistence, and are much given, very naturally, to contrasting our apparent wealth with their destitution, and from

74. U/36-1854.

the contrast make *onerous* demands upon the white settlers for food, and clothing, which, when not complied with from any cause, occasions ill feelings on the part of the Indians, resulting often, even now, in thieving, and on the other hand renders it difficult for me to make our poor citizens understand at all times, that it is cheaper, and far better for us to feed & clothe the Indians, learn them to labor, and to read & write, than it is to fight them, more especially as they deem that to belong to the proper sphere of duty of the General Government, in accordance with her proclaimed policy.

Doubtless Congress in their appropriations, and the Indian Department in auditing my accounts, will duly appreciate the circumstances, and position of our recent & aboriginal population, and adopt a course that will tend to lighten the difficulties under which we are struggling to make the desert blossom as the rose, to extend the area of enlightenment, and civilization, and to ameliorate the condition of the untamed, & untutored savage.

As the only Agency as yet allowed to Utah is made vacant by the death of Major E. A. Bedell, and our only Sub-Agency will soon be vacated by the removal, to the States, of the present incumbent Major S. B. Rose, I beg leave to call your early attention to this subject, and most respectfully suggest, that James Brown 3rd be appointed Indian Agent,⁷⁵ & Dimick B. Huntington Indian Sub-Agent for Utah Territory, as persons every way qualified to act efficiently and with correctness and good judgment in official duties, both towards the natives, and the Department.

You are already familiar with the extent of this Territory, & with the number, & scattered situation of her tribes; would it not therefore be just to allow Utah one or two more Sub-Agents? Should your judgment permit you so to decide, it would be gratify-

75. James Brown 3rd, as then called, later changed his name to James Stephens Brown, to distinguish himself from other Browns in Utah. In his quarterly report to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs of Dec. 31, 1853 (U/28-1854), Brigham Young had recommended that sub-agents be appointed for "Carson Valley, Mary's river, & that region, one for Green River County, one for the tribes who can be easily reached from the confluence of Grand and Green Rivers, and one for Washington, Iron, and Millard Counties"; he named as suitable persons George P. Dykes, Levi Stewart, Dimick B. Huntington, and John D. Lee. That James S. Brown was now recommended for an agency shows that Young appreciated the services he had performed during May and June in making contact with Washakie, a difficult and dangerous mission. Soon after writing these remarks, Brigham Young wrote in his History, "Learning that the principal chief of the Shoshones had invited Elder James Brown to go into his lodge and remain and identify himself with them, I wrote to Brother Brown counseling him by all means to do so, for it was what was needed and the very purpose for which the mission was established. The hand of God was in it. So that we could gain influence with the tribe to make them peaceable and do them good." (History of Brigham Young, 1854, p. 64, quoted in L. D. S. Journal History, July 18, 1854.)

ing to me, and highly beneficial to all parties concerned, if you would appoint John D. Lee, and Isaac Bullock.⁷⁶

I presume you will extend to Utah all the facilities in your power, to enable her population to be benefitted, at the earliest practicable date, by such treaty regulations with her tribes as the liberality of Congress may provide.

Accompanying this my Report, I forward the vouchers from No. 1. to 10. inclusive, the a/c Current, and the abstract for the 4th Quarter, ending June 30th, 1854, and amounting to \$2185 08/100.

Trusting that the official papers now forwarded will be found just, correct, & satisfactory. . . .

XXVII

2D LIEUT. H. B. FLEMING, COMDG. FORT LARAMIE, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED FORT LARAMIE, AUG. 15, 1854⁷⁷

Sir

A copy of a letter has been sent me requesting me to forward the same to you for your decision thereon. There has been a great deal of trouble between the Mountain Men and the Mormons for some time past, which has resulted in the death of several persons on both sides. The Mountain Men have wives and children among the Snake Indians, and therefore claim the right to the Green River country in virtue of the grant given them by the Indians to whom the country belongs; as no treaty has yet been made to extinguish their title—The Mormons, on the other hand, claim jurisdiction over the country, paramount to all Indian titles, in virtue of it being in Utah Territory.

Now, the question, in issue, appears to me this; since the country lies in the Territory of Utah, have the Mormons or have they not the right to dispose of the country to settlers, to dispose of its resources, revenues, and finally everything in the country or exercise judicial power over revenues before the *actual Indian Title* has been extinguished

These questions have been and are now agitated among the people of the new Territories—have caused a great deal of trouble

76. Bullock subsequently became probate judge of Green River County. He led to Fort Supply the second company sent there, which arrived close on the heels of the first, Nov. 26, 1853. The company consisted of 53 men, and brought 190 head of cattle.

77. F/117-1854. The questions raised in this and the document following were on September 15, 1854, referred by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior. The Interior files in the National Archives do not indicate that any reply was ever made.

and will cause more unless permanently settled by proper authority. Since the large emigration to Oregon and California, the Ferries, Bridges, &c., have been profitable investments.

Your decision in this case I consider of great importance as it is time such things were settled and unnecessary blood-shed saved by placing the right where it properly belongs. Both parties contend for the right & I might add I think both equally honest in their convictions

Enclosed I forward the letter for your decision. . . .

XXVIII

JOHN M. HOCKADAY TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER
OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY,
JUNE 17, 1854⁷⁸

Sir,

Whereas the Boundaries of Green River County in the Territory of Utah were defined and attached to Great Salt Lake County for "Election, revenue, and Judicial purposes" by a special act of the legislature of said Territory approved March the 3rd 1852, and was detached from said Great Salt Lake County by another act of said Legislature approved January 13th 1854, and is now organized with its Judiciary and officers and lies in the first Judicial District of the United States Court for said Territory and;⁷⁹

Whereas an act was passed by said Legislature, approved January 17th 1853, Granting a Charter Unto Daniel H. Wells Esqr the right to Erect Ferries for the Conveyance of stock waggons, Passengers &c Over Green River in said County of Green River in said Territory, on the lands claimed, by the tribe of Shoshone Indians,⁸⁰ and which said Charter or Right of erecting ferries has been transferred by said Wells to others and at present Capt. W. J. Hawley, James H. Jones & John Kerr (of the firm of Jones &

78. Enclosure in Fleming to Manypenny, F/117-1854, Document XXVII. The copy transmitted by Hockaday himself is H/628-1854.

79. The citations are *Laws of Utah*, 1852, pp. 162-164; and *ibid.*, 1854, pp. 259-260.

80. *Compiled Laws of Utah*, 1855, Chapter L, pp. 237-238. The charter required Wells to pay into the treasury of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company 10 per cent. of all proceeds; the right to the Green River ferries was granted to him for three years, from and after May 15, 1853. Wells was expected to maintain ferries "at two of the most convenient and safe places of crossing," i.e., on the Sublette Cutoff and on the Salt Lake road. Subsequently, by an act of the Utah Legislature approved Dec. 27, 1855, Isaac Bullock and Lewis Robison were granted the exclusive right and privilege of ferries across Green river . . . for the space of three years from and after the 15th day of May, A. D. 1856. (*Laws of Utah*, 1856, pp. 16-17.) Thus they succeeded Daniel H. Wells as the statutory owners of the Green River ferry rights. Robison became more or less the pro-

Kerr) Frances M Russell & John M. Russell are proprietors of said Ferries (the said Charter Expiring on the 15th day of May A D 1856) And:

Whereas the said Shoshone's are displeased with the said granting of such Charter, and being in Possession of "white men" not married into their nation or tribe and Claim the right, and Jurisdiction of Granting or giving the land, timber, River and the Right of erecting Ferries, to whom they please, Claiming all as belonging to them on their Lands, in said Green River County and that they have given the said River and the right of erecting Ferries on the same to the white men that have married Squaws of their tribe, and have children among them and which said Ferries or the right thereof said white men claim, contending that there has been no treaty made with the Indians and that the land, Timber Rivers &c legally belongs to them, until purchased of them by treaty with the U States Government. and that the Legislature of the Territory of Utah, have no right or authority to grant such Charters on Indian lands; but are willing to submit the same to the decision of the legal and constituted authority at Washington City,

Now in Order to allay all excitement or ill feeling that may exist in the heart of said Indians or White men at the present time in regard to said Ferries, and to conduce to peace now and hereafter, we sent this letter of Enquiry to you, that we may have your honorable opinion or decision of the same, Whether or not the said Legislature of Utah, have the right to Grant Charters for Ferries on Green River, or any other Rivers or waters in said Territory, w[h]ether in organized Counties or not, where said Rivers and lands are claimed by the Indians. If said Legislature have not, we wish to be informed and have the matter In dispute settled at the Proper Department and an answer returned at as as [sic] early a day as possible and to which decision all concerned will cheerfully submit. . . .

John M. Hockaday

N. B. Selected by the parties to address you this letter of Enquiry

N. B. Please direct your answer to the Commanding officer at Fort Laramie—⁸¹

prietor of Fort Bridger after buying from Louis Vasquez, on August 3, 1855, the claim of Bridger and Vasquez. (The records concerning the purchase of Fort Bridger are in the Salt Lake County Clerk's Office, "Records," Book B, pp. 68, 125-28.) Alfred Cumming, who succeeded Brigham Young as Governor of Utah Territory, was averse to the granting of special privileges in the shape of herdgounds, ferries, etc., and in 1859 all such special grants were repealed.

81. This document is the primary source of information on the ownership of the Mormon ferries or ferry at this particular time. Hawley may

have taken over the ferry in the spring of 1854, at which time a reinforcement was sent out to the Fort Supply mission and steps taken to organize Green River County, to give the Mormons better political control over it. Hosea Stout's diary interestingly develops this background. Stout left Great Salt Lake City, in a company which included Orson Hyde and William A. Hickman, on May 1, and arrived at Fort Supply May 7, finding it "the most forbidding and godforsaken place I have ever seen for an attempt to be made for a settlement & judging from the altitude I have no hesitancy in predicting that it will yet prove a total failure but the brethren here have done a great deal of labor." His diary continues:

[May 9.] Judge [W. I.] Appleby organized the County of Green River by appoi[nt]ing Robert Alexander Clerk of Probate Court, W. A. Hickman Sheriff also assessor and Collector as well as prosecuting attorney. He also appointed the other requisite County officers, after which Isaac Bullock, James Brown, Elijah Ward and James Davis were appointed to go to the Shoshonee Indians to assure them of our good wishes and feelings towards them also to allay the prejudice which some unprincipled mountaineers had raised against us after the council was over we celebrated the inauguration of the newly appointed officers in the usual way. . . .

[May 10] Elder Hyde, John Leonard, Ute Perkins & John Fawcett left about noon for Great Salt Lake City

[May 11] . . . Captain Hawley arrived this evening meeting Hyde & co at sulphur Creek. They were undoubtedly under forced march In fact Elder Hyde seems to [have] an invincible repugnance to Fort Supply.

[May 12] . . . Some six waggons started to Green River ferry to day. . . .

[May 14] Crossed Ham's Fork which we had to ferry in Hawley's Skiff Here we found Mr Shockley's waggon loaded with alcahal and other things This we all knew what to do with so after helping ourselves we took his waggon on with us some 4 or 5 miles and camped soon after which Shockley & Russell came after their wagon, both very glad that we had brought it along for with[out] Hawley's skiff they could not have crossed Ham's fork. Bullock & company also came and put up with us on their way to the Shoshonees so all was well now & plenty of good company.

[May 15] . . . we arrived at Russell's [after] Baiting with Batise at twelve Here at Russell's is where Huntington & Co. commenced a Settlement in 1852 which was wisely abandoned afterwards.

[May 16] . . . moved two miles down the River to the Mormon Crossing of Green River Ferry and ferried our traps & wagon across in Hawley's skiff Here was three log buildings in which we took possession of shielding us only a little from the Storms for they were in a bad condition. . . . Nearly all the mountaineers came to day to pay us our first visit

[May 18] . . . Mr Hawley put his rope across the river and Joseph Busby came from Weber ferry to commence suit against Bridger & Lewis in a matter pertaining to Ham's fort ferry last year wherein all three were partners.

[May 19] Attending legal business Joseph Busby vs James Bridger & Suece Louis. A large company of Bannack indians crossed the river to day. . . .

[May 27] . . . Hickman & Hawley started their teams to Hams Fork with a boat to start a ferry at that point.

[May 28] . . . The Mountaineers as usual throng in here to day drinking swearing & gambling.

[May 29] Law suit before Judge Appleby. John H. Bigler vs F. M. Russel administrator of the estate of saml. M. Caldwell deced in Replevin for the recovery of a mare Hickman was council for plaintiff & myself for Defence Judgement no cause of action & const apportioned equally.

The day was wound up in hard drinking & gambling. . . .

[May 30] Squalls & hard wind, cold and uncomfortable while we are all shivering around in these miserable old log huts and suel & Winters are quite sick & I have took up my boarding with Hawley. He has returned from Ham's Fork having started the ferry there

[June 1] Bullock, Brown, Ward & Davis came here this evening on their return from their mission to the Shoshonees.

They report the indians somewhat ill disposed but some were friendly & expect some of them here in a few days. . . .

[June 6] Suit of Busby V. Bridger & Lewis came up to day at ten a. m. I was on the part of the plaintiff & Hickman for Defence This was an interesting trial which terminated in a judgement against the defendants for 540 dollars & about 75 dollars cost.

An appeal was called for by Plff. which was however was waived afterwards and Mr Bovee who was an agent for Bridger & Mr Hawley give bonds for the payment of judgement and costs in ten days.

The day was wound up according to custom by fiddling, drinking & gambling in Earl's & McDonald's grocery and finally about 11 o'clock in the night wound up by two of the party's having a knock down The fact is our place is improving fast. Earl & McDonald. has a grocery and gambling table both well patronized every law day Hawley another grocery & Blazzard a Brewery, so when Emmeigration & law gets in full blow every body can be accommodated

[June 8] . . . Emmeigrants are coming and crossing

[June 9] The Judge and officers of court are busily engaged repairing to miserable log house which we occupy for a Court house. Vasques & Strongfellow arrived bringing the report that Mr James Bridger was left by them very sick & not expected to live. He was some where on the Missouri river.

[June 11] . . . Benjamin Hawley returned from Salt Lake bringing Hickman's & McDonald's wives. Hitherto only two women, Hawley's wife & daughter-in-law were the only women who graced our society. This in a company of some twenty Mormons seems to be verging into a state little short of *Modern* Christianity but since we have been blessed with two more female arrivals the aspect of our society seems to brighten

[June 12] . . . one man drowned at Kinney's ferry [which was 9.92 miles above the Pioneer or Mormon ferry; see the *Deseret News*, Oct. 24, 1855]. . . .

[June 15] Mr Elisha Ryan with some seven Shoshonee Indians arrived here. There is several lodges of shoshonee's been encamped here several days. In the after noon we had a regular talk with Ryan, as chif, and his braves He said he was sent by the Head Chief to learn what our intentions were. Whether we intended to take their land & if so whether peaceably or not. What was the feelings of the General Government & also Governor Young and the mormons, towards them. That they did not want their timber cut or have houses built on their land nor have settlements established. That if we did not and were friendly all was well for they desired to live in peace with all men but at the same time they would not allow any infringement on their lands.

That they had given Green River to him the said Ryan and those mountaineers who had married shoshonee wives. They complained

bitterly about the general government neglecting them in never making a treaty with them and not sending men to trade for their skins and furs &c Ryan said he had been robbed of his last bottom dollar (referring to the suit against him last year) That he considered this land his own and no one had a right to keep a ferry here but himself and those who had married shoshonee wives. He said he [had] nothing against the mormons as a people but had against those individuals who robbed him last year, and many such things spake he. . . .

[June 16] . . . Another talk with Ryan and his braves

He claims all the ferrys on Green River in the most positive terms, denying the right of the Legislature of Utah to grant a legal charter without the consent of the shoshonees who own the land. He does not quite threaten hostilities but at the same time says he will have it and seems to want us to understand that he has the power to redress his own grievances, and offers to arbitrate his claim by referring his right & the right of the ferry company to Chief of the Indian Beureau at Washington which Hawley agrees to do on the part of the company.

The conditions of this I will not relate.

He agrees to have another meeting and grand talk in about fifteen days. . . .

[June 17] Ryan on the part of those who claim Green River on the one part & Jones, Russells, and Hawley on the part of the company entered into bonds of 50.000 dollars to abide the result of the arbitration and Ryan gives bond to the same amount to keep the Indians peaceable in the mean time. . . .

[June 18] . . . The *plot thickens* and a considerable excitement Mr F. M. Russell came this morning complaining that Ryan had broke his treaty or arbritration and had attempted to take forcible possession for the ferry at Kinney and had made an attempt to cut the rope Judge Appleby issued a writ for him but while this was going on Mr Shockley came express reporting that Ryan being joined by eight other mountaineers had actually taken possession of the ferry and was crossing Emmegrants and taking their money. The writ was however given to Mr Hickman the sheriff who with a *possee* of six men besides Russell & Shockley started after Ryan. The excitement quite well got up now. When the sheriff arrived at Kinney's he found Ryan in a sound drunken sleep.

Ryan was drunk when he took the ferry so after occupying untill the sober second thought returned he gave up the ferry & money he had taken & fell quietly asleep.

Circumstances being thus & Ryan agreeing to behave in future those on the part of the ferry concluded to drop the matter and the excitement ended without smoke

And thus ended the Sabbath day on Green River.

[June 21] Ryan & company executed the affrsaid bonds. . .

[June 23] . . . Sokoper a Shoshonee Chief came. Another big talk. He don't want his timber cut or his land settled but says his heart is good towards us.

[June 26] . . . Judge Appleby & several others went to Kinney's to the sale of the property of the Estate of Caldwell.

[June 30] Wash-a-keek the Head chief of the Shoshonees and another Indian came. He was not here long before he became intoxicated when he acted very bad but when sober he professed to be all very good. He left mad creating considerable excitement.

[July 1] Hawley moved two waggon loads over the river & *cached* his liquor for fear the indians might come & get drunk and

XXIX.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 30, 1854.⁸²

Sir,

I transmit by the Mail of the 1st proximo, the vouchers numbered 1 to 17 inclusive, the account Current and the abstract for the first quarter ending at date, amounting to \$4176 61 1/2 /100 and report of employees, together with this my quarterly report now due.

Since my Report, the Indian tribes in this Superintendency have observed peaceful relations towards the whites and each other with two exceptions so far as I am informed. A few reckless Indians in Cedar Valley unprovokedly killed two whites who had gone to the Kanyon for wood. Some friendly Indians succeeded (in accordance with agreements previously entered into) in capturing two of the murderers, and delivered them up to the U. S. Marshal.

They had a fair and impartial trial before the U. S. District Court of the District where the deed was committed, Hon Leonidas Shaver presiding Judge, were sentenced to be hung, and were executed accordingly.⁸³

In addition to killing those two men, a few of the small bands of Utahs at Provo, and Nephi are at times very ugly in their conduct and conversation, frequently taking garden vegetables, wheat &c. not only without leave, or compensation of any kind, but insolently in the presence of the owners, occasionally shooting cattle, and often threatening.

This course on their part makes it very difficult to restrain the feelings natural to American citizens, and induce them to realize the ignorance and degradation of the red men, and preserve peaceful relations; and how suddenly gross aggravation on the one hand, and a hasty retaliation on the other, may result in bloodshed and rapine is not always foreseen.

thereby create a difficulty. Several left for home [1] among the rest. . . .

[July 6] Went to Weber [River] which we found barely fordable But we crossed on the boat. Here I paid Joseph Busby 283 dollars and 55 cents of the [money] collected for him of Bridger & suice. . . . The better-known accounts of this period by James S. Brown and William Hickman may be read in comparison. The Hosea Stout diary is quoted from a typewritten copy in the WPA Collection of the Utah State Historical Society. See also A. L. Siler's letter of May 19, 1854, in the *Deseret News*, June 22, 1854.

82. U/39-1854.

83. The hanging of these two Indians for the killing of the Weeks brothers in Cedar Valley was the first execution under judicial process performed in the Territory of Utah.

It is obvious that means are necessary, and that too in at least a *just* proportion, to enable me to carry out the Pacific designs of the government towards its red children, and it would seem reasonable that the accounts of this Superintendency be audited and paid promptly, and with all that liberality towards any unknown, or accidental & immaterial informality which can be consistent with Justice, and well established usage.

Last week a small party of Shoshones fell upon some Utahs near Provo City, killed four and wounded a few, and after some skirmishing and having two of their party wounded, returned to their usual camping grounds. The Shoshones made this attack when searching for some of their Horses which they said the Utahs had stolen. Such outbreaks will sometimes occur, notwithstanding the most vigilant effort to the contrary, unless force be resorted to, which I have invariably deemed it most prudent to avoid, even against the anxious desires of each party for us to side with them.⁸⁴

Finding the Indians in Iron and Washington Counties naked, peaceful, and disposed to cultivate the arts of peace, I forwarded a small amount of plain clothing, cheap and substantial, to be distributed among them as per accounts now rendered, and which I feel to say, are at the lowest reasonable total for their real necessities at the time.

On the 1st Inst at their earnest solicitation I made a short visit to some chiefs, and quite a company of Shoshones who had assembled just north of Ogden City. They were very friendly and appeared well pleased, and highly gratified with the presents my Judgment dictated as suitable for the circumstances, & their condition and feelings.⁸⁵

It affords me pleasure to commend the faithfulness and vigilance of the Employees in this Superintendency, and to congratulate the Department upon the beneficial results to the natives, notwithstanding the limited amount of facilities & means with which to operate.

84. It is more probable that these Shoshoni came from the northern part of Utah than that they were Wyoming Shoshoni. Some frictions involving the latter are, however, intimated by the *Deseret News* of July 20, 1854: "Our red neighbors remain friendly towards the whites; but there are rumors of slight disturbances, and one or two small fights between the Green River Snakes and the Uinta Utahs." For a fuller account of the Provo fight, see Almon W. Babbitt's letter, Sept. 26, 1854, in the *St. Louis Luminary*, Nov. 22, 1854.

85. James S. Brown, *op. cit.*, p. 346, back from the Green River country for the winter, describes this visit to what he calls "Chief Catalos' camp of Shoshones, four miles north of Ogden." Another account is found in the *Deseret News*, Sept. 7, 1854. Elsewhere the chief's name is given as Katat or Ka-tat-o, and he is termed chief of the Shoshoni bands of northern Utah.

It would materially facilitate my operations if the Department would transmit official blanks.

I have drawn upon the Department in favor of the Hon John M. Bernhisel, Utah Delegate, for the sum of \$4176 61 1/2 /100.

Trusting that these papers will be found in due form and receive audit & allowance conformable with the position of business upon reception. . . .

XXX

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 30, 1855⁸⁶

Sir,

Herewith I forward my accounts for the Quarter ending the 30th of June/55.

The Indians are universally quiet, and many appear inclined to work, and raise Grain, although, the Grasshoppers, and low stage of water, in all the Streams used for irrigation, affords but poor encouragement the present season.

The Shoshones have expressed a desire to commence farming operations next spring, and have solicited me to make a location for them, which I intend to do, this season, probably in the month of August.⁸⁷

I have met several of the bands of Utahs, the present season, during my tour to the Southern part of the Territory; they all seem friendly disposed, though considerable fault is found by them, in regard to not paying them for the use of their lands, although they have universally acknowledged that they were essentially benefitted by the settlements being made among them. It is not an unfrequent occurrence, to see an Indian driving team, and performing other common labor in the Southern Settlements, nor Indian children playing with those of the inhabitants; clothed, fed and Schooled the same as their own.

The idea of cultivating the earth, for a subsistence, gains slowly among them, for it is very adverse to there habit of idleness; still their necessities reason strong with them, and furnish forcible

86. U/48-1855.

87. Somewhat more precisely, George A. Smith wrote on June 20, 1855, in a letter from Great Salt Lake City to the editor of *The Mormon*, "The Indians are very quiet, and are disposed to learn to raise grain. Wa-she-kik has sent a request to Governor Young to select him a farm on Green River, as he is unacquainted with farming. He is anxious to farm, as game is scarce." (*L. D. S. Millennial Star*, vol. XVII, p. 636.) The contact with Washakie was made by James S. Brown early in June, 1855; Brown found the chief in the upper Green River Valley, apparently on the heads of Horse Creek. Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 350-368.

reasons why, they, should pursue the peaceful avocations of Agriculture, raising Stock &c, for a subsistence, instead of longer following in the habits of savage barbarity, idleness, and war, to which they have so long been accustomed.

In many places, however, they may be said simply to exist without either hunting or war; wikeup, or Lodge, utensils, or clothing of any kind. This Class are a constant prey to other more warlike bands, who steal their children; they possessing no means of defence, seek their safety in flight, & concealment; they live upon roots insects, and seeds gathered from a Kind of Tmisquit grass, which yeilds quite bountifully. Indians of this description remain in their localities, and until hunted up and meet the traveler, have never seen white men, they are mostly to be found bordering upon the Deserts, and are called Diggers.

I am happy in informing you that the Indians on the Humboldt, or Marys River, are more peacefully inclined than heretofore; they have not committed any depredations of importance upon travelers this season so far as has come to my Knowledge. Although, I heard, during my recent trip North, that two or three Indians have been inhumanly Killed by California Emigrants, but I hope that it may not result disastrously to succeeding traveling.

The Pah-vante Indians, who inhabit Millard County, are much inclined to go to work, owing principally to the influence of their young Chief Kenosha, who has long sought to bring about this result. Ken-osha, is quite young, and many of the Old warriors of his tribe do not like the idea of labor, hence, he meets with more, or less difficulty, in his laudable endeavors of introducing such of them, an extreme innovation.

He has some Stock, over which he exercises great care, and begins to realize, the benefit accruing therefrom. Arrow-pin, the Newly elected Chief of the roving band of the Utahs, is also, more or less, engaged in raising Stock, but careless about Agriculture, as his Stock can travel with him in his wanderings; nevertheless, he is extremely gratified, as was also his brother, late Chief Capt. Walker, in having grain Sown, Cultivated, and harvested by the inhabitants for them, which has been done every Season in most of the Settlements, more especially South. There should be an agency established in the Uinta Valley, or thereabouts, as the Indians of that region are frequently brought into collision with different tribes, by seeking trade with the mountain men, inhabiting in the vicinity of Green River. Its impossible to establish such agencies, in a manner to accomplish much good without some means to commence with. In order to have anything successful, there should be means to build a Fort, some *carols*, furnish farming utensils, teams, some oxen, & cows, & wagons; as also some provision, and Clothing.

If an arrangement of this Kind could be made, it would soon

induce more, or less families of whites to settle there also, which would soon prove beneficial in rendering assistance to the Sub Agent who would have charge, and be greatly instrumental in exercising a beneficial influence among the natives.

This location would contain the Uinta Utahs, the Elk Mountain Utahs, Yampa Utahs, and would be convenient to the main tribe of the Shoshones, who inhabit farther north, but sometimes frequent in that region. Not having personally examined as yet for a location, for a farm, for the Shoshones, I cannot speak with as much certainty, as I shall be able to, after my return from my contemplated visit in August; but I expect to find a suitable place for their farming operations near Green River, in the direction of Fort Supply, at which place grain was raised last year, and a tolerable fair prospect of raising some this.

So far as I can at present determine, the Shoshones, or Snakes, number about 300 Lodges, but they, as well, as the Utahs, Cumum-bahs, Piedes, Pah Utahs, Pav-Vants and Diggers are so broken up into small bands, that it is impossible to tell with any degree of accuracy their numbers.⁸⁸

As the settlements extend, and the people make more explorations, as before remarked, Bands are found, who have never before seen White men.

I received pr last Mail, a request for estimates for the appropriation of Forty five thousand dollars in which letter it was also observed, that a similar request had previously been made, but not Complied with. I have only to state, that the desired estimate was made, and forwarded to the Department via of Independence, and Duplicates via of California in January 1st 1855.

Immediately after the receipt of your last letter, a Triplicate Copy was made out, and forwarded by last Mail, some of which

88. In conformance with these views, the L. D. S. Journal History, under date of Nov. 30, 1854, records: "During this month I [Brigham Young] wrote to Washakee and Katat, two Shoshone chiefs, advising them to not let their people divide into small parties, as their enemies would have more power to injure them, also advised them to not depend on hunting for a living, but to settle on good localities where they could raise grain, and I would send them men to teach them the arts of husbandry and civilization."

James S. Brown says that on Oct. 10 he received a letter from Orson Hyde "stating that Governor Young wished me to go on a mission among the Shoshones that winter. I answered the call, but when I got to Salt Lake City, on the way, it had been learned that the Indians had gone out so far into the buffalo country that it was not advisable for me to follow them. . . ." (*Op. cit.*, pp. 346-347.)

Other events of the winter pertaining to various Snake bands are not reflected in the Superintendency records, especially some trouble with the Shoshoni in the Ogden area. For some account of these, see D. B. Huntington's letter of Dec. 5, 1854, in the *Deseret News*, Dec. 21, 1854; Wilford Woodruff's journal entry for Dec. 3, 1854, printed in the *News of Dec. 28*; Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 347-350, and Hickman, *op. cit.*, p. 105.

I presume you have received. If you have not, and no movement has yet been made, in regard to that matter, it is rather late to make much out of it this season. If the funds could now be placed, at the disposal of some Agent, or person authorized to hold the treaty with the Indians, and expend the appropriation, it would be none too soon to effectually bring the business to a bearing another year.

The goods wanted, as set forth in the estimate, would have to be brought from St Louis, and it is too late now, to make a successful operation of that matter this season. The goods could probably be obtained here but it would be at such an advance, that it would be much better, and far more economical to purchase them in St Louis, and freight them out.

I cannot in justice to my feelings, conclude my Report, without expressing my sentiments in relation to the true policy to be exercised towards the Indians, to keep them friendly, and slowly, but surely lead them to adopt a more peaceful, industrious, useful, and civilized existence. I am also happy to learn, that my views, opinions, & policy upon this subject, so intimately correspond with yours. To feed, and clothe them, is not only much cheaper; more humane, but far the most effectual, and if rigidly adhered to must make its impression, and eventually be successful.

It is with profound regret, that I witness the preparations for waging war upon the Sioux; they have generally, I might almost say, always, manifested the greatest friendship toward the Whites. In all of our intercourse with them, (and it has been considerable within the last nine years,) we have ever felt safe in their country, and had the most convincing proofs of their friendly disposition toward the Whites.

In all their depredations which have come to my knowledge, (with perhaps the single exception of the attack upon the mail, last September,) they have been strongly incited thereto by some mismanagement, or wrong on the part of the whites. And so far as regards that particular instance, I have no doubt, but that those who were actually guilty of the act could be brought to justice which would be much better than to visit wholesale destruction upon all alike, both the innocent, and guilty. Indeed I find, that in all such cases, the guilty are the most apt to escape. I do not entertain a doubt, but all the difficulty with those Indians could be amicably arranged, leaving a much better & more favorable, and lasting impression of friendship without, than with the aid of Military force. You will please excuse me, for thus deviating from my subject, but while seeking a location in 1846 & 7. and at various times then, and since, not only myself, but hundreds, and thousands, of others, not only citizens of this Territory, but emigrants to Oregon, and California, having experienced not only friendship, but hospitality, and protection, which rude though it might be, nevertheless, being genuine and efficient, seemed to

require a word in their favor from me; which, although, it may be considered obtrusive, and make nothing in their behalf, will still be an abiding satisfaction to me.

I understand that your influence has been, and is enlisted adversely to hostile operations against the Sioux. I can only say, may you be successful, in restraining the horrors of war, and the shedding of innocent blood, of the native tribes, to cry like *Abel's* for vengeance from the native soil.

In carrying out the policy indicated by you, and I beleive by many other influential members of the Government, for the extension of good to the native tribes; also securing their friendship, and peaceful disposition to the frontier settlements, traveler, and passing emigrant, you may confidently rely upon my most cordial Co-operation.

I have forwarded by this mail to your address George W. Armstrong's bond which I hope you will duly receive. His papers, or quarterly Returns, have not come to hand. Doctor Hurt's the Indian Agent came in too late to be examined at this office, to be forwarded by this mail.

Hoping that my a/cs may be found satisfactory. . . .

XXXI

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED UTAH TERRITORY, GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 29, 1855⁸⁹

Sir: It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the steadily increasing success of the pacific policy, which you so properly and ably direct and advocate should be invariably pursued towards the red men, most wisely considering their degraded and ignorant condition, and advocating a course not only the least expensive to the general government, but the only one that promises any success in ameliorating the circumstances of a race who have long been a prey and enigma to their brethren, the whites.

As an incontestible proof of the last assertion, and an argument which you can use without fear of successful contradiction, the natives within Utah's borders are universally at peace among themselves, also with their white neighbors and the passing travellers; have begun to bend their unwilling backs to the useful toil of the laborer and husbandman, and realize the benefits thereof; and all this has been accomplished at far less expense than has

89. The original of this letter not being found in the Superintendency files—a usual circumstance when a letter has been printed—the text is derived from the version in the Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1855, 34th Congress, 1st Session, *Senate Executive Document v*, Part I (Serial 810), pp. 515-517.

ever been incurred under anything like similar circumstances. The force of this comparison, and the small amount disbursed for the attainment of such rapid beneficial and flattering results, will be readily appreciated by yourself and by all who are in the least familiar with the great number of numerous, wild, and unusually degraded tribes claiming this Territory for their home, few of whom, until quite recently, had ever seen the abodes of civilization.

True, the cheap rates at which these results have been attained have to be debited with the large amount of expense to our population accruing through the begging and thefts of the original settlers; yet, with this sum added, I am sanguine in the belief that Utah would compare much to her credit, in expenditures and results, by the side of any other portion of our extensive territories; and I can but trust that your honor, and all candid men, will at once subscribe to the correctness of my briefly expressed though firm belief.

The hitherto small amount of expenditures; the expectation (rightfully, perhaps,) raised in the minds of the Mary's River Indians by Major Hurt's predecessor; the general understanding of the various tribes, through some source, that a large appropriation had long ago been made for the purpose of making treaties with them, and the actual extensive occupancy of their lands, will easily account for what might otherwise be deemed the large disbursements for the quarter now ending, more especially those made by Agent Garland Hurt; still, after a careful examination of all the accounts and reports now forwarded, I am not able to state in what particular the total could be lessened in justice, and presume the department will come to the same conclusion, and duly honor the corresponding drafts.

I have at different times divided the Territory, and allotted the agents and sub-agents, the last division being by the territorial road running north and south nearly through the centre, which was made on account of its definiteness and to accommodate the officers so far as consistent, all of whom hitherto have preferred to live in this city, with the late exception of Agent G. W. Armstrong, whose residence is at Provo. Death, changes, &c., have caused the last named line to remain until now, but as the present agents bid fair for a greater permanency, another division may ere long be deemed necessary.

On the 7th instant I had the gratification of meeting large bands of Shoshonees (Snakes) and Utahs in council in this city, where they made a "good peace," which I hope will prove lasting.

They came into this city during the latter part of August, had a friendly meeting on the 2d instant, and of course had to be fed and required presents; this I caused to be complied with as economically as my judgment could dictate, as will be seen by a portion of my own and Agent Hurt's vouchers. That you may become cognizant of the minute particulars of this visit, I take the

liberty of forwarding to you Nos. 27 and 28, volume 5, of the *Deseret News*.¹⁰

You will at once perceive that not only myself, but the subordinate officers of this superintendency, find it impossible, as proven by our united best endeavors and judgments, to carry out your admirable policy—which we all most heartily coincide with—except at considerable expense; hence may I not rely upon your powerful mediation with the next Congress for appropriations commensurate with the justice of the case and the magnanimity of our nation?

I take pleasure in forwarding the reports and accompanying papers of Agents Major Garland Hurt⁹¹ and Major G. W. Armstrong, for the quarter ending September 30, 1855, trusting that their suggestions will meet with due consideration, their papers prove every way acceptable, and their accounts be satisfactorily adjusted.

So far as careful supervision gives me information, I am happy in being able to commend the diligence, economy, and success of the few employes under our control.

To prevent future misunderstanding, permit me to enquire whether I have a right to request agents and sub-agents to lodge in my office a copy of their quarterly reports and other documents

90. The enclosure is now lost, but Young had reference to Dimick B. Huntington's two accounts of the treaty-making published in the *News*, and these are consequently made our Document XXXII.

91. The original of Hurt's report is also now lost, but the text is recoverable as in Note 77, pp. 517-521, and some parts of it merit quotation here. Referring to his journey to the Humboldt, Hurt says: "The first Indians we saw after leaving this place [Great Salt Lake City] were a band of the Treaber [Weber] Utes, at Bingham's Fort [near Ogden], numbering about 60 or 70 men, under a chief by the name of Little Soldier, or Showets. We gave them some presents, at which they were much pleased, and soon left for their camps near by. On the evening of the next day we camped at Willow creek, and scarcely had time to unharness, when we discovered, in the distance, a perfect cloud of dust, which we perceived was produced by a large band of Indians coming towards us in a sweeping gallop. In a few minutes they were in camp, when we discovered them to be a band of Shoshonees, or Snakes proper, from the Green River country, numbering something over one hundred, who had come over to the mouth of Bear river to fish; and hearing that we were in the neighborhood, said they supposed we had come to give them presents, and I soon saw they were not disposed to leave disappointed. So I gave them all some shirts and tobacco and some bits of calico for their squaws.

"These are a good looking band of Indians, and left a favorable impression of their friendly disposition towards the whites. . . ."

After describing his experiences on the Humboldt and return to Salt Lake City on August 22, Hurt recounts the treaty-making in these terms: ". . . a band of the Shoshonees, or Snakes proper, under a chief by the name of Ti-ba-bo-en-dwart-sa, (white man's friend,) numbering in all about three hundred, who had come to this place, according to previous

of theirs, which the law requires me to examine and forward in addition to the one forwarded, and that remaining in their offices.

Owing to Mr. James Case (farmer for the Sandpitch Indians) having left for the States,⁹² I appointed Mr. Warren Snow in his place on the 2d of July last.

I transmit by the mail of October 1st, proximo, this my report, the account current, abstract return property, and vouchers, from 1 to 15, inclusive, for the quarter ending September 29, 1855; also abstract of employes, and have drawn upon you in favor of the Hon. John M. Bernhisel, Utah delegate, for \$2,949 50, that being the amount shown in the accompanying account current.

Trusting that this report may be found sufficiently explicit, and not tedious through minute detail, and that the accompanying above named papers may prove to be correct in accordance with prescribed requirement. . . .

XXXII.

MEETING OF THE SNAKES AND UTAHS⁹³

By Br. D. B. Huntington we learn that Ti-be-bu-tow-ats (meaning the White man's son, so named, by being made a chief by the

arrangements with the Utahs, for the purpose of holding a treaty with them [visited him on Aug. 24]. And in compliance with your instructions I selected camping ground, and supplied them with provisions, fuel, and some hay for their horses. In a few days they were joined by the Utahs and Cuniumhahs [Cumumbahs], making in all about five hundred souls; and as my expenditures in presents and provisions to them were larger than may be anticipated, it may be necessary to state the reasons which induced me to make them. It was well understood among the Indians of this Territory, as early as last spring, that large appropriations had been made by Congress for the purpose of making presents to and treaties with them. I am not prepared to say how they came in possession of these facts, but they had been looking for something to be done in this way all summer. I perceived that their expectations were up, and that there was no way to avoid making these presents without serious disappointment. The season was passing away and the Indians were anxious to know why these presents did not come. The Snakes complained that they had permitted the white people to make roads through all their lands and travel upon them in safety, use the grass and drink the water, and had never received anything for it, all though the tribes around them had been getting presents. Under these circumstances, I saw no way to retain their confidence but to meet these expectations. And as they have succeeded in making peace among themselves, and renewed their pledges of friendship to the whites, we have reason to hope that harmony will prevail for a season. . . ."

92. The life of James Case would reward investigation. At the time of the Mormon movement west of the Missouri River in 1846, he was a farmer to the Pawnees on the Loup Fork in Nebraska. He joined the Saints, was consequently expelled from his post, and eventually went on to Utah.

93. *Deseret News*, September 12, 1855. The letter by Huntington which follows, dated Sept. 11, 1855, is from the *News* of Sept. 19, 1855.

U. S. Agents at Laramie in 1852.)⁹⁴ one of the Chiefs of the Snake Indians, and Ka-tat-o Chief of the northern Snakes, had come into this city for the purpose of making a treaty with the Utahs; they were met on Sunday 2nd Sept. By T-shar-poo-e-ent (White eye), An-ta-ro Chiefs of the Yampa Utes, Tin-tick, the hereditary chief of the Timp-no-quint band; Sow-i-etts son represented his father and band, Tab-be-, a Chief of Ar-ra-peen's band, and Pe-teet-neet, chief of the Spanish Fork band, accompanied by subordinate chiefs and braves on each side.

The Utes met at the Governors office fully armed with bows and arrows, and guns, at 10 a.m.

The Snakes formed a line opposite the Tabernacle unarmed.

A messenger went from the Utes to tell the Snakes to stop where they were; they tarried awhile and then moved east opposite the Deseret Store, led by D. B. Huntington, Utah and Sho-sho-nee Interpreter, where they encountered the Utes, who formed a line painted black as if for battle, and completely armed in violation of the usual Indian custom of making peace.

Huntington went over and told the Utes to put away their guns, when they dismounted, and all placed their guns against the wall, except Squash and To-ma, and Batieste retained his war spear. When the Utes had laid down their guns, many of them commenced concealing their bows and arrows under their blankets, which Kat-tat-osaw, when he lifted up the pipe of peace towards

94. This is the same assertion James S. Brown made, and which was too easily rejected by Grace Raymond Hebard in her *Washakie*, pp. 82-83. Some further research in the Federal archives seems indicated, to establish under just what circumstances an officer of the government treated with the Shoshoni, or some Shoshoni, at Fort Laramie in 1852. Brown's remarks, when he sought out Washakie somewhere on the upper North Platte on the mission previously referred to, in the spring of 1854, are to the following effect: "Washakie told us that only a few snows before then he was chief of all the Shoshones, and the Indians acknowledged him as such, but he was called to Fort Laramie, to have a talk with the agents of the big father at Washington, and to receive blankets and many other things. There the agents called a quiet, unobtrusive man, who never had been a chief, nor was in the line of chiefs, and designated him as head of the Shoshones, telling the Indians that they must have him as chief, and respect him as such, and that they, the agents, would recognize him in that position, and through him they would do all government business. Then the agents passed out a great quantity of blankets and other Indian goods, through their appointed chief. In this act, the Indians saw that the agents had chosen a favorite of their own, so the red men called him 'Tavendu-wets' (the white man's child), but never recognized him as chief.

"That act of the government agents was the opening wedge to divide the Shoshone tribe into discontented factions, and thereby weaken it. Possibly that was the purpose in view, for before the tribe was very powerful, with a chief at their head unexcelled for bravery, skill and far-sightedness. Chief Washakie was a bold, noble, hospitable, and honorable man. As an orator, I think he surpassed any man I ever met." Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 318-319.

Heaven, as high as he could raise his arm and shouted in a loud voice, "THIS IS THE WEAPON I COME TO FIGHT WITH." At this time Batteiste, the coward, commenced dancing the War dance and singing the War songs in front of his men, and thrusting his spear to the earth. Huntington told the Utes to come and meet the Snakes in peace, when Old Pe-teet-neet started, followed by the other chiefs and braves. On approaching the Snakes, Pet-teet-neet offered Ti-be-bu-tow-ats his hand, who refused to take it. He then raised his own hand towards the Heavens, whereupon Pe-teet-neet did the same, then they solemnly lowered their hands low towards the earth, then raising up looked each other in the eye, eagerly grasped each other by the hand, and then embraced each other in their arms. The several Chiefs then went thro' the same solemn ceremonies.

The Snakes maintained their position in the line, when the Utes passed along the line, measuring arms and shaking hands, and embracing each other. When this portion of the ceremony was done, it was agreed they should adjourn to the encampment of the Snakes, on Union Square. They went promiscuously, and the Utes encamped in D. B. Huntingtons door yard.

The Snakes and Utes then formed two parallel lines, about two rods apart and sat down on the grass. Ka-tat-o and Ti-be-bu-tow-ats then filled the two large pipes with tam-i-nump and tobacco, commenced on the right of the line of the Utes, presenting the pipe to the first man, not allowing him to touch the pipe with his hands; who having smoked until satisfied, the pipe was presented to the next; and thus passed through the entire company. If any one was unaccustomed to smoking, he was excused, by putting his right hand on the shoulder of the Snake, and drawing it slowly down his arm and along the pipe.

After the Snakes had passed the pipe to all the Utes, Pe-teet-neet and Tin-tick presented the pipe to the Snakes in like manner. They spent the remainder of the day in eating and refreshing.

Great Salt Lake City, Sept. 11, 1855.

Editor of the News—Dear Sir:—

On Friday, Sept. 7, Ar-ra-pine, or Senioroach, the Utah Chief in Walker's place, came into the city to make a treaty of peace with Ti-be-bu-tow-ats, the Chief of the Snakes. The Utahs were about thirty in number, the Snakes about sixty.

The Utahs called at the Governor's Office to pay him a visit: the Snakes on hearing of their arrival, came up in line in the usual manner of receiving each other, singing as usual. When Ar-ra-pine heard them singing, he said it was not good that they should sing the war song: I went out and told the Snakes to stop their singing, when Ar-ra-pine requested me to go out with him.

We met the Snakes in front of T. S. Williams & Co.'s store. I introduced the two chiefs to each other, and after shaking hands, Ar-ra-pine took the Snake chief in his arms and gave him a tremendous hug, and raised him clear from the ground.

They went through the usual compliment of shaking hands and then repaired to the Temple Block, and were seated under the bowery to smoke until the Governor should come to talk to them. I seated the two tribes in front of each other. Ar-ra-pine took the presidency of the meeting, and having requested the citizens to be seated, he called upon all his men to raise their hands toward Heaven as a token or covenant of peace. They did so twice; all the Utahs then knelt down, and Ar-ra-pine made a lengthy prayer. He prayed like unto the ancients, for his wives and children, flocks and herds, and for all that he could think of.

The pipe of peace was passed around until the Governor arrived, when Ar-ra-pine requested all who wanted to speak to do so, reserving his own until the last. Several spoke on both sides, expressing a desire to be on friendly terms with each other. The Governor gave them some good counsel.

It was agreed that the Utahs should visit the Snakes, encamped on Union Square, and the Snakes agreed to take their lodges and move about four miles south, to where the Utahs were encamped.

The Indian Agent, Dr. Garland Hurt, kindly furnished them provisions, and gave the Utahs some presents; they appeared to be well satisfied. I visited the encampment the next day; they were enjoying themselves well. They say they have not had so good a treaty for twenty years.

Ar-ra-pine has just returned from the Navijos, and reports that they have raised a good crop of corn this season. He has established friendly relations between the Navijos and the Elk Mountain Utahs, and is doing much to reconcile the different tribes and bands to each other, teaching them to cultivate friendship with the whites.

The Utes and Snakes have agreed to meet on White River, and hunt buffalo together this winter.

Yours respectfully,
D. B. Huntington, Interpreter.

XXXIII

GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, INDIAN AGENT, TO BRIGHAM YOUNG,
SUPT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED PROVO, DEC. 31, 1855⁹⁵

Sir,

In compliance with the regulations of the Indian Department, I have the honour to forward this my report for the Second Quarter of the fiscal year beginning December 31st 1855.

95. A/38-1856.

Since my last report and in compliance with your recommendation I have visited a portion of the Shoshonee or Snake Indians. As I was informed by good authority that Wash-a-keek the chief of this tribe was camped on Green River or near that point I left this city on the 3^d of October for the purpose of meeting him and his band at Fort Supply, a white settlement about fifteen miles South west of Fort Bridger having previously sent word to him that I would be at that place on or about the 10th of October. On the morning of the 9th about 8 o'clock I was met by an Express from Fort Bridger informing me that Fort Supply was Surrounded by a Hostile band of Indians and that they had threatened to burn the Fort and also threatened the lives of the citizens; desiring me at the Same time to make all possible haste and render what assistance was in my power. I complied with his request and made all possible haste to Fort Bridger which is Situated immediately on the main road to the place of excitement. When I arrived at the Fort I found Considerable alarm at that place in consequence of the various reports that was in circulation concerning the hostility manifested by the Indians against the people of Fort Supply. After making various enquiries I deemed it unsafe to take my wagons containing the property belonging to Government along with me to the place of excitement as I thought my guard was not sufficiently strong to defend it in case of an attack (only nine men) and as there was none at Fort Bridger that could be spared I concluded to place the property inside of this fort leaving two of my men in charge and proceed with the balance on horses to Fort Supply. Before leaving, however, I was informed that the Indians on learning by Some means or other that a Government Agent would be at Fort Supply that day, had left and had camped on a small stream known as Smith's Fork a tributary of [Blacks Fork of] Green River about eight miles east of the Fort. I afterwards concluded to venture into the Indian camp before going to the Fort having procured at Fort Bridger the very best Sho-sho-nee Interpreter that could be found. When within sight of the Indian camp I was met by a half breed splendidly attired in Indian costume who spoke very good English and who gave the camp a sign that something very unusual was at hand by galloping his horse round making a circle three times, then bringing him suddenly to a halt. He spoke in a very co[u]rteous manner and informed me that the chief was at his lodge. I was met by the chief Te-boo-in-dowetsey who was informed by the Interpreter that I was an Agent of the Government of the United States, he extended his hand in a friendly manner and bid me welcome to his camp. I learned that this was only a small portion of Wash-a-keek's band numbering one hundred warriors with their squaws and children and who had been located near Fort Supply during the Summer and fall. I made known to him that I had been informed that a misunderstanding existed between his

band and the inhabitants of Fort Supply and requested him to accompany me to the fort where we could hold a Council and settle the matter satisfactory to both parties. He expressed his willingness to comply with my request and immediately left his camp being attended by thirty of his warriors armed with bows and arrows as a guard. On arriving at the Fort I found all the men under arms (being only fifteen) Supposing the Indians were about to attack the fort, and presuming that myself and guard were mountaineers who had joined them for that purpose. Before arriving at the Fort, however, their picket-guard discovered and informed the fort that we were friends and on arriving we were permitted to enter. I had previously disarmed the Indians and taken possession of their bows and arrows, at the same time assuring the chief that I would be responsible for their Safety. The citizens at my request immediately put away their arms. I then informed them that I wished to hold a council to ascertain the nature and extent of the difficulty. We held a council of about three hours duration and I learned that the Indians had made a demand on the fort for a large quantity of provisions, a demand which the citizens did not and would not comply, in fact the demand was unreasonable and had it been complied with would have left the fort destitute. I would here state that the grasshoppers here as in almost every Section of the Territory had been very destructive to the crops and the wheat which was then standing at this late season of the Year was the result of the Second sowing the first having been entirely destroyed. The Indians asserted that promises had been made to them by the fort that when the crops were harvested that they were to have much the largest portion which the citizens denied, but admitted that they had promised a certain amount which promise they were and had been willing to fulfill. To this the Indians took exceptions and threatened that if their demands were not Complied with to possess themselves at all hazzard with as much as they desired. The citizens informed the Indians that they would resist to the extent of their power any and every attempt to dispossess them of their property. The Indians admitted that they had behaved in a rude manner on several occasions by throwing down fences, riding their horses through the grain, making threats &c against the citizens; they excused themselves, however, by saying, that as the citizens would not do as they had agreed, and as they considered themselves as the rightful owners of the Soil believed themselves justified in doing as they had done. After explanations on both sides had been made I then addressed the Indians at some length showing them the impropriety of their course telling them that the great chief at Washington (the President of the U. S.) should he hear of their conduct would be much displeased and would look upon them as bad Indians. After I had done speaking they expressed through their Chief their determination to renew their

friendship with the people of the fort and promised not to disturb the property of the citizens for the future. I then returned their bows and arrows when they all left for their camp well Satisfied with the proceedings of the Council. They expressed a great desire to see the President and hear him talk. I remained at the fort four days to satisfy myself as to the sincerity of the Indians, they returned several times to see me and manifested the most friendly feelings towards me as well as to the people of the fort. The day previous to leaving them I sent for the entire band and gave them presents at the same time assuring them that if they should renew their hostilities that the President would not send them any more presents and that I would be under the necessity of resorting to measures to enforce peace. I have since been informed on good authority that the Indians have faithfully kept their promise and are now in the Buffaloe country on a hunt. I would here state that the chief who acted as spokesman at the council was Tab-aboo-in-doweteey (or white man's Son) the chief of the band being on a war party with Wash-a-keek in the Crow country. I would also state that this band had not been visited by an Agent nor received any presents from Government. Their presents were distributed by the Chief in a very satisfactory manner, when they all left the fort. The Sho-sho-nee or Snake Indians have heretofore manifested the most friendly feelings towards the emigrants to California, Utah and Oregon in fact they boast that their tribe have never shed the blood of a white man and this is the first difficulty of any magnitude as far as I am informed that ever has taken place between them and the whites. I would further add that the message which I sent Wash-a-Keek did not reach him as he had previously left on a war party against the Crow Indians, Consequently I was disappointed in Seeing him but learn from good authority that his expedition proved very profitable to him as he has taken about seventy five horses and a large amount of skins and furs from the Crows. Many of the Sho-sho-nee Indians expressed a great desire to be instructed in farming having learned by the example of the white man that it is much better to raise their bread than to depend upon the chase for their Subsistence. I regret that I did not see Wash-a-keek as I have since learned that he expressed a great desire to see me on hearing that I had visited Fort Supply for the purpose of meeting him and that he wished me to to [sic] communicate his feelings to the great Chief at Washington (meaning the President of the U. S.) As I purpose visiting him in the Spring as soon as the snow on the mountain, will admit of travelling, I will then be able to learn the number of his band, his intentions &c and communicate through Your Excellency to the Department of Indian Affairs. . . .⁹⁶

96. Compare Brown, *op. cit.*, pp. 364-369. A letter written by Isaac

Bullock to George A. Smith from Fort Supply on Oct. 20, 1855, so interestingly illumines Armstrong's letter that it is quoted in full despite its length; the original is in the L. D. S. Church Historian's Office:

Dear Brother Geo. A. Smith.

Since I last wrote (Oct. 5th,) there has been some trouble here with the Indians. One of the chiefs by the name of Tababooindowetsy and band came to our fort Oct. 10th. They demanded a present of potatoes and wheat from Brother [James S.] Brown, telling him that he had promised it to them. He told them he had made no such promise. They told him that he lied and were very bold and impudent. There had been a promise made to them by Brother Zera Pulsipher before they went into the valley that when the leaves fell, the potatoes and wheat were ripe, if they should come we would give them some wheat and potatoes that grew on their land. This promise was made in Brother Brown's absence and he knew nothing of it. Brother Pulsipher, having the charge of affairs, made this promise to get rid of them until the crops were matured, for they were grappling the potatoes before they were as big as hazle nuts and also they wanted flour. They were put off by telling them that the flour we had did not grow on their land and the men had only enough for themselves. It was brought from another land, for them to wait till it grew on their land and for them to go to farming; if they liked potatoes, they must raise them, etc. The chief was in a bad humor. He had two of his children die in the valley and partly laid it to Brigham's talk killing them. The spirit to complain and find fault seemed to be with them, yet at times they manifested the most friendly feelings. I had been away while Pres. Brown and chief had their talk. I returned just as the chief and quite a number of his braves were leaving. I informed Pres. Brown of the promise, for I was present when it was made. He wished me to go and see them and tell them that it was not Brown but Pulsipher that made the promise, to which I did go and partially reconciled them, at least to all appearances. The next day I went to dig some potatoes for the chief, as I had promised him some. He went along with me. Nearly his whole band followed and commenced grappling all around me. I spoke to the chief to see what his people were doing. He very carelessly replied that he had no eyes and could not see them. I told him that I had eyes and could see and I worked hard to water and raise them and that it did not make my heart feel good to have them do that way when I was just going to give them some. He called to his people and left the field. I saw that his feelings were not first rate. Just about this time three (two young bucks and one little chief) came to where Pres. Brown was standing at the bars and wanted to go through. He said they might if they would keep the path and not run over the grain. They passed through and went galloping over the wheat, saying it was good to run over the "Mormon's" grain. These same three came to me and wanted something to eat. I did not know of their running over the grain. I promised them some and went to the house. Having none cooked, they proposed to take a little flour as it was most sundown and go to their own wickeups and cook and eat it. I gave them 4 pints of flour and they seemed well pleased and wanted to know if they might come the next day and dance. About this time Pres. Brown came up and knew that they were the ones that run over the grain. He commenced talking to them for running over the grain. One bold, impudent fellow said, Yes, he had run over it and would do it again and it was good to run over the Whites' grain. Pres. Brown told him if it was good for him to run over it and if he did it any more that they

would go for him to whip him. He spoke up and said, "Whip me, whip me." And the other little chief said for [us] to whip him. They pressed and insisted that Brown should whip him, daring him to strike him. Coming close to Brother Brown to get him to strike the first blow, Pres. Brown told him to go away and leave the fort. He got so mad at Pres. Brown that he drew his bow and arrow and was about to shoot him, when Pres. Brown cried out to the brethren to get to their arms. They had not any more than got to them till another order to come quick with our arms. This happening close to my room door, I quickly stepped in and got my revolver and handed it out to Pres. Brown. As soon as they saw him with a pistol, they broke out of the fort. Brown followed close after them, telling them not to go through the field, when they instantly asked where they might go. He showed them to go around and they were perfectly cornered, and turned and went around. By this time the excitement had run like wild fire. The Indians came running with their bows and arrows. None seemed to be mad but these three, but still to see all the "Mormon" boys coming out with their arms in a bustle which they never had seen before, waked them up. A strong guard was placed around the fort and kept up all night. Pres. Brown posted a man with an express to Gov. Young. Had it written that night, started at 2 o'clock the next morning; also Brother McCray left at the same time to go to Fort Bridger, under strict orders not to take the road, but go round down Black's Fork, so as not to be discovered by the Indians. Our orders were to have our guns ready, for we might expect an attack. Our horses were sent out next morning with a guard to a place where, if an enemy were to come, they could see the enemy before it could get to them, and if they saw any dust or appearance of Indians, that the guard should run the horses into the corral in the fort. About one or two o'clock a large dust arose in the distance. Pretty soon here came the guard full charge, with the horses. The cry was, "The Indians are coming." Orders to arms. Bring everything into the fort. They mustered to arms in a hurry. Every man was at his post, expecting every moment to hear the war whoop. A cry from the guard house, that it was white men. Next cry was, whites and Indians, which gave our hearts another flutter, (for it was presumable that the mountain men and Indians might colleague together). As they neared our fort, it was authentically declared that it was the Indian agent, for here he was in person, followed by the Indians, who were stopped at the gate by Pres. Brown's request. The agent had their arms taken from them before he would let them come into the fort. It truly happened very lucky for us that Major Armstrong, U. S. Indian agent, and party, were so near by when this excitement commenced, and before any serious injury was done to lay it. No sooner than the Major got the news, he leaves his wagons at Fort Bridger, mounts a horse and with the guard, he brought with him, goes to the Indian camp, has a talk with them, finds that they were for peace, or in other words, they said they did not want to fight, that there had been some misunderstanding with them and the "Mormons" at Fort Supply. He brought them along with him to Fort Supply that the parties might be together, so he could hear both sides, and then he could tell who was to blame. As I said before, he disarmed them before he would let them come inside of the picketing. He then held a council with them. The thing was all talked over and they, the Indians, agreed to throw away all of their mad feelings. I must say the course that Major Armstrong took was truly commendable. He manifested a deep feeling of interest to establish peace between the red men and

XXXIV

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO WILLIAM A. HICKMAN, DATED G. S. L. CITY, AUG. 11, 1856⁹⁷

Sir,

Inasmuch as Agent Garland Hurt is still on a visit to the Indians in the neighborhood of Carson Valley, and as Agent G. W. Arm-

whites in this region. He showed a willingness to render us all the assistance to settle the difficulty that had occurred.

Oct. 13, Tababoindowetsy and band met the agent again at Fort Supply. He had a long talk with them. They appeared to put all confidence in him, as they called him their father or their great Father's Papoose. He told them to look at the Sioux nation and see how they done. They commenced to kill the whites and their Great Father was mad and sent men to fight them; and it would be so with them, if they should commence to fight the whites.

Brother Smith, pray pardon me for being so lengthy, but to make an apology would be to add more, so I will close at present by subscribing myself,

Your Brother in the Gospel of peace,
Isaac Bullock

(P. S.)

Nov. 6, 1855. As I had no chance to send this until today, I will add a little more. Major R. T. Burton with a company of 25 minute men, arrived at our fort Oct. 18th; they came to see how things were getting along, but had not much to do with the Indian difficulty, for they had most all gone. After their talk with the agent, they promised the agent to go away to the buffalo and they promptly fulfilled thus far. Major Burton's stay was short. He left on the 21st Oct. Everything seemed settled, and so it appears up to the present date. Brother Joshua Terry and Brothers Walley and Benjamin Roberts went out to Tababoindowetsy's camp which was beyond Green River the last day of October. Returned and brought word very favorable, that the chief was on his way to meet Washakee (Indian Chief) over toward the Platte in the buffalo country. The chief said he was a very big friend now to the "Mormons" and all white people.

I think that they will keep their covenant made with the agent this winter at least. The brethren here feel very anxious to learn the language of the natives, so they can preach to them. Four men are calculating to start in a few days to Washakee's camp and winter with them. There seems to be peace here now, both with the mountaineers and Indians. We have gathered everything which we raised into our fort and feel that we can protect ourselves this winter by the grace of our God.

I calculated to give you a description of our fort before now, as I promised you, but owing to the press of business and Indian troubles, I have put it off. I think now soon I can attend to it, as we are getting over with our hay.

So no more at present. My love to yourself, Brother Thos. Bullock and clerk,

I remain as ever your brother in the Gospel of Peace.
Isaac Bullock

97. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Sept. 30, 1856, U/13-1856. See Document XXXVII.

strong has but recently returned from an official tour among the Indians south, hence is unable to start at once for Green river, and as the Shoshones on and about that stream will soon be obliged to leave on their hunt, you are hereby appointed to take an outfit of two wagons, 8 men, yourself, interpreter and teamster included, and proceed to Fort Bridger in Green river County to meet the Shoshone Indians who are on a visit to that post with their chief, Wash-i-kik.⁹⁸ You will provide yourself with some

98. J. Robert Brown, *Journal of a trip across the plains of the U. S., from Missouri to California, in the year 1856*. . . , Columbus, O., 1860, provides some interesting background on Shoshoni affairs at this time. Brown traveled west with a trader, E. R. Yates, who had wintered on Green River in 1853-54, and reached Green River on July 23, moving on the 24th to a point not far from the Mormon Ferry. His journal continues:

. . . After we had eaten, old Baptiste Louisant (pro Bat-eest Looee-zong) and the French gentleman [H. Duponey] whom I saw with Mr. Masure on the Platte, came to our camp. Uncle Batt, as he is called, lives opposite here, and owns the ferry; he is an old hunter and mountaineer. . . [Some of the party went off] to Jack Robinson's, a very noted character in these parts; he is a brother of Geo. Robinson of Bridgton, Mo. . . . Uncle Batt came over and spent the evening; we sang several songs for him, which pleased him much.

[July 26] . . . I find these mountaineers generally, to be a very interesting set of men, sociable, generous, free, frank, frolicsome, and fond of fun and whisky. About 10 o'clock, Jack Robinson and Yates came in. Jack Robinson is about fifty or fifty-five years of age, is much broken in countenance, but has a strong, muscular frame. For the last year or two he has hurt himself by drinking. He is never drunk, but goes upon the rule of "little and often," which he has kept up today. He is a kind of arbiter or judge among these rough men, and appears to be respected and loved by them all. He was chief of the Shoshones or Snake tribe for a long time, until, through his advice, the tribe elected Wassahu chief. From all that I can gather from these men, and others that I have seen, I think Wassahu is as great a man as Tecumseh, Blackhawk or Phillip—he is, no doubt, a much better man. I have heard the mountain men tell many pleasing anecdotes of him. I should like very much to see him. We were visited by at least twenty men to-day. Uncle Jack and I soon got into a conversation. . . . he is very interesting. . . . Robinson and Yates left before sundown, to go up to Robinson's camp, about five or six miles from here.

[Sunday, July 27. Forded the river without any great trouble.] Several more mountain men hearing that Yates had arrived, came to our camp. Yates lived here on this river all winter in 1853 and 1854, and this is the reason he is so well known; he owes Jack Robinson over \$1500 from that time. . . .

[Aug. 2. The company now was camped within a mile and a half of Fort Bridger, and Yates went to the fort to see if he could get some meat.] Yates came, without meat, in company with Barney Ward and another mountaineer. This Barney Ward is an old mountaineer, and the *only* one the Mormons have proselyted. . . . We were soon off on the road again, and came to Fort Bridger. This was built and owned by Col. Bridger. The Mormons bought him

goods, as per bill shewn me by Levi Stewart, merchant in this place, ammunition and provisions as presents for them and hold a council with Wash-i-kik and his principal men, during which you will endeavor to inculcate friendly feelings, and give such instruction as shall have a tendency to induce the Indians to abandon their wandering and predatory mode of life, and induce them to cultivate the earth, and raise stock for a subsistence. You will also seek to impress upon their minds the benefits of civilized existence, and of their locating themselves so that schools may be established among them. You will seek to conciliate them towards

out [in 1854], and now keep a store and post here. They persecuted him, and tried to cheat him out of his pay. They bought the fort and section of land for \$3,000 [\$4,000], and owe \$4,000 of it yet [which was paid in 1858]. Col Bridger is now acting as guide for Lord Gore, at \$30 per day and found. This is what a man gets by knowing these mountains. . . .

[Aug. 5, encamped at the head of Echo Canyon, west of Bear River] . . . While preparing breakfast, an Indian came into camp. He could only say Shoshone, and strike his breast in token of friendship. Soon there came another, and from their signs we understood that Wassakee was coming. I was all interest now. We, however, divided our little portion of bread with these sons of the wilderness. While we were eating Yates treated them to whisky, which is against U. S. law; I told him so. He was making some remark, when I interrupted him by saying that I heard horses' feet coming. We all now listened, and these Indians said Wassakee, Wassakee, in a low voice. Very soon 7 or 8 Indians came around the point of the hill and partially held up, and came slowly up to camp. When they came up Yates recognized one of them as being Brazil [Bazil], whom he had seen often two years ago. He shook hands and all dismounted and came to the fire, and Brazil and Wassakee shook hands all round. I soon picked out Wassakee by his appearance. We found out through Brazil which was Wassakee for certain; an Indian will not tell his own name. I was somewhat disappointed in the appearance of this chief; I thought he was an old Indian, very large, and possessing great dignity. On the contrary, Wassakee is a medium sized man, aged about 35 or 40 years, but of a perfect form, straight, muscular and firm, and possesses the most beautiful set of teeth I ever saw. He was out on a hunt, and was dressed in a kind of coat and pants made of an old white blanket. Yates made the whisky flow freely now, and Wassakee drank much, but he would pour some into a tin cup and then fill it up with water, and then portion out a little to each Indian except Brazil, whom he allowed to take the raw material. I could not see that it affected Wassakee any; but Brazil's eye began to brighten. After the Indians had drank he would wave his hand, and the Indians would mount and away. About 35 visited us during the morning. Wassakee could speak but a few words of American, but promised us "antelope, heap," after Yates told him about where we would camp. I told Yates I was afraid he would get these Indians drunk. Soon after this we started and traveled down a valley until we nooned. . . .

I forgot to mention that we had not left our camp far this morning, before Wassakee and Brazil, and another Indian, followed us.

each other and with other tribes as well as towards the whites, with whom however it is believed they have ever been at peace and friendly.

Upon your return you will make report to this office of your expenses, and of all occurrences of interest transpiring during your visit & interview with the Indians, persons employed in your service &c. You will particularly consider economy and promptness in the performance of these duties, and seek to make as favorable an impression as possible upon them.

In the distribution of the presents you will collect as many of the Indians together at Fort Bridger as you can, and call to your aid Mr Lewis Robison of that place and Mr. Isaac Bullock of Fort Supply. I also suggest the name of Mr. Joshua Terry as Interpreter. . . .

They had started up the road, but I suppose they had not yet had enough whisky, so Yates rode back and met them. When they came up he stopped the wagons and filled a sardine box with whisky and gave it to W., who then called for a pipe and some tobacco, which was found and given to him, when they took their gifts and sat down beside the road. Wassakee, before he left us, shook hands with me only, and spoke the word "che-bungo," which Yates says means "good." We had not gone more than a mile before here come Brazil in a gallop. Yates now tried to hide himself in the wagons. Brazil came up and asked me, in American, "where's Yates? Mr. Yates." Says I he's gone on. "No," says he. Just then the wind raised the wagon cover and he saw Yates in the wagon. He made him get out and give him just one more "leettle dram, Mr. Yates." Then he gave back the pipe and left us. He was getting very tight, and his tongue was thick; he promised us "antelope heap, much, me."

[Aug. 7] . . . We have seen no more of the Snake Indians since yesterday; we suppose they could find no game for us. Wassakee wanted us to tell Brigham Young and the Mormons that he was *mad* at them. When a chief says that he means no child's play, for it is their declaration of war. (I have since learned that the Mormons had to make him many presents to keep him from fighting.) Yates says Wassakee is rich, and can dress as fine as any chieftain in the mountains. . . .

[Aug. 12, on Mountain Dell Creek, having the previous day crossed Big Mountain] . . . I neglected to mention yesterday of having met "Bill Hickman," in charge of the presents for Wassahu, two wagon loads sent by Brigham, to pacify the chief. This Bill Hickman is a most foul and bloody murderer, but one would not suspect it from his appearance. . . .

XXXV

WILLIAM A. HICKMAN, ISAAC BULLOCK, AND LEWIS ROBISON
TO GOV. BRIGHAM YOUNG, DATED FORT BRIDGER, GREEN RIVER
COUNTY, UTAH TERRITORY, AUG. 19, 1856⁹⁹

Sir,

We address you a few lines to inform you of the intercourse we have had with Wash-i-kik and his tribe. There were present 40 lodges, 300 persons. On the arrival of the Indian goods at Fort Bridger, pr. William A. Hickman, Isaac Bullock of Fort Supply sent Joshua Terry in Search of Washikik and his band, found them high up on Bear River on the eve of Starting to this place. Terry informed them that W^m. A. Hickman was at Bridger with presents for them. On the 16th Wash-i-kik & his band arrived here. We Smoked, had dinner and & gave them a beef, after which we had a treaty or Council with Wash-i-kik and Some 15 of his braves, explained the nature of Hickman's Coming and by whom Sent. A good Spirit Seemed to prevail and after much conversation adjourned till next day at which time Wash i kik was notified that he Should have another beef, and also his presents as sent by Gov^r. Young per W^m. A. Hickman, and that Isaac Bullock & Lewis Robinson were his assistants in the matter, which Seemed to render good Satisfaction to all the Indians present.

The following morning according to promise the presents were Spread upon the green adjacent to Fort Bridger Wash i kik and his band amounting to over 300 came. We again explained the nature of the presents, that it was because they had been good they had been Sent, after which Wash i kik gave a long and good address to his band who paid great attention to what he Said. We then with the assistance of Wash i kik and 3 of his men made a distribution, all were well pleased.

We find him friendly to the whites, and willing for them to occupy as much of his land as they want or any other favor his country affords.

While distributing Said presents the best of order was preserved by Washikik and his people they Seemed to observe with great reverence all that he Said to them, not a violation of any order he gave by any of his band. While writing this letter Wash-i-kik came in, Said his heart was good and wanted to talk, and hear us

99. Enclosure in Young to Manypenny, Sept. 30, 1856, U/13-1856. Hickman's book does not refer to this particular mission, though he does tell of an earlier unavailing effort, in company with Elisha Ryan, to "hunt up and invite in Washakie, a Shoshone chief, and his band of Indians," for a council with Brigham Young. That mission was evidently in the winter of 1854-55; the unsuccessful search for Washakie was pursued in the northern part of the Green River Valley. Hickman, *op. cit.*, pp. 105-106.

talk. Mr. Bullock expressed to him our mind and feelings concerning all good Indians, which made him rejoice much, also to have peace & good feelings towards all Indians & whites. Washikik replied that he had been to the Sioux and all the tribes near, and had wished much that they all might be friends, that they would promise, but would soon break it, which made him feel bad that he did not know what to do, had thought he would stay on his own land and not go about any more of them, but he felt very good over what he had heard today. The Indians were well pleased with their presents, and departed upon their hunt expressing the most friendly feelings towards the whites. . . .

XXXVI

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W. MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, AUG. 30, 1856¹⁰⁰

Sir,

[Encloses two drafts, one for \$840 in favor of Joseph F. Mason of Weston, Mo., and one for \$3,756.50 in favor of Levi Stewart & Co. of Great Salt Lake City.]

The above amounts have arisen through the necessity of making purchases of certain presents for the Shoshonee Indians, and have the fullest sanction of my judgment as to the most judicious management of the affairs of this Superintendency as far as that tribe is at present concerned.

I deemed this disbursement, and the requisite steps for the early distribution of the presents purchased therewith, the more imperative from the fact that those numerous Indians, located immediately upon the Emigrant Road have been invariably friendly to the whites: also because they received no presents of consequence while at the treaty held at Laramie in 1851, where and when nine tribes were presented, all of whom except the Shoshonees received presents, and still they nearly if not entirely alone of all those tribes have stood fast by the agreement there made to be at peace; and also because they visited the upper crossing of the North Fork of the Platte by the request of the U. S. Troops, as they allege, and again had no presents given them. These circumstances, together with the invariably peaceful course, and pacific disposition of the Shoshonees, will, I trust, most amply justify in your estimation, the small outlay now made in their behalf, not only as a matter of justice in past but as another step in that conciliatory policy you so correctly and ably endeavor to have carried out. . . .

100. U/10-1856.

XXXVII

BRIGHAM YOUNG, SUPT. OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, TO GEORGE W.
MANYPENNY, COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, DATED
GREAT SALT LAKE CITY, SEPT. 30, 1856¹⁰¹

Sir.

Accompanying herewith you will find my abstract, account current and vouchers from one to thirty inclusive amounting to \$6813 25/100.

As advised by last mail a draft was given to Levi Stewart & Co for \$3756 50/100 and one in favor of Joseph P. Mason Weston M^o for \$840 00/100 which amount was entirely expended in Sending out presents to the Shoshones or Snake Indians at Fort Bridger, and distributing the Same to them.

The occasion which demanded this expenditure is Simply this, 1st The Shoshones have never had any presents of consequence, while almost every Surrounding tribe have had more or less given to them. 2nd They have always been friendly to travellers, and have long felt that while other Indians who have been more or less troublesome and unfriendly have received considerable quantities of presents, they have received nothing.

In the Shoshones country which lies in this Territory and through which the trading routes to Oregon and California pass, no traveler or whites have ever been molested. those acquainted with this feel perfectly Safe when they arrive in their country, and can rest in quiet and peace.

For over two years these Indians have been expecting presents from the appropriation of \$45,000, which from Some cause has been retained as yet—by the department. For these reasons, and believing that it would meet with the views of the department, determined me, when informed that the main body was encamped at Fort Bridger waiting for an Agent to visit them and make them Some presents to forthwith respond to their wishes. D^r Hurt, being absent on his Carson County expedition, and Major Armstrong, who having just returned from his Southern trip, not being able to go in time to meet them, I appointed M^r William Hickman to take charge of the expedition and to call to his assistance M^r Lewis Robinson [Robison] of Fort Bridger, and Isaac Bullock both residents of Green River County, to aid and assist him in

101. U/13-1856. Nothing is said of it in this or other official reports, but some 30 bushels of wheat and some vegetables were raised this year at Fort Supply by Bazil, marking the first effort at agriculture by the Wyoming Shoshoni. Isaac Bullock, in a letter to the *Deseret News* of Oct. 1, 1856, said that Bazil and his squaws had harvested the wheat "clean and neat, and appear to feel well satisfied with their prospects for grain this winter."

the distribution of the presents to the Indians. A copy of instructions to them, as well as their report to me upon their return is herewith forwarded.

I am happy to be able to Say that the Indians throughout the territory are generally friendly, although I have heard of Some difficulty being experienced by travelers on Marys River the particulars of which I expect will be found in Agent Hurt's report, which with major Armstrong's I yet hope will be in time for this mail.

The report of this quarter Should Show the employees of this Superintendency, and these failures of Agents reports not coming in in time, I fear will disenable me from giving it in full.

Agent Hurt has visited the Indians in Carson County, and the Indians on the route usually travelled by the emigrants to California.

He has also continued his farming operations, which I consider have been quite Successful. Major Armstrong has also been quite active in visiting among the Indians, having visited Since his return from South the Ivanpah Indians about 140 miles west, bordering upon the Desert, and among whom Tintick harbored with his hostile band last winter and Spring. The operations altogether involve considerable expense but I assure you it is needful and just.

The Indians in the vicinity of the Settlements have long depended upon the liberality of the people for a great Share of their Support. Hence whenever Scarcity prevailed, So that provisions could not be Supplied to them, it often caused much ill feeling and was calculated to incur hostilities. They moreover frequently become unreasonable in their requisitions and get angry if they are not immediately complied with. These considerations are Sufficient in themselves to justify opening up a few farms for their temporal benefit, to Say nothing of the Salutory influence which it is calculated to exercise over them in leading them back to the arts of civilized existence.

I need hardly Suggest to one So well acquainted with the difficulties with the natives in other territories, that it is by pursuing this conciliatory course towards them that in this territory we enjoy that degree of peace and quiet So happily existing

They are now [page frayed: five or six words lost] Somewhat appreciate the efforts making for their relief and benefit

For amount of balance for this quarter to wit, \$2216 75/100. I have drawn as usual in favor of our Delegate in Congress, Hon. John M. Bernhisel.

Trusting that my course, and those associated with me, may prove Satisfactory to the department. . . .

P. S. Oct. 1st Agent Hurts report and accompanying accounts, came to hand last evening and owing to the detention of the mail one day has given us an opportunity to forward them herewith,

though not Sufficient time to So thoroughly examine them as I should have done. His report is interesting and true and his expenditures reasonable and just, and should be promptly met, and I take great pleasure in recommending their favorable consideration to the department

Wyoming State Historical Society

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

By

FRANK L. BOWRON

A report on the current status of the Wyoming Historical Society after its first six months of existence must necessarily deal primarily with finances.

In our first six months, we have six of our 23 counties already organized and chartered. We have a membership in excess of 400 throughout the State and in other states. Our expenditures, while large, have generally been less than were anticipated in getting a new organization going. The major expenses have been for printing charters, membership cards, and stationery. Our payment to the *Annals of Wyoming* is routine and money from your dues is automatically set aside for that purpose.

At its initial meeting last January, the Executive Committee decided to set up a permanent fund to be composed of life memberships, contributions and such monies as from time to time might be transferred from the general fund. This fund is to be invested and only the interest and dividends derived from such investment will be expended. In short, this permanent fund will comprise the capital of our Society. This fund is already in excess of \$1,000.00. Adoption of this policy on the one hand means that your state society is going to be unable to undertake any large scale expenditures for a number of years. On the other hand, it is our opinion that by using this conservative money policy from the very beginning, we can insure a sound and solid future for our organization.

The more rapidly this permanent fund is increased, the more rapidly we will be able to move aggressively into the fields of collecting and preserving our state's historical data and materials. At our state executive meeting in Lander last May, it was decided to investigate the possibilities of incorporating the Society and setting up a board to administer our permanent fund. Incorporation would also make more feasible the holding of land and other property by the Society. Further action on this matter will be taken at the next board meeting.

I doubt if the State Society will actively solicit contributions for this fund. It is hoped, however, that persons financially able to contribute who are interested in the future of the Society and

in the furtherance of the study of Wyoming history and other aims of our Society will make contributions so that we can actively undertake the placing of markers, the purchase of data and source materials, and eventually perhaps assist our counties in the construction of local museums.

Until such time as our Society can afford to make large expenditures to forward our objectives, your state officers are endeavoring to put the following program into effect:

First, by the organization of local societies throughout Wyoming and the increase in membership, we expect to be able to influence legislation which will assist our county chapters and the state in carrying out our aims.

The 1955 Wyoming Legislature can expect to receive Society-sponsored legislation which will enable county boards of commissioners to levy taxes for the construction and support of county museums. May I suggest to our membership that during the coming campaign you contact candidates of both parties regarding such legislation and get them committed to the support of such a bill.

We also expect to give support to larger appropriations for the existing state historical activities.

Our Society has also shown interest in the possibility of securing passage of legislation so that Wyoming will have a statue in Statuary Hall in Washington, D. C.

The above three objectives are generally our legislative program for next year; additions and changes may be made by our annual meeting next fall. We should, however, have representatives present in Cheyenne during the next legislative session to work with the Legislators on historical enactments and explain our position to the Legislature. Each member of our Society can help bring a victory in the legislature for our measures by contacting his local representatives and explaining our program to them.

Until such time as our financial reserves are large enough to allow us to undertake more expensive projects, it is the consensus of your state executive committee that we can best serve our aims by encouraging other associations and individuals to undertake projects for the preservations and collections of historical matter. I have appointed Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander to act as chairman of a committee to arrange that recognition be given to outstanding efforts in promoting Wyoming history.

Two such enterprises come to mind as perhaps deserving awards from our state society. One is the Oregon Trail trek series sponsored by State Engineer L. C. Bishop. Mr. Bishop's fine work has done a great deal to bring our state's citizens a deeper interest in the Oregon Trail and the history surrounding the Trail.

Another enterprise which certainly merits our praise is the work

being done on Old Fort Caspar by the Sertoma Club of Casper. Faced with the fact that the reconstructed fort was fast going the way of the original landmark through vandalism and wear of the weather, the Sertoma Club has taken over the care and maintenance of the buildings at the Fort. Members are working on week-ends to construct a fence around the property to keep out vandals. Several members have borrowed money on their personal note to finance the project of repairing the fort itself.

These two examples are being repeated every day throughout Wyoming as our citizens become more alert to the dangers of losing great portions of our historical heritage through neglect. I hope that our state and county societies, limited though we may be financially, will do everything possible to encourage and recognize the wonderful efforts that other groups are making.

Wyoming Archaeological Notes

THE ARROW MAKER

He knelt beside his wigwam chipping flint
Bowed low with many years—an ancient man;
Into his faded eyes there came a glint,
For he was proud to labor for his clan.
Deep shadows lengthened with the setting sun
Grim warriors rode again upon a raid;
Their deerskin quivers dangled at their sides,
Filled with the deadly arrows he had made.

That night his spirit rose to face the gods
And stood before their chief, the Manitou.
Greeted with acclaim and kindly nods,
They honored him in every way they knew.
Old trails have gone, the warriors are dust,
Swift traffic rolls across the broad highway;
The plowshare, cutting through the earth's dark crust,
Reveals strange relics of an earlier day.

Author unknown.

CHIPPED STONE ARTIFACTS

By

L. C. STEEGE

Implement making is a definite human characteristic. Since the beginning, primitive man made and used artifacts. Some were fashioned for tools; others for weapons; still others were made for ornamental and ceremonial purposes. One of the major tasks of an archaeologist is the collection and classification of these artifacts.

Probably one of the first materials used by primitive man was wood. A club in his hands would be an effective weapon against most enemies. A sharp-pointed stick handled with force would also be respected. Since wood is a perishable substance, any artifact made of it, that is found today, would undoubtedly be of more recent origin.

Bone was also utilized. The earliest known phase of bone industry dates back to the middle Palaeolithic period during the final Mousterian Culture. From this period until the end of the stone age, we find rapidly increasing development of bone artifacts. Many bone artifacts have been found in Wyoming, but

unless they are found associated with the "Folsom" or "Yuma" complex, or some culture of a similar age, it is quite possible that they too are of a more recent origin.

Stone is a material found on every continent. Stone is practically indestructible, therefore, artifacts made from it have survived through countless centuries.

The aborigines in Wyoming used a wide variety of stone in their work. Quartzite, chert, jasper, agate, chalcedony, petrified wood, and obsidian were the most extensively used. The beauty of both material and workmanship of some of the weapon points found in this state are surpassed by none.

In our study of various stone artifacts found in Wyoming, arrowheads are probably one of the most interesting and most easily recognized by the average person.

Many persons, after finding the arrowheads or other artifacts, promptly "cache" them away with other keepsakes and heirlooms without a single thought as to the historical significance attached to them. To the historian, that point is absolutely worthless. It doesn't take long to record all the facts when an artifact is found. Was it a surface find? Was it associated with bones? If so, what specie of animal was this? If you cannot positively identify those bones, why not notify some trained archaeologist of your find, and let him do the necessary identification work? If this point was partially eroded out of a bank, record the depth from the surface where it was found. Any bit of information about the find should be written down. Don't trust your memory as most times our memories play tricks on us after a few years of lapsed time.

Perhaps you are a person who has never found an arrowhead. I have found hundreds of arrowheads and each one has its own special significance and personal meaning. One cannot help but thrill to the romance of the past as you wonder who left it where you found it and when.

No doubt many centuries have passed since strong bronze hands fitted that point on the tip of a feathered shaft and then released this arrow from a bow in a soaring flight. Where it fell to earth, the sun, wind and rains had ample time to turn the shaft to dust long before you came along. Only the stone point remained to span the ages between its parting from that hand of long ago, until you found it. Did this arrow strike its objective and get carried away before the victim died? Did it miss and never get retrieved? This tiny bit of flinty craftsmanship will answer many of these questions when you find it, if you will only listen to it.

How was this point made? Many persons ask this question.

In every locality the arrowmaker has shown, first of all, a wonderful acquaintance with materials at hand as though he had searched all the resources of the mineral, vegetable and animal

world, and after studying all there was, had selected the best. We have now discovered that the savage could not have found any better material within his own environment. In manufacturing the arrowhead, the savage was a mineralogist. He not only knew the qualities of rocks but also their best methods of working as well as the best conditions in which they existed in nature for his purposes. In each locality, the material employed is in every case, the best from that region. In working these materials, this primitive inventor soon found that the physical properties and availability of the material changed by natural surroundings. He knew by experimentation that a stone lying in a brook yielded better results to him than one exposed to the sun and the weather on the open prairies, and that a boulder buried in the damp earth, where it had lain for many centuries, gave him safer results with far less work than the brook pebble. He not only became a critical expert in the qualities of materials but also was led to become a quarry man in order to exploit the proper materials for his use. The "Spanish Diggings" in the east central part of our state are a good example of this quarry—man's industry.

As soon as the arrowmaker had secured his stock, he began to work it up into shape. At first he knocked off a flake or spall of the proper size and shape by a blow from another stone or percussor. This flake was then shaped, either by the percussion method or the pressure method of chipping.

Percussion chipping was the oldest and most general method used. It consisted simply of striking the flake with another stone used as a hammer or percussor. By well directed blows, the flake could be progressively shaped by removal of chips from the edges wherever the necessity developed.

The pressure method of chipping was invented much later and appeared towards the end of the Middle Palaeolithic period. It was used extensively towards the end of the Old Stone Age and continued in practice during the New Stone Age. This method of chipping was well known and practiced by the early inhabitants of Wyoming. Many beautifully chipped artifacts have been found which were made by the pressure method. "Fulsom" and "Yuma" points are the masterpieces of this ancient art. This type of chipping was accomplished by the use of a flaking tool. This flaking tool was made from the point of a deer antler or a fragment of bone. In some cases other stones may have been used. The main qualifications of the flaking tool were to be able to withstand a great amount of pressure applied by the worker and to "take hold" or "bite" the edge of the flake which was being chipped. The flaking tool was grasped in one hand and the flake in the other. Small ribbon-like chips and small scales could then be removed by pressure on the flaker against the edge of the artifact. Pressure could be applied either upward or downward,

whichever suited the individual's taste. This flake, having been previously "roughed out" by the percussion method, was now perfected by pressure chipping by giving it a more symmetrical form, a sharper edge and a thinner body.

Many of these flaking tools have been found in Wyoming. These tools still display the scars grouped around the point where the pressure had been applied on the edge of an artifact in the process of being manufactured.

Anyone interested in the further study of this science of stone artifact manufacture, Bulletin 60, "Handbook of Aboriginal American Antiquity" by W. H. Holmes, published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C. is an excellent manual. This book gives much information about the working of prehistoric stone quarries and the methods of producing artifacts by American Indians. It also furnishes many illustrations covering the explanations in the book.

The descriptions and classifications of Chipped Stone Artifacts will be given in the next issue of the *Annals*.

HISTORY OF WYOMING ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

By

FRED HILMAN

In attempting to write up the history of the Wyoming Archaeological Society, I shall give the doings and findings of the group as viewed by me, the Society's first President, as best I can for the year 1953.

Before going further I want to express my gratitude, as well as that of my entire Society, to Miss Lola M. Homsher, of Cheyenne, for her invitation to share some of the pages of the *Annals of Wyoming* through that most worthy Society, the Wyoming State Historical Society, of which I am also a member. I feel further indebted to her for her invitation to join this last mentioned group as I have always felt that archaeology is in no way complete without a comprehensive chronology or history of any archaeological item no matter how small or insignificant. In other words, when an archaeological find is made and the data is scientifically recorded and the item placed in a museum, the archaeologist's work is done and the whole thing passes into history. It is my belief, therefore, that the two Wyoming Societies should go hand in hand towards the betterment of a greater and more enlightened Wyoming. As a collector of Indian artifacts for years, I have dreamed of forming an Archaeological Society here in my own home state, that, through concerted efforts, we could secure legislation that would save, to the State of Wyoming, her precious store of stone-age artifacts.

On Feb. 4, 1953, my dreams began to be a reality when a few of my friends gathered here at my home, and we planned the first steps in what has become the Wyoming Archaeological Society. I was elected the Society's first President while John McClintock was elected Vice-President and Pauline McIntosh, Secretary-Treasurer, the latter two of Sheridan. There were six members present at this meeting and their names are as follows: Pauline McIntosh; Dr. Raymond Bentzen; John McClintock; Margaret Powers; my wife, Alice Hilman, and myself.

While on a trip to Colorado, previously, I had contacted a member of the Colorado chapter of Archaeology, Mr. H. N. McConnell of Boulder, and he was kind enough to forward me later a copy of their by-laws which we, in part, used as a basis for our own Society. Since that date we have changed our by-laws as seen best to fit our own needs.

During the year 1953 our Society grew from its six original members to forty paid memberships and four honorary members. The annual dues and membership fee in the Wyoming Archaeological Society is \$2.50. The eligibility?—to have previously been bitten by that most elusive of all bugs, the "artifactis" bug, and a desire to work to achieve, in a scientific manner, the preservation of our so-called Indian artifacts.

I herewith enclose a copy of our by-laws which, at the present writing, we are using as complete except for the fact that we are in the process of incorporation.

Many of our members have fine and extensive collections, some that would rival any private collection I have ever seen anywhere. None that I know of are for sale, and to offer to buy an artifact from one of our members is almost taken as an insult.

To give a summary of the various types and kinds of artifacts found here in northern Wyoming would consume considerable space, but suffice it to say that the usual western plains types predominate with here and there an object of foreign vintage in evidence. Now and then some members of our group find an artifact that was manufactured many hundreds of miles away from Wyoming. For instance, arrows and spear points made of Mississippi Valley chert are occasionally found here, and I have in my collection two or three points that, through some unknown channel, found their way here from the much famed Cahokia mounds in Illinois. I have found points here that were made in Mexico, or as far away as the Rio Grande. There are occasional finds made here which include the much discussed Yuma and the Folsom and Yuma half-breed; also the willow-leaf, which is typical of the Arkansas valleys; and now and then the beautiful black obsidian points from the shores of Oregon. Very little pottery is found here in northern Wyoming. Few effigies and ceremonials

have made their appearance here, but the famed corner tang and back tang are found to exist in many collections.

To get back to the history of the Wyoming Archaeological Society, we meet the first Monday of each month at eight o'clock P.M. at each member's home previously arranged. We arrange our programs for a full year ahead, giving us ample time to arrange for lecture course and details. Throughout the summer season, and weather permitting, we intend to hold field meets on Sundays and holidays, this in addition to our regular monthly meetings. One of our most interesting meetings last year was a field trip to our famed Medicine Wheel which lies atop the Big Horn Mountains and is considered by many authorities to be an ancient shrine. Another interesting field day was a trip into one of our large caves where we dug test holes to find if primitive man had one day lived within.

We are holding all-American Indian Days here again in Sheridan, Wyoming, and our Archaeological group had several fine artifact collections on display in business windows; and, again this year we intend to have a much finer display than ever before.

During the 1953 season our Archaeological members found many fine artifacts. Most predominant in numbers, of course, were the scrapers, then arrows and spear points, drills, reamers, piercers, hammers, manos, metates, smoothing stones, etc., and even a few corner tangs and lances.

I would like to stress one very important point and that is the absolute necessity of proper handling of skeletal finds and any and all other finds that are of any importance because, once an object is removed from its original resting place, its value to science may be lost entirely without having first been properly photographed, its position as related to its surrounding objects carefully noted, and all other possible data carefully saved. Much has been lost on account of indiscriminate digging, and I would strongly recommend that a capable party be called in before a find of this nature is disturbed.

At the Society's last meeting it was decided that members of our group will take an Archaeological course here at Sheridan through our local Northwest College as soon as a suitable teacher is secured. The Wyoming Archaeological Society finished its first year's existence on Feb. 4, 1953, and at that time opinion was expressed that we, as a Society, had at least made a start in the right direction and had accomplished considerable, at least for a bunch of amateurs. The following officers were chosen to head the Society for the second year: Fred Hilman as President; Mrs. Margaret Powers of Big Horn, Wyoming, Secretary-Treasurer; and Claude Gettys, of Story, Wyoming, Vice-President.

WYOMING ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY CONSTITUTION

ARTICLE I—NAME

The name of this organization shall be *Wyoming Archaeological Society*.

ARTICLE II—PURPOSE

The purpose of the organization shall be to promote the study of the archaeology of Wyoming and other States among its members in the community, to take part in further investigation in that field, to assist in the protection of the antiquities of the State.

ARTICLE III—MEMBERSHIP

Section 1. Any person interested in archaeology may become an active member of the Society by making application and paying the annual dues.

Section 2. All persons who made application previous to the adoption of the constitution shall be charter members.

Section 3. Active memberships shall lapse in case of non-payment of the annual dues, within a reasonable period after notice has been given by the secretary.

Section 4. Associate members and honorary members may be elected in accordance with the rules of the Society.

ARTICLE IV—DUES

The annual dues shall be two dollars and fifty cents (\$2.50).

ARTICLE V—OFFICERS

Section 1. The officers of the organization shall be President, Vice-President, Secretary-Treasurer, and such others as the Society may provide for.

Section 2. The duties of the officers shall be those usual to the officers named, with additional duties as the Society may impose upon them.

Section 3. The officers shall constitute an Executive Committee, with power to arrange for programs and to attend to other business and interests of the Society, subject to the Society's approval.

Section 4. Officers shall be elected for a term of one year, the election to be held, ordinarily, at the last regular meeting of the academic year.

ARTICLE VI—MEETINGS

Section 1. Regular meetings of the Society shall be held each month during the fiscal year.

Section 2. Special meetings may be called at any time by the officers, or by any five members. Members must be duly notified of such meetings in advance.

ARTICLE VII—QUORUM

At regular meetings the members present shall constitute a quorum. At all other meetings a quorum shall consist of one half the active membership.

ARTICLE VIII—AMENDMENTS

This constitution may be amended by a majority vote of the members present at any regular meeting of the Society, provided that notice of the proposed change was given at a previous regular meeting, and that all members have been notified of the proposed amendment.

Wyoming Zephyrs

By

THE EDITOR

Wyoming State Historical Society

Should anyone have the temerity to state that Wyomingites are not interested in their history, he could quickly be proven wrong. The response to the organization of the Wyoming State Historical Society has certainly been almost more than could be anticipated at the meeting in Casper last October when seventy-five people met to start the Society.

During the first eight and one half months of its existence the charter membership has reached a total of 650, and eight county chapters have affiliated with the State Society, including Fremont, Campbell, Goshen, Laramie, Albany, Natrona, Carbon, and Washakie.

While the State Society will promote the recognition of outstanding work in the historical field in Wyoming and will initiate state-wide projects, the local societies will bring to the people of the locality a realization of what local history means to a community and will do the very important work of collecting and conserving local history, one of our rapidly disappearing natural resources.

Charter membership to the State Historical Society closed on July 1, 1954.

CHARTER MEMBERS

LIFE MEMBERS

Berry, Miss Henryetta, Cheyenne Big Horn County Library, Basin	Hines, Mrs. Mary D., Denver, Colorado
Boodry, David E., Lyman, Nebraska	Homsher, Miss Lola M., Cheyenne
Brimmer, George E., Cheyenne	Larson, Dr. T. A., Laramie
Brimmer, William N., Rawlins	McCullough, A. Stafford, Clifton, Ohio
Coe, W. R., New York City	Metz, Mrs. Percy W., Basin
Condit, Mrs. Thelma S., Kaycee	Salisbury, Herbert J., Cheyenne
DeWitt, Mrs. Helen Holliday, Los Angeles, California	Sackett, Carl L., Cheyenne
Helvey, R. T., Sheridan	Smith, Mack, Yoder
	Spencer, P. C., New York City

ANNUAL MEMBERS

Albright, Mrs. S. Paul, Cheyenne	Allen, Miss Cody, Cody
Alexander, Dr. A. F., Dugway, Utah	Allen, Mrs. Mary Jester, Cody
Alleman, Mrs. Effie, Kemmerer	Allison, J. A., Gillette
Allen, Bess Opal, Casper	Allison, Mrs. Ruby, Gillette
Allen, Chester A., Sr., Laramie	Allyn, Frank H., Cheyenne

- Amoretti, Mrs. Eloise A., Dubois
 Andersen, Mrs. Marion R.,
 Bethesda, Maryland
 Anderson, Elwood, Gillette
 Anderson, Mrs. G. D., Torrington
 Andrus, Herbert, Kaycee
 Angwin, Miss Lucia E., Evanston
 Arthur, Bill, British Columbia,
 Canada
 Baker, Ranson, Rawlins
 Ballard, Thomas W., Torrington
 Barber, Mrs. Raymond, Rawlins
 Barclay, Rex L., Lance Creek
 Bardo, Gerald, Lusk
 Barker, Kenneth, Chugwater
 Barlow, L. H., Gillette
 Barnes, Mrs. Lottie, Torrington
 Barquin, Mrs. James, Sr., Riverton
 Bartek, Clarence, Rock Springs
 Bartholomew, Mrs. Evelyn, Worland
 Bass, Charles, Jay Em
 Beach, Mrs. Mary A., Mountainview
 Beard, Mrs. Cyrus, San Gabriel,
 California
 Beck, George T., Cody
 Bell, William J., Cheyenne
 Bellamy, Mrs. Mary G., Laramie
 Bender, Miss Dorothy, Thermopolis
 Bender, Mrs. Walter, Encampment
 Bennett, Mrs. Ed. F., Rawlins
 Bennett, Ed. F., Rawlins
 Bennett, Mrs. W. E., Buffalo
 Benninghoven, Walter, Lyman,
 Nebraska
 Bentley, Mrs. Helen M., Casper
 Berlet, Walter H., Casper
 Bernfeld, Seymour S., San
 Francisco, California
 Berry, G. W., Denver, Colorado
 Bible, Mrs. George A., Rawlins
 Bishop, L. C., Cheyenne
 Bishop, Marvin L., Casper
 Blakeslee, Claude L., Casper
 Blakeslee, Mrs. Claude L., Casper
 Bocott, C. H., Riverton
 Bocott, Mrs. C. H., Riverton
 Bogensberger, M. J., Cheyenne
 Boice, Mrs. Fred D., Jr., Cheyenne
 Boice, Mrs. Margaret McIntosh,
 Cheyenne
 Bolten, Mrs. Ethel E., Rawlins
 Bon, Miss Lorraine, Cheyenne
 Bowen, Chester H., Gillette
 Bower, Mrs. Earl T., Worland
 Bower, Senator Earl T., Worland
 Bower, Mrs. Ray F., Worland
 Bower, Ray F., Worland
 Bowron, Frank L., Casper
 Bragg, Mrs. Laura I., Worland
 Bragg, Mrs. William F., Sr.,
 Worland
 Bragg, William F., Sr., Worland
 Bragg, William F., Jr., Torrington
 Breitweiser, Wayne R., Powell
 Breitweiser, Mrs. Betty J., Powell
 Bremers, Ralph R., Omaha,
 Nebraska
 Bresnahan, Miss Winfred, Cheyenne
 Brice, Mrs. David W., Wheatland
 Brimmer, C. A., Rawlins
 Brimmer, Mrs. Geraldine Z.,
 Rawlins
 Brock, J. Elmer, Kaycee
 Britton, Mrs. Roxie E., Basin
 Brokaw, Mrs. Ralph H., McFadden
 Brown, J. H., Cheyenne
 Brown, Mrs. Sholie Richards,
 Monterey, California
 Brownlee, Miss Beryl, Cheyenne
 Burdette, Mrs. Julius V., Cheyenne
 Burleson, Mrs. Ira, Riverton
 Burns, Miss Dorothy M., Sheridan
 Burns, Dr. Robert H., Laramie
 Burnside, Dr. Raymond A., Des
 Moines, Iowa
 Burt, Struthers, Moran
 Butler, Helen, Bartlesville,
 Oklahoma
 Bylund, Mrs. Ruth Kimball,
 Laramie
 Byron, Mrs. Elsa Spear, Sheridan
 Cahill, T. Joe, Cheyenne
 Campbell, Mrs. Joe, Walcott
 Canoso, Michael, Cambridge,
 Massachusetts
 Carbon County Public Library,
 Rawlins
 Carley, Miss Maurine, Cheyenne
 Carnegie Public Library, Lusk
 Carnegie Public Library, Sheridan
 Carpenter, Miss Ellen M., Atlantic
 City
 Carpenter, Miss Mary J., Cheyenne
 Carter, E. B., Orr, Minnesota
 Carter, Edgar N., South Pasadena,
 California
 Carter, Miss Gladys, Laramie
 Cashman, Harry J., Rawlins
 Cashman, Mrs. Gertrude A.,
 Rawlins
 Casper Junior High School, Casper
 Cassinat, Louis, Rawlins
 Cathers, Mrs. William E., Cheyenne
 Catron, Peter H., Sheridan
 Cavanaugh, Mrs. Frank, Worland
 Chadey, Henry, Rock Springs
 Champ, Mrs. Myrtle M., Gillette
 Champion, Mervin, Sheridan

- Chapman, Mrs. Mark A., Cheyenne
 Chassell, Norval W., Waterloo, Iowa
 Cheesbrough, John, Elk Mountain
 Cheesbrough, Mrs. Nellie, Elk Mountain
 Christensen, J. Marius, Laramie
 Christensen, Mrs. Reiva Niles, Laramie
 Clairmont, Mrs. Maude, Fort Washakie
 Clausen, Miss Esther M., Laramie
 Claycomb, Mrs. Geneva W., Cody
 Clemens, Miss Mary K., Torrington
 Cody Public Schools, Cody
 Colket, T. C., 2nd, Sheridan
 Colket, Mrs. T. C., 2nd, Sheridan
 Collins, Dabney Otis, Denver, Colorado
 Colyer, Oliver J., Torrington
 Conant, Mrs. E. M., Worland
 Conant, E. M., Worland
 Condit, Mrs. Lillian B., Laramie
 Conklin, Robert F., Cheyenne
 Cook, Malcolm L., Denver, Colorado
 Cooney, Thomas F., Grand Island, Nebraska
 Cooper, Ralph, Kansas City, Missouri
 Cope, Everton B., Torrington
 Cordiner, A. H., Laramie
 Corthell, Irving E., Laramie
 Coulter, Mrs. F. S., Worland
 Coulter, F. S., Worland
 Cowley High School, Cowley
 Crisler, Miss Marie M., Cheyenne
 Crisman, Rev. H. C., Torrington
 Dahlquist, John E., Fort Bridger
 Dahlquist, Mrs. Laura, Fort Bridger
 Daley, P. E., Rawlins
 David, Robert B., Casper
 Davis, Mrs. Lillie G., Cheyenne
 Day, Hugh S., Riverton
 Day, Mrs. Kenneth P., Saratoga
 Day, Richard C., Rock Springs
 Dayton, S. Reed, Cokeville
 Dechert, G. F., Riverton
 Deering, Mrs. Jean Miller, Boone, Iowa
 Deimer, Henry, Lander
 Delaplaine, Mrs. John H., Cheyenne
 DeVore, Harold, Laramie
 Dickey, Hubert F., Gillette
 Dickinson, Norman R., Riverton
 Dillinger, Mrs. Della C., Gillette
 Dilts, Fred, Douglas
 Dinsmore, I. W., Rawlins
 Diver, Mrs. Jessie S., Long Beach, California
 Dobbin, Miss Anna M., Cheyenne
 Dobler, Miss Lavinia G., New York City
 Dodge, Mrs. Beulah I., Rock River
 Dodge, George W., Rock River
 Dominick, Dr. DeWitt, Cody
 Draper, Mrs. Mary, Rawlins
 Duggins, Miss Nellie R., Casper
 Duis, Miss Emma, Casper
 Dunn, Mrs. R. L., Cheyenne
 Eberstadt, Edward & Sons, New York City
 Ehernberger, Jim, Cheyenne
 Ekstrom, Mrs. Laura Allyn, Denver, Colorado
 Elder, T. H., Torrington
 Ellis, Erl H., Idaho Springs, Colorado
 Elmore, Mike, Gillette
 Emerson, Paul W., Cheyenne
 Erickson, Mrs. Katie Kinnear, Kinnear
 Espy, Mrs. Day, Rawlins
 Fabian, Mrs. Harold P., Jenny Lake
 Farlein, Mrs. J. A., Worland
 Farlein, Dr. J. A., Worland
 Farlow, Mrs. A. J. (Stub), Lander
 Farlow, Jules E., Lander
 Faville, Mrs. A. D., Laramie
 Feltner, C. C., Pinedale
 Ferguson, Mrs. R. A., Wheatland
 Feser, Mrs. Donald, Los Angeles, California
 Feuz, Mrs. Margaret C., Jackson
 Fish, Mrs. Edna, Cheyenne
 Flannery, L. G., Fort Laramie
 Forest, Alvin M., Laramie
 Fosnight, Mrs. Verryl V., Cheyenne
 Foster, Biford, Lander
 France, Walton E., Rawlins
 France, Mrs. Walton E., Rawlins
 Fremont County Public Library, Lander
 Frink, Maurice, Denver, Colorado
 Frison, Paul, Worland
 Frison, Mrs. Paul, Worland
 Frison, Robert E., Buffalo
 Froyd, Colonel Erwin A., Torrington
 Fryberger, Mrs. Harvey D., Sheridan
 Fryxell, F. M., Rock Island, Illinois
 Fuller, Mrs. Caroline, Thermopolis
 Fuller, E. O., Laramie
 Fullerton, Mrs. Ellen Miller, Los Angeles, California
 Gaber, Miss Mary A., Casper
 Gaddy, Mrs. Albert M., Cheyenne
 Gaensslen, Emil A., Green River

- Gage, Jack R., Sheridan
 Gallaher, Walter, Cheyenne
 Gallaher, Mrs. Marguerite, Cheyenne
 Gantt, Paul H., Washington, D. C.
 Garner, Miss May, Casper
 Garst, Mrs. Doris Shannon, Douglas
 Garton, Mrs. Maude, Casper
 Gaumer, W. B., Derby, Colorado
 Geddes, Mrs. R. W., Rawlins
 Gehman, Lester, Denver, Colorado
 Geier, D. O., Banner
 Gettys, Claude L., Story
 Gibbs, Mrs. Charles, Sheridan
 Gibson, Mrs. Elaine L., Pine Bluffs
 Gillespie, A. S., Laramie
 Gillespie, David, Dixon
 Gillies, Miss Catherine, Thermopolis
 Gillies, Miss May, Cheyenne
 Gleason, Mrs. Eleanor, Gillette
 Good, Mrs. Dorothea L., Wheatland
 Goodrich, Mrs. Ralph D., Grand Junction, Colorado
 Goppert, Ernest J., Cody
 Gordon, Alex, Rawlins
 Gordon, Mrs. Alex, Rawlins
 Gose, Mrs. Etta M., Upton
 Gose, Vernie O., Upton
 Goshen County Library, Torrington
 Graf, Mrs. Louise Spinner, Green River
 Graff, Everett D., Winnetka, Illinois
 Gratz, Miss Margaret, Gillette
 Gray, Mrs. W. O., Worland
 Greet, Fred, Worland
 Greet, Mrs. Fred, Worland
 Gress, Mrs. Kathryn, Cheyenne
 Grey, Donald C., Sheridan
 Griffith, James B., Sr., Lusk
 Griffith, Mrs. Vernon S., Sheridan
 Grigg, Mrs. Helen M., Riverton
 Groesbeck, Mrs. Betty, Cheyenne
 Guild, Lorin, Wheatland
 Haddox, Richard, Fort Francis E. Warren
 Hahn, Mrs. Ethel, Daly City, California
 Haldeman, Miss Ada M., Torrington
 Halsted, Miss Jessie Mae, Laramie
 Hanson, Dan, Hat Creek
 Hardy, Mrs. Marrabel, Gillette
 Harkins, Mrs. Charles H., Worland
 Harkins, Mrs. Donald J., Worland
 Harkins, Judge Donald J., Worland
 Harrington, Clarence L., Denver, Colorado
 Harris, Burton, Hackensack, New Jersey
 Harris, John, Pacific Palisades, California
 Harris, Mrs. Leland, Lovell
 Harrower, James K., Pinedale
 Hart, Mrs. Shelia, Lander
 Hartsell, John R., Cheyenne
 Hartsell, Mrs. John R., Cheyenne
 Hatcher, Mr. Gunhild, Cheyenne
 Hayen, Charles, Lingle
 Hayden, Mrs. Dudley, Jackson
 Hayden, Francis T., Cody
 Haynes, Jack E., Bozeman, Montana
 Hays, Mrs. Alice C., Lander
 Hays, Irving C., Rawlins
 Hays, Mrs. Irving C., Rawlins
 Healey, Fred, Saratoga
 Healy, Mrs. Alex. Sr., Worland
 Healy, Alex. Sr., Worland
 Heath, Mrs. Evelyn E., Cheyenne
 Heath, Dr. Lillian, M. D., Rawlins
 Heidenreich, Mrs. Homer, Sheridan
 Henderson, Mrs. Paul C., Bridgeport, Nebraska
 Henry, Mrs. Joe, Denver, Colorado
 Heron, Lloyd, Worland
 Herring, Mora, Benkelman, Nebraska
 Hesse, Miss Vivienne, Buffalo
 Hewlett, Mrs. George Wilson, Cheyenne
 Hieb, David L., Fort Laramie
 Hilman, Fred W., Big Horn
 Himebaugh, Mrs. Duke, Casper
 Hodgson, Mrs. Colin, Hanna
 Hodgson, Mrs. Nellie G., Thermopolis
 Holden, Miss Minnie, Riverside, California
 Holliday, Mrs. F. A., Laramie
 Holmes, Mrs. Alice C., Saratoga
 Hook, James W., New Haven, Connecticut
 Hoover, H. H., Kansas City, Missouri
 Hord, Mrs. Violet M., Casper
 Houser, George O., Jr., Cheyenne
 Houser, Mrs. Laura M., Cheyenne
 Houston, Miss Jane Hunt, Cheyenne
 Howell, Mrs. Helen C., Worland
 Huey, Goldie R., Casper
 Hughes, Frank T., Yoder
 Hull, Mrs. Irene David, Encampment
 Hunt, Lester C., Washington, D. C.
 Hunter, Allen, Gillette
 Hunton, Thos. S., Los Angeles, California
 Hurd, Mrs. Emilie, Denver, Colorado

- Hurd, V., Green River
 Huston, Mrs. A. T., Gillette
 Hutton, Miss Eunice, Green River
 Hutton, Mrs. Laura M., Cheyenne
 Hutton, William, Green River
 Ilsley, John P., Gillette
 Inghram, Harry C., Worland
 Inghram, Mrs. Harry C., Worland
 Ingraham, Mrs. S. Darlene Newton, Cody
 Irving, Helen A., Rawlins
 Jack, Wm. "Scotty", Casper
 Jackson, Mrs. Stella R., Douglas
 Japp, John, Gillette
 Jayne, Dr. Clarence D., Laramie
 Jensen, A. W., Cheyenne
 Jepson, Carl E., Moose
 Jewett, Mrs. Lora Neal, Pinedale
 Jewett, Mrs. James J., Jr., Riverton
 Joelner, Mrs. Fred, Casper
 Johnson, Agnes S., Torrington
 Johnson, Carl D., Cheyenne
 Johnson, Fred J., Medicine Bow
 Johnson, Helen Childs, Rawlins
 Johnston, J. Pelham, Casper
 Jones, Mrs. J. H., Sheridan
 Kafka, Mrs. Olive Garrett, Rock River
 Keeline, H. W., Gillette
 Kelley, Verona B., Torrington
 Kendall, Mrs. W. H., Sheridan
 Kennedy, Donald M., Sheridan
 Kent, Raymond D., Kelly
 Kerr, Ewing T., Cheyenne
 Kimball, Judge Ralph, Lander
 King, Norman D., San Francisco, California
 Kintz, Ralph G., Gillette
 Kirby, Kenneth M., Cheyenne
 Kukura, Edna, Casper
 La Grange School Library, La Grange
 Landers, Mrs. Gladys, Gillette
 Landers, Leland, Gillette
 Larmer, John, Bondurant
 Lane, Charles Elmer, Cheyenne
 Larson, Gordon, Torrington
 Larson, Irving A., Torrington
 Larson, Magnus, Hawk Springs
 Larson, Robert R., Laramie
 Latham, Wm. "Bill", Chugwater
 Latham, Mrs. Fairy, Chugwater
 Lawrence, W. C., Moran
 Leek, Holly W., Jackson
 Leermakers, J. A., Rochester, New York
 Lindsley, Miss Alice Louise, Sheridan
 Linford, Miss Velma, Laramie
 Linn, Ralph S., Moneta
 Littleton, Ernest A., Gillette
 Littleton, Mrs. Claire, Gillette
 Logan, Miss Clara, Torrington
 Logan, Edward O., Cheyenne
 Long, Dr. Margaret, Denver, Colorado
 Lott, Warren B., Buffalo
 Love, Mrs. Louise, Cheyenne
 Lovell Public Library, Lovell
 Lucas, Mrs. Cecil, Gillette
 Lusk High School, Lusk
 Lyall, Scott T., Billings, Montana
 Lynch, Mrs. H. B., Sunrise
 Lynch, Mrs. Michael, Lamont
 Lynch, Michael, Lamont
 McCormick, John S., Elk Mountain
 McCracken, Harry, Casper
 McCreery, John, Torrington
 McCullough, Joe J., Santa Maria, California
 McFarling, Lloyd, Palmer Lake, Colorado
 McIntosh, Marguerite G., Rawlins
 McMahon, Thomas B., Jr., Gillette
 McWilliams, Mrs. Harold, Hillsdale
 MacDougall, A. H., Rawlins
 MacLeod, Dr. D. G., Jackson
 Mahoney, J. Frank, Rawlins
 Mahoney, Mrs. J. Frank, Rawlins
 Malone, Miss Rose Mary, Casper
 Mankin, Mrs. Ora, Gillette
 Manley, Mrs. Frank A., Spur, Texas
 Marble, Fred W., Cheyenne
 Marion, W. L., Lander
 Marquiss, R. B., Gillette
 Martin, Miss Marguerite, Cheyenne
 Mason, Ellsworth, Bozeman, Montana
 Mazzulla, Fred M., Denver, Colorado
 Meade, Mrs. Irene I., Kinnear
 Meade, Mrs. Virginia Haldeman, Tucson, Arizona
 Metz, P. W., Basin
 Mickelson, James F., Big Piney
 Mickelson, Mrs. Mae E., Big Piney
 Mihan, S. D., Lyman, Nebraska
 Millard, Mrs. Allie Hall, Riverton
 Millard, Lysle A., Riverton
 Miller, Mrs. Bert F., Laramie
 Miller, Mrs. Bertha A., Riverton
 Miller, Lael, Rawlins
 Miller, Neal E., Rawlins
 Miller, Mrs. Mildred M., Big Piney
 Miller, Thomas O., Lusk
 Mills, Luther C., Wheatland
 Mills, S. R., Wheatland
 Mitchell, Mrs. Minnie A., Cheyenne

- Mockler, Frank C., Dubois
 Mockler, Mrs. Frank C., Dubois
 Mokler, Miss Edness, Casper
 Monnett, Walt J., Sheridan
 Monnett, Mrs. Walt, Sheridan
 Moor, Mrs. Ross W., Lamar,
 Colorado
 Moore, Charles C., Dubois
 Moore, James K., Jr., Lander
 Morgan, Mrs. Noel, Worland
 Morgan, Noel, Worland
 Moudy, Mrs. Mable Cheney,
 Laramie
 Mumey, Dr. Nolie, Denver,
 Colorado
 Murphy, C. Clyde, Thermopolis
 Murphy, Mrs. C. Clyde,
 Thermopolis
 Murray, Mrs. Maud I., Cody
 Nagle, George Henry, Cheyenne
 Natrona County High School,
 Casper
 Nelson, Lou J., Rawlins
 Newell, Most Rev. Hubert M.,
 Cheyenne
 Nichol, Mrs. Virginia B., Torrington
 Nicholson, Oscar W., Riverton
 Nicholson, Mrs. Oscar W., Riverton
 Nicklos, Charles F., Albuquerque,
 New Mexico
 Nisselius, Jack, Gillette
 Nicholas, Tom, Casper
 Noble, Mrs. Lin I., Thermopolis
 O'Callaghan, J. G., Casper
 Oedekoven, Mrs. Ryllis Rae, Gillette
 Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J., Cheyenne
 Oldman, Mrs. Bert, Encampment
 Oliver, Glenn W., Cheyenne
 Oliver, Mrs. Glenn W., Cheyenne
 O'Mahoney, Joseph C., Washington,
 D. C.
 Orr, Dr. Harriet K., Berkeley,
 California
 Orr, Raymond S., Cheyenne
 Orr, Mrs. Raymond S., Cheyenne
 Ostlund, Axel W., Gillette
 Ostlund, Mrs. Polly, Gillette
 Owens, Earl, Cheyenne
 Paddock, A. A., Boulder, Colorado
 Parks, William P., Sr., Gillette
 Patterson, Richard A., Rock Springs
 Payne, Mrs. Janet Smith, Riverton
 Pearson, W. E., Lovell
 Pearson, Mrs. Louise, Rawlins
 Pence, Mrs. A. M., Laramie
 Peryam, Mrs. Mable Large,
 Encampment
 Peter, W. D., Rawlins
 Peter, Mrs. W. D., Rawlins
 Peters, Mrs. Leora, Wheatland
 Peterson, Dr. Henry J., Denver,
 Colorado
 Peterson, Mrs. Ida Elizabeth,
 Cheyenne
 Peterson, Robert A., Cheyenne
 Peyton, Mrs. Pauline E., Douglas
 Peyton, Miss Pauline M., Douglas
 Phelan, Catherine E., Washington,
 D. C.
 Pool, Mrs. Guy E., Torrington
 Powers, Mrs. Margaret, Big Horn
 Prevo, Mrs. Jane, Worland
 Pryde, George B., Rock Springs
 Purdy, Jennie M., Cheyenne
 Raben, Roy C., Huntley
 Radford, Ben H., Torrington
 Raisty, L. B., Decatur, Georgia
 Rasmussen, Mrs. S., Rawlins
 Rasmusson, Arthur, Rawlins
 Rasmusson, Mrs. Edna Tierney,
 Rawlins
 Rauchfuss, Mrs. H. D., Worland
 Rauchfuss, H. D., Worland
 Rawlings, C. C., Rochester
 Reed, Lloyd R., Lincoln, Nebraska
 Rendle, Mrs. Irvine J., Rawlins
 Repsold, George J., LaGrange,
 Illinois
 Rettstatt, Lucien D., Rawlins
 Reynolds, Mrs. James C., Sheridan
 Reynolds, James C., Sheridan
 Rhoades, R. S., Dubois
 Ridings, Miss Reta, Laramie
 Riley, Mrs. Gladys F., Cheyenne
 Riter, Mrs. Franklin, Salt Lake
 City, Utah
 Ritter, Mrs. Alta, Gillette
 Ritter, Charles, Cheyenne
 Ritter, Raymond R., Gillette
 Riverton High School Library,
 Riverton
 Riverton Public Library, Riverton
 Robertson, A. E., Rawlins
 Robertson, Mrs. C. F., Worland
 Robertson, Miss Edith E., Green
 River
 Robinson, H. A., Thermopolis
 Robinson, Mrs. Arlene, Thermopolis
 Rogers, Mrs. Mary, Cheyenne
 Romick, Charlotte, Rawlins
 Rosenstock, Fred, Denver, Colorado
 Rundquist, Albert N., Lusk
 Rusk, D. L., Rawlins
 Russell, Jean Beeler, Dixon
 Russell, Mrs. Elizabeth E.,
 Thermopolis
 Russell, Mrs. J. S., Worland
 Russell, J. S., Worland

- Ryan, Mrs. Maude, Douglas
 Ryder, Mrs. Esther, Glenrock
 Rymill, Walter L., Boulder,
 Colorado
 Sander, Miss Dorris L., Cheyenne
 Schaedel, Mrs. John, Cheyenne
 School District No. 6, Medicine Bow
 Schroer, Mrs. Blanche, Lander
 Scifers, Mrs. Barbara, Casper
 Scott, Mrs. Mary Hurlburt, Riverton
 Seipt, Mrs. Henry M., Riverton
 Sheldon, Burton W., Cheyenne
 Sherard, Agatha, Gillette
 Shiek, Mrs. Frank N., Long Beach,
 California
 Shields, Mrs. John T., Cheyenne
 Shirk, Mrs. H. C., Worland
 Shirk, H. C., Worland
 Sims, Albert G., Douglas
 Sinclair, F. H., Sheridan
 Sinclair, Mrs. Jack, Gillette
 Slack, Mrs. John, Sheridan
 Slack, Mrs. Mary, Cheyenne
 Slatt, Rebecca, Cheyenne
 Sloss, Mrs. C. C., Rawlins
 Smith, Mrs. Dwyer F., Cheyenne
 Smith, Mrs. Edith Carpenter,
 Helena, Montana
 Smith, Joe A., Wood River, Illinois
 Smith, Miss Louise S., Cheyenne
 Smith, William, Gillette
 Smith, Mrs. William, Gillette
 Snell, Miss Bernice, Lander
 Snoddy, Mrs. Joe, Gillette
 Snodgrass, George H., Casper
 Snodgrass, Mrs. George H., Casper
 Snyder, Mrs. Charles, Crowheart
 Snyder, Mrs. Elizabeth Rydahl,
 Cheyenne
 Spencer, Mrs. Pearl, Big Piney
 Spielman, Jesse E., Gillette
 Spielman, Mrs. Jess, Gillette
 Springs, Mrs. Agnes Wright, Denver,
 Colorado
 Stan, Charles S., Casper
 St. Clair, Mrs. Rosa, Worland
 Steckel, Prof. Wm. R., Laramie
 Steckley, Mrs. Velma, Douglas
 Steege, Louis C., Cheyenne
 Stephenson, W. R., Casper
 Stimson, Dallas, Gillette
 Stoddard, Mrs. Fama Hess, Manville
 Stoddard, Lee C., Manville
 Stolt, Miss Edna B., Cheyenne
 Storm, Archie, Sheridan
 Stratton, Fred D., Jr., South Pass
 City
 Stratton, F. D., Riverton
 Stratton, Mrs. Nelle N., Riverton
 Streeter, Bessie, Gillette
 Stump, Mary Barbara, Cheyenne
 Swan, Henry, Denver, Colorado
 Swartz, Mrs. Kate, Gillette
 Sun, Mrs. Tom, Rawlins
 Sundin, Mrs. Clifford, Rawlins
 Swartzenbruber, Joe, Torrington
 Talmage, Mrs. F. D., Thermopolis
 Taylor, Mrs. Bertha B.,
 Mountainview
 Taylor, Harry A., Worland
 Taylor, Mrs. Harry A., Worland
 Taylor, Mrs. James W., Jr., Casper
 Taylor, Livingston L., Columbus,
 Ohio
 Teton County Library, Jackson
 Templin, Curtis, Chugwater
 Thom, John C., Buffalo
 Thompson, Mrs. Jessie C.,
 Thermopolis
 Thomson, Mrs. E. Keith, Cheyenne
 Thompson, Melvin F., Big Piney
 Thorp, Russell, Cheyenne
 Tierney, Mrs. Margaret S., Rawlins
 Tillett, Mrs. Bessie F., Kane
 Tonkin, T. C., Casper
 Toppan, Fred W., Jackson
 Topping, Mrs. Fred J., Elk
 Towns, H. C., Cheyenne
 Travis, Maury M., Casper
 Trenholm, Mrs. Virginia, Glendo
 Trew, Charlotte, Rawlins
 Turk, B. E., Sussex
 Turnbull, Roy, Lusk
 Tyrrel, Mrs. Jane P., Lusk
 University of Kentucky Margaret I.
 King Library, Lexington, Kentucky
 Upton, William B., Jr., Denver,
 Colorado
 Van Burgh, Dana P., Jr., Casper
 Van Burgh, Mrs. Lucile, Casper
 van Hatten, C. J., Powell
 Vivion, Charles, Rawlins
 Wakeman, E. E., Newcastle
 Waldo, Mrs. W. A., Worland
 Wales, Mrs. Nellie L., Hamilton
 Dome
 Walker, Mrs. Meda Caley,
 Cheyenne
 Wall, Max M., Torrington
 Wallace, Taylor, Casper
 Wallis, Mrs. Alma A., Laramie
 Wallis, Bert, Laramie
 Wallis, Miss Martha, Laramie
 Wallis, Mrs. Oliver, Laramie
 Ward, Mrs. Orland W., Laramie
 Warlow, Eugene A., Gillette
 Warlow, Mrs. Viola, Gillette
 Washakie County Library, Worland

- | | |
|---|---|
| Watson, Judson P., Lusk | Williamson, A. P., Lake Andes,
South Dakota |
| Webb, J. Early, Kaycee | Williamson, C. D., Hanna |
| Wentworth, Col. Edward N.,
Chicago, Illinois | Wingett, Charles W., Cheyenne |
| Werner, George, Sr., Gillette | Winter, Mrs. Zita, Green River |
| West, C. F., Longmont, Colorado | Woodard, Mrs. Jocelyn Charde,
Casper |
| Weston, Mrs. Perry D., Cheyenne | Woodhouse, Mina T., Rawlins |
| Wheatland High School, Wheatland | Wyoming Typewriter & Equipment
Co., Cheyenne |
| Whittenburg, Miss Clarice, Laramie | Wyoming Tuberculosis Sanitarium,
Basin |
| Wickersham, Miss Orpha, Cheyenne | Zollinger, Mrs. W. J., Tulsa,
Oklahoma |
| Wiley, Mrs. Lucille B., Cody | Yoder, Dr. Franklin D., Cheyenne |
| Wilkins, Mrs. Edness Kimball,
Casper | Yoder, Oscar, LaGrange |
| Willford, Carl, Saratoga | Young, Harry C., Glenrock |
| Willford, Mrs. Maude Jones,
Saratoga | Zid, Major Frank A., San Francisco,
California |
| Williams, Alfred R., Fort Collins,
Colorado | |
| Williams, R. Roy, Sheridan | |
| Williams, William B., Banner | |

Museums in Wyoming

Tourists are interested in the history of Wyoming, and at the State Museum inquiries are often made as to where other museums are located in the State. As a result of such inquiries a survey was made last year and the following information was compiled. If this information should prove to be inadequate or erroneous, corrections will be appreciated.

BUFFALO: Gatchell Drug Store. Highlights: Guns and relics picked up on battlegrounds of Wagon Box, Custer and Dull Knife fights; Indian artifacts.

CASPER: Ft. Caspar, located at end of West 13th St. Replica of old Fort Caspar built by WPA during 1930's. Highlights: Relics of the early fort and the Oregon Trail.

CHEYENNE: State Museum, State Office Building, 23rd and Capitol. Regular hours: 9:00-4:30 Monday-Friday, 12:00-5:00 Sunday. Summer hours also include Saturday from 9:00-5:00. Highlights: Indian Collection, Wyoming Stock Growers Collection of saddles, brands, etc., geology collection, pioneer relics, original State Constitution, pictures, Deadwood Stage Coach relics. Lola M. Homsher, Director.

U. P. Depot: Stagecoach used on Overland Trail out of Julesburg, Colorado.

Frontier Park: Jim Baker Cabin, formerly located in Little Snake River country.

CODY: Buffalo Bill Museum in west Cody on Yellowstone Highway. Open June-October 15. Highlights: Buffalo Bill's mementos, Indian relics, artist's exhibit. Mrs. Mary Jester Allen, curator. Entrance Fee.

- COMO:** Como, Wyoming. Open daily during regular business hours in connection with service station. Highlights: Museum is built of dinosaur bones and exhibit relates to the nearby Como Bluffs area from which many prehistoric bones have been removed. Mrs. Tom Boylan, owner.
- DOUGLAS:** Wyoming Pioneer Association Museum on State Fair Grounds. Open only during the State Fair at the end of August. Highlights: Pioneer and Indian relics.
- FORT BRIDGER:** On Highway 30 across the parade ground in town of Ft. Bridger. Hours 8:00 a.m.-7:00 p.m. daily. Features relics of the old fort. Mormon Wall, Pony Express barn and other buildings are still standing. Custodian, D. R. Hicks, under the Wyoming Historical Landmarks Commission.
- FORT LARAMIE:** Three miles from Highway 26 at town of Ft. Laramie. Hours 8:00-4:30 Monday-Saturday, 8:30-5:00 Sunday. Museum has pictures, maps, relics, illustrative of period 1834-1890. The fort itself features the surviving buildings and ruins of Ft. Laramie which recall its distinguished role in the conquest of the West. Fort Laramie National Monument, administered by National Park Service.
- GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK** at Jenny Lake: Museum relating to the Teton mountains, wild flowers of the area. Equipment used by climbers on exhibit. Administered by National Park Service.
- GREEN RIVER:** William Hutton's Private Museum, 185 E. 2nd N. St. Hours 5:00-10:00 p.m. Highlights: Petrified wood fireplace, relics. Admission fee, 25¢.
- GUERNSEY:** Mr. Henry Frederick's Private Museum, three miles west of town on U. S. 26. Highlights: Pioneer relics picked up along Oregon Trail, Indian items.
- KEMMERER:** Triangle Park in center of business district. Open June 1-Sept. 15. Hours 12 noon-9 p.m. except Sundays and holidays. Highlights: Pioneer relics, fossils, early western items.
- LANDER:** Located in Pioneer Park. Opened by appointment. Highlights: Harvey Morgan skull with king bolt still imbedded (1870), Esther Hobart Morris chair (1868), first monument stone to Esther Morris, pioneer items from early homes, guns, numerous excellent pictures and photographs. Fremont County Pioneer Association, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Hoffer, caretakers.
- LARAMIE:** Basement of Court House. Opened during Red Cross hours, 2:00-4:00 p.m. Monday-Friday. Pioneer relics, pictures, Bill Nye items. Under sponsorship of Albany County Historical Society, R. H. Burns, President.
- LUSK:** Located at 4th and Main. Hours, 8:00 a.m.-8:00 p.m. during summer, other times by request. Highlights: Cheyenne-Deadwood stagecoach, Indian artifacts, ranch and livestock historical information. Hans Gautschi, Curator.

MOORCROFT: Basement of Library building. Opened upon request. Highlights: Rock specimens, arrowheads, old guns, confederate money.

NEWCASTLE: Jenny's Stockade building on Court House grounds. Now Chamber of Commerce tourist information headquarters.

PINE BLUFFS: Mr. Dewey Edmunds Private Museum. Hours, open Sunday. Highlights: Indian relics, fossils, antique articles, freak animals.

RAWLINS: Carbon County Court House. Hours, 1:00-4:00 Fridays. Highlights: Pioneer relics, pictures. Mrs. Ed Bennett and Mrs. Cliff Sundin, Curators.

SUN RANCH: Located on U. S. Highway 220 at Devil's Gate on Oregon Trail. Hours 10:00-11:00 a.m., 1:00-5:00 p.m. Highlights: Dishes, guns, articles picked up along Oregon Trail. Mrs. Tom Sun, owner.

SUNDANCE: Basement of Public Library. Opened upon request. Highlights: Dinosaur specimens, guns, rocks, ox yokes, artifacts, pioneer relics.

THERMOPOLIS: Located in City Park facing west, near Carnegie Library. Open June 15 for remainder of summer. Hours, 1:00-5:00 p.m. Highlights: Relics of the 90's, ranch items, stage coach, guns, household articles, memorial fireplace. Under jurisdiction of Hot Springs County Pioneer Association.

Pioneer Monument

The story of the erection of the Pioneer Memorial to the Fremont County Pioneers was told in the January issue of the *Annals of Wyoming*. Mr. Jules Farlow and Mr. J. K. Moore of Lander have continued to work on this project during the past year, and approximately 170 names of pioneer families who settled in Fremont County prior to 1906 will be added to the stone before the annual reunion meeting on Sunday, August 29.

Mr. W. L. Marion of Lander, who has for a number of years authored the column "Peek at the Past" in the *Lander State Journal* paid high tribute to the pioneers who settled the Lander Valley and reviewed briefly a few of the highlights of the history of that area. He commented as follows:

WHAT PRICE PIONEERING

Mr. Master of Ceremonies, officers and friends of the Fremont County Pioneer Association: Just why your committee settled on me to make this dedicatory address is something more than I can understand when there are so many more capable ones who could do a much better job. However, guess you will have to bear with me—I will try to make it short. Here in everlasting granite from

our native hills are carved the names of 152 pioneers who settled Fremont County and who organized this Association.

It is a fitting tribute to these old timers and should have been done long ago when the monument was first set up. A monument to a group of people without the names of those people means very little. Now we will have the names preserved. Books and records have a penchant for getting lost; these names will not be lost.

Time does not permit giving the deeds that each pioneer played; each deserves credit, all deserve equal credit.

We often wonder just what induced these men and women to leave the security of well-settled and safe communities and undertake the hazardous journey over the Overland Trail. Was it the lust of gold? Yes, the California gold rush and the rush to the Atlantic and South Pass regions testify to that. Men have always gone the limits of human endurance in search of the yellow metal—the metal miners dig out of the ground today and Uncle Sam puts right back in tomorrow. Was it the love of adventure? Yes, there were always those who wanted to see what lay beyond the horizon. But we think there was a greater underlying urge, the burning desire in every man's breast to own a small piece of God's Foot Stool, thereon to build their home, to raise their family and to work out the destiny the Creator destined for them.

It is hard to realize today, as we whiz along the old trail, the hardships and dangers that beset the early pioneers. Their speed was not 50 to 100 miles per hour—the old ox teams and the not much faster horse could only make about two miles per hour, plodding along, never stopping except for a night's rest, to give birth or bury the dead. The trip we make in a few hours took a month from the time they crossed the Big Blue River in Kansas until they reached the summit of the Continental Divide. They were in constant danger, danger from Indian attacks, from drowning while crossing swollen rivers, from disease; five thousand died in one season in the 1850's along the Platte. How many died from other causes, God only knows. The lonely graves along the old trail are mute testimony of the tragedies: a mother stricken from a bereaved family; a beloved son or daughter; or the head of the family stricken down by the relentless bullet or arrow of the red skins; the hastily dug grave, the rudely constructed coffin, more often a blanket served for both a shroud and a coffin. Think of the heartbreak, the anguish, when the caravan had to move on and leave the lonely grave to the solitude of the desert. Oh you, who came here within the last fifty years, think again; did you pay that price that was their price for pioneering? It is claimed there is not a mile of the old trail from the Platte to the crest of the Continental Divide but what claimed a human life; and then when they reached their destination, their danger was still with them

if on this side of the Divide—the same tribulations that beset them on the trail.

The miners worked two by two, one working while the other stood guard. Those that settled on the streams and valleys never knew when the dread warwhoop would resound. The rifle was always carried across the plow handle. Young Irwin was struck down by Indians who had made the peace sign within the town limits of Atlantic City, then a town of two thousand people; Mike Heenan was killed on the divide between Beaver and Twin Creek while hauling hay; Doc Barr, Jerome Mason, and Harvey Morgan were killed while returning from the mines on a trip to this valley; Harvey Morgan's skull with the wagon hammer through it tells of the savagery of the Indians.

Ed Young had a narrow escape from the same Indians that butchered the miners. The miners had put up such a stern fight that when E. F. Cheney, Charley Oldham, and Anthony came upon the scene of the battle, they found nine dead Indian ponies which testified to the courageous fight the miners had put up. The Indians that had lost their mounts in the fight were looking for remounts and came across Ed Young's location at the mouth of the Little Popo Agie Canyon. Young got up one morning and started for the well, a short distance from his back door, for water for breakfast. His old saddle horse, Button, let out a snort and cocked his ears up towards a ridge that ran north east and south west about 150 yards from the house. Young knew that horse had seen something that boded him no good and ducked back into the cabin and barred the door. He went to the west side of the cabin and studied that ridge by knocking a hole in the chinking. The first thing that caught his eye was a small shining disk reflecting the rays of the rising sun. He had never seen that object before and decided to see what made it tick. He reached over to the corner for his rifle and drew a fine bead on that shining disk, and at the crack of the rifle two Indians jumped up and started to run up the ridge. Young with two quick shots knocked one over. The other got away. In the afternoon, Cheney, Oldham, and Anthony, returning to the mines, decided to go by Ed's cabin and see if he was still alive. Young came out to meet them and told them about the brush he had had with the Indians that morning. They went up on the ridge where Young had seen the shining object, and there lay a dead Indian. Young had made a bull's eye on that disk. It was a little mirror with feathers radiating out from it such as you see Indians wearing now on their breast. It was a narrow escape for Young, or he would have paid the price for pioneering.

Oliver Lamoreaux, William Hays, Frank Moorehouse, Bill Rhodes, Dutch Henry on Cottonwood, a man by the name of Camp, Mrs. Hall and her niece, Mrs. Richardson, were killed back

of where Baldwin's Store now stands—and so many more. Read Captain H. G. Nickerson's history of the County, the price of pioneering. It is a strange thing, but the price of every precious thing has been purchased by the price of blood, man's salvation; the blood shed on Calvary, our nation, our constitution, our freedom purchased by the blood of our patriot dead; and we enjoy the homes we have today at the price of the blood of our pioneers. I have never seen the Taj Mahal; they claim it is the most beautiful building in the world. Maybe so, but the Federal Building on 3rd and Lincoln looks far more beautiful to me. I have never seen the River Shannon, so dear to the Irishman's heart; nor have I seen the Beautiful Blue Danube, so famed in song and story; but if I had, when I got home the crystal clear Popo Agie would have been far more beautiful to me. I have never seen Switzerland and its Alps, but the snow-capped and timber-crowned Wind River Mountains hold all the mountain grandeur and sylvan beauty I ever want to see. Why is this? because it is home—Home, that most beautiful word in the English vocabulary. What a world of meaning in that word. The most beautiful song ever written is John Howard Payne's "Home Sweet Home." I never come over the hills into this valley that I don't see how beautiful it is, beautiful because our pioneers by the help of the Almighty made it so. It was not always the beautiful spot it is now. It had to be reclaimed from a reluctant nature and the hand of the red man by the price of the blood of our pioneers; and while we have preserved the names of these old timers in ageless granite, let us keep them ever verdant in our memories. They paid a high price for the things we enjoy today. Thank God for our pioneers.

Errata

On page 6 of the January 1954 *Annals of Wyoming*, the date on which the railroad reached Cody, Wyoming, should have read 1901 rather than 1899. On page 96 under the gift of Mrs. Cyrus Beard, the date of the funeral of Judge Cyrus Beard should have read 1920 rather than 1921.

Recent Acquisitions

MUSEUM

Carson, Iris, Wheatland	100 year-old doll with original clothes; horn spoon with whistle handle found in cave on Hunter Ranch.
Clausen, E. C., Cheyenne	Meerscham cigar holder and case.
Davis, Courtney C., Horse Creek	Tubular kerosene lantern used on Van Tassel Ranch, Islay, Wyo.
Emerson, Paul W., Cheyenne	Bullet, 2 organ stops, 15 hat pins, pen, 1894 wooden knife, and ruler.

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| Gooldy, John F.,
Savery | Hand made trap from Jim Bridger estate. |
| Henry, William M.,
Douglas | Telegraph pole insulator off Bozeman Trail at Brown Springs, also hand-made ox shoes. |
| Hones, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph,
Cheyenne | Civil War army coat which belonged to Louis Duval, dated 1887. |
| Leckemby, P. L.,
Baggs | Two metal insulators dug from 4 ft. depth at Barrel Springs stage station. |
| Lion's Club of Wyoming,
Cheyenne | Statuette given by people of Italy to Lion's Club of Wyoming for their help on the Friendship Train. |
| Long, G. C.,
Lingle | Three iron railroad parts from Buffalo & Clearmont Railroad: rail section, rail plate, and 2 spikes. |
| McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards,
Los Angeles, Calif. | Spurs made for Edna Richards; metal ring found in Big Horn Country about 1889-1890 by W. A. Richards; Frontier Day ribbon from first show, Sep. 23, 1897; medal for trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha, 1898, (portrait used on it was composite picture of Miss Alice Richards); Army dog tag. |
| Meng, Hans,
Hot Springs, S. Dak. | Petrified tree section found 4 miles southeast of Hot Springs. |
| Moore, Jr., J. K.,
Lander | Twenty post trader tokens: 10 tokens from Camp Brown, Wyo. Terr., 4 tokens from Fort Washakie, Wyo., 6 tokens from Fort Bridger, Wyo. Terr. |
| Noyes, H. L.,
Cheyenne | Seventy-five year old shaving kit in leather covered case: 1 strop and 5 razors. |
| Peterson, Robert A.,
Cheyenne | Two bottles from site of old Chugwater stage station found Oct. 9, 1953, by L. C. Bishop and donor. |
| Sargent, L. W.,
Pinedale | Three cartridges for 32 calibre National revolver; bison tooth dug up at Finley Site in Eden Valley. |
| Sharp, Howard
Cheyenne | Indian drum from Crow Indian Reservation. |
| Stratton, Jr., Fred,
South Pass City | Bricks and glass from Fort Stambaugh; brick from the brick kiln at South Pass City, Wyo., 1870. |
| Swan, Henry,
Denver, Colo. | Dinner napkin of 1880's owned and used by Mrs. Thomas Swan. |
| Thorp, Russell,
Cheyenne | Colt six-shooter carried by Mike Shonsey during the Johnson County invasion; woman's slippers of the 1860's; woman's high-top shoes worn by Estelle Brooks Vosberg about 1870; Navajo saddle blanket used by George Voorhees. |

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| Whitney, Jr., Fred
Cheyenne | Saddle 70 years old made in Oregon for the late Fred Whitney, Sr., of 21 Ranch, Meeteetse, Wyo. |
| Wilhelm, Fulton,
Cheyenne | Square iron railroad tie spike and part of an old wagon wheel rim found at the edge of the city park, Cheyenne. |
| Williams, L. O.,
Cheyenne | World War II foxhole cigarette lighter. |
| Yoder, Dr. Franklin,
Cheyenne | Pieces of different kinds of glass telegraph insulators and 3 iron rail spikes picked up on old railroad bed near Ames Monument. |

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS AND PAPERS

- | | |
|---|---|
| Adams, James H., and Senior
Class of Campbell County
High School,
Gillette | Manuscript, mimeographed, "History of Campbell County" by 1954 Senior English Class under direction of donor. |
| Bane, J. R.,
Lander | Manuscript, "Report on the Ellen McGroup of Lode Mining Claims which Covers the Mine, Methods, Costs, and Suggestions as to Future Prospects. |
| Beard, Mrs. Cyrus,
San Gabriel, Calif. | Bulletin, <i>The Huguenot</i> , Vol. 2, No. 1, Feb. 1932; manuscript, "The Frewens of Powder River," by donor. |
| Bernstein, Mrs. Martin,
Cheyenne | Booklet, "The Women's Club of Cheyenne, 1907-08"; manuscript, "The Life of Max Idelman, Pioneer Citizen of Wyoming. And of His Relatives and Descendents" by donor. |
| Bishop, L. C.,
Cheyenne | Map of U. S. showing early routes, roads, and highways, 1926 edition, General Land Office, Dept. of Interior. |
| Bragg, Jr., W. F.,
Torrington | Pamphlets on the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Louisiana Purchase and the Lewis and Clark Exposition. |
| Brokaw, Mrs. Ralph H.,
McFadden | Manuscript, "A Brief History of Carbon County." |
| Burden, Grant
Omaha, Nebr. | Manuscript, "Plat of Iron Mountain Area"; U. P. news release on Iron Mountain deposits. |
| Connor, Rock H.,
Chicago, Illinois | Eight "clearing house certificates" used as substitute currency during 1907 panic. |

- Cooper, Clara Chassell,
Berea, Ky. Booklet, "Christian Advocate," Oct. 15, 1953; bulletin, "Account of Commemorative Exercises Honoring Inyan Kara Methodist Episcopal Church"; newspapers, *The Rapid City Daily Journal*, Oct. 14, 1953, p. 4, "Commemorative Exercises Honors Wyoming Church" and *The Sundance Times*, Oct. 10, 1953, p. 4, "Commemorative Service for First Wyoming Country Church"; reprint from the *Belle Fourche Bee*, Oct. 10, 1953, "Inyan Kara Church Given Distinguished Place in Wyoming Religious History"; two brochures, "Epworth League Prayer Meeting Topics, Jan. 7 to June 24, 1894" and "Our Church Papers" by O. B. Chassell.
- David, Robert B.,
Casper Manuscript, "A Story of Early Days in Buffalo and Johnson County."
- Davis, Courtney C.,
Horse Creek W. C. Wilson and W. O. Owen, Map of Albany County, 1886.
- Emerson, Dr. Paul W.,
Cheyenne Manuscript, "Freighters! Oh, freighters!"
- Farlow, Jules,
Lander Manuscript, "Memoirs of E. J. Farlow." (on microfilm)
- First Baptist Church
Cheyenne Booklet, "Let Us Arise and Build for the Glory of God and the Salvation of Souls."
- Friend, Clarence L.,
Escondido, Calif. Manuscript, "This is the History of Northern Albany County by Clarence L. Friend and Starting in the Summer of 1886."
- Goodrich, Mr. and Mrs. Arlo,
Wheatland *Wheatland World*, Vol. 1, No. 20, March 8, 1895.
- Horesky, C. J.,
Cheyenne Letter press copy of an original message sent by UPRR regarding Wilcox Train Robbery on June 1, 1899.
- Hunt, U. S. Sen. Lester C.,
Washington, D. C. Seven sections of topographical map of the road from Missouri to Oregon with field notes and journal of Capt. J. C. Fremont compiled by Fremont's assistant, Charles Preuss, 1846.
- Jenkins, Perry W.,
Salt Lake City, Utah Souvenir program of "The Green River Rendezvous 1933-1944."
- Lynch, Frank H.,
Linville, Ohio Manuscript, "The Year 1919. Beginning of Oil Boom at Osage, Wyoming."

- Marion, W. L.,
Lander
Manuscript, "A History of South Pass" by Frank E. Hayes; copy of speech on history of Lander Valley and Fremont County in particular; short data on Fort Washakie; manuscript, "What Price Pioneering?" dedicatory address given at Fremont County Pioneer's meeting, Sept. 1953.
- Mason, Tom,
Cheyenne
Earliest type of money order: sample postal note in amount of 1¢ by assistant postmaster, Cheyenne to Hartford, dated July 24, 1884.
- McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards,
Los Angeles, Calif.
Four *Annals of Wyoming*; W. A. Richards' correspondence relating to U. S. Land Office, public lands, forest reserves; administrative papers relating to Wyoming Batt. in Spanish-American War, officers at Ft. Russell, 1898, Buffalo Bill; U. P. Railroad pass; notebook notes on interviews between President Theodore Roosevelt and W. A. Richards, 1902-06; manuscripts about the ranch life and experiences of the W. A. Richards, settlers, Ft. Russell, and Cheyenne.
- Merritt, Ernie O.,
Cheyenne
Thirteen letters written during Civil War by his second cousin.
- Metz, Mrs. P. W.,
Basin
Two mimeographed pamphlets, "Greetings from Wyoming," and "Directory of Business and Service Agencies of the Big Horn Basin Area," Jan. 1951, by Northwest Junior College and University of Wyoming.
- Miller, Neal E.,
Rawlins
Typescript, "The History of 111 West Lincolnway, Rawlins, Wyo.," as Dr. Lillian Heath Nelson told it to Mr. Miller, April 1954.
- Moberly, W. E.,
Cheyenne
Petrified baculite fossil found on ranch 25 miles west of Cheyenne. (Loan)
- Moore, Jr., J. K.,
Lander
Manuscript of two Lander broadcasts during Feb. and Mar., 1953, by donor entitled "Early Transportation"; microfilm, "Ft. Washakie, Medical History of the Post, April 1873-June 1887"; six photostats, Treaty with Sho-Sho-Nee Indians, July 2, 1863, at Ft. Bridger in Utah Terr., letter of recommendation for father dated 1864, LeClair scouting statement, Yoder letter, clipping on passing of Jos. Rainey, copy of Wyo. Mail and Transportation Waybill (stage) from Ft. Washakie to Rawlins, 1900.

- Morrison, W. W.,
Cheyenne
- Manuscripts, "The Expedition of the Donnor Party and Its Tragic Fate" by Eliza P. Donnor Houghton; "Donnor Miscellany," typed by donor; typescript, "The Story as Told at the Grave of Mary Kelly near Little Box Elder Crossing; Sunday May 30, 1954."
- Nebraska State Historical Society,
Lincoln, Nebr.
- Twelve volumes *Deseret Semi-Weekly News*, Salt Lake City, Utah: 1909 July-Dec., 1910, 1911, 1912-1913; 1914, Jan.-June; 1914 July-Dec.; 1915 Jan.-June; 1915 July-Dec., 1916, 1917; 1917-18 (Dec. 1917-Aug. 1918).
- Nelson, Dr. Lillian Heath,
Rawlins
- Manuscript of poem, "Senator Beckwith."
- Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J.,
Cheyenne
- Envelope addressed by her father, H. A. Parshall, to her mother, Annie Kilbourne, Lexington, Michigan, return address stamped "Cheyenne & Black Hills Stage Co's Express. G.S. & P," postmarked Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 18. Envelope franked with stage postage imprint "1776-1876. U.S. Postage Three cents."
- Shad, Harry,
Cheyenne
- Letters and newspaper clippings about Dr. Jewell, Isabelle Jewell, and the Oregon Trail.
- Smith, Clarence "Bud",
Pinedale
- Justice of the Peace docket kept by his father, C. F. Smith, at Shoshoni. 1906-1910.
- Thomson, Frank,
Spearfish, S. Dak.
- Typescript, "An Extract from the Life and Adventure of Bill Gay" by William (Bill) Gay.
- Wyoming Cow-Belles Association
Laramie
- Typescript, History of the Wyoming Cow-Belles for the year June 1, 1953 to June 1, 1954.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY

- Beard, Mrs. Cyrus,
San Gabriel, Calif.
- Presbyterian Aid Society, *The Evanston Cookbook of Tested Recipes*.
- Chamblin, Thos. S.,
Cheyenne
- Two volumes of *The Historical Encyclopedia of Wyoming*, edited by donor.
- Christie, Cameron,
Aurora, Ill.
- Bartlett, I. S., *History of Wyoming*, Vols. I, II, III.

- Coe, W. R.,
New York City
Adams, Ramon, F., *Six-Guns and Saddle Leather.*
Brooks, Juanita, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre.*
Graham, Col. W. A., *The Custer Myth.*
Jackson, Alonzo C., *The Conquest of California.*
Mercer, A. S., *The Banditti of the Plains.*
Sachererell Sitwell-Handasyde Buchanan & James Fisher, *Fine Bird Books 1700-1900.*
Stewart, George R., *The Opening of the California Trail.*
- Cooper, Clara Chassell,
Berea, Ky.
Fifteen pamphlets: four journals of the Wyoming Mission of M. E. Church, 1889-92; 11 Minutes of the Black Hills Mission Conference of M. E. Church, 1892 to 1904.
- Dunn, Mrs. Nora,
Cheyenne
Stone, Elizabeth Arnold, *Uinta County Its Place in History.*
Strahorn, Robert E., *The Handbook of Wyoming.*
Cook, James H., *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier.*
- Hook, James W.,
New Haven, Conn.
Hook, James W., *Lt. Samuel Smith His Children and One Line of Descendents and Related Families.*
- Lloyd, S. A.,
Caldwell, Idaho
Clay, John, *My Life on the Range.*
- Morton, Mrs. R. A.,
Cheyenne
Pamphlet: *Seventy-five Years of History, 1869-1944*, history of the First Presbyterian Church, Cheyenne.
- Ohnhaus, Mrs. Charles J.,
Cheyenne
Allyne, E. E., *First Round Trip Transcontinental Passenger Flight.*
- Rocky Mountain Directory Co.
Wyoming State Directory, 1953-54.
- Steege, Louis,
Cheyenne
Pamphlet, *Fort Laramie National Monument, Wyo.*, U. S. Dept. of Interior, National Park Service.
- Wells, Dr. N. E.,
Newcastle
Wells, Nathan E., M.D., *Just Another Country Doctor.*

PICTURES

- Bernstein, Mrs. Martin,
Cheyenne
Photograph of Idelman Residence, now Schrader Funeral Home; 23 photographs including the members of the Idelman family, P. Jacob Gauff, and other Cheyenne residents.
- Bond, Wallace,
Cheyenne
Picture of first Wool Growers meeting.

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| Chadey, Henry,
Rock Springs | Four photographs of Indian petroglyphs near Rock Springs and Boer's Tusk. |
| Dunn, Mrs. R. L.,
Cheyenne | Four photographs including Ollie Arnold, 1895; Mr. and Mrs. Floye, and members of their family. |
| Frink, Maurice,
Boulder, Colo. | Two photographs of frozen cattle and snow drift after blizzard of 1949, photos taken by J. Elmer Brock of Kaycee. |
| Gillespie, A. S.,
Laramie | Five post card photographs of roping, riding, and catching wild horses. |
| Ledbetter, Jack,
Saratoga | Thirteen photographs including early mining days around Battle, Wyo.; Edith Crow Haggarty and Mr. Haggarty; Roman Tunnel, Breckenridge, Colo.; and memorial to Maj. T. T. Thornburgh, 1879. |
| Love, Mrs. John,
Laramie | Photograph of St. Mathews Church, Laramie, with Rev. Cornell, Capt. Cratz (?), Mrs. Ferris, and young organist. |
| McCreery, Mrs. Alice Richards,
Los Angeles, Calif. | Nineteen tintypes of early Cheyenne residents, 1892; three photographs including the Dobbins house, Warren residence, Engrossing Committee of 1895 or 1897 Legislature. |
| Metz, Mrs. P. W.,
Basin | Two picture post cards of Plaza Apts., Thermopolis. |
| Moore, Jr., J. K.
Lander | Photograph of Edmo LeClair. |
| Nelson, Dr. Lillian Heath,
Rawlins | Photograph of the Heath House, 1882. |
| Schafer, Edwin C.,
Omaha, Nebr. | Fourteen photographs of early U.P.R.R. construction crews and locomotives of Wyoming and Utah. |
| Shiek, Mrs. Frank N.,
Long Beach, Calif. | Two post card photographs, one of Ft. Russell about 1904, one of State Capitol Bldg. before the wings were added. |
| Wagner, Howard,
Cheyenne | Sixty-nine picture glass negatives, including 12 pictures of Cheyenne scenes and buildings, 15 pictures of Fort Francis E. Warren, and 4 pictures of Tom Horn. |
| Zullig, H. C.,
Sheridan | Photograph of officers of the 1st Batt., Wyo. Volunteer Inf., Spanish-American War. |

STATE ARCHIVES

- Bolln, Henry,
Douglas Two volumes of Postmaster Account and Record Book and 8 books of records and registers of the U. S. Post Office at Douglas.
- Employment Security
Commission of Wyoming *Seventeenth Annual Report, 1953.*
- Highway Department,
Cheyenne Three issues of "The Highwayman," Dec. through Mar., 1954.
- Livestock and Sanitary Board,
Cheyenne Two reels of microfilm including Minutes, Attorney General's correspondence and opinions, and Brand Division correspondence through the "F's"; 8 publications for microfilming on quarantine proclamations and disease regulations.
- Nicholas, Thomas A.,
Casper Eight photostats of the court records of Capt. C. G. Nickerson, U. S. Court Commissioner for the 3rd Judicial District, Wyoming Territory, 1869.
- State Board of Health,
Cheyenne "Studies of Tick and Rocky Mountain Spotted Fever," 1921-22.
- State Engineer,
Cheyenne Received from the State Library, Document Section: *Annual Report, Second, of the Territorial Engineer, 1889; Biennial Reports, 1889-1906*, Nos. 1-8.
- State Highway Commission,
Cheyenne *State Highway Department of Wyoming*, by John R. Shanahan, a thesis for the Univ. of Wyo.; *Wyoming Highway Laws and Related Statutes, 1953.*
- State Library,
Cheyenne *Biennial Reports of the State Librarian, 1892, 1894, 1896, and 1898*; 3 lists of documents sent to states and territories, 1900.
- Unemployment Compensation
Commission
Casper Early Claimant Card, Jan. 3, 1939, from Worland Office; Unemployment Fund form of the Carya Mining and Development Co., Atlantic City, Wyo., June 1937.
- U. S. Department of the Interior,
Bureau of Reclamation, Mis-
souri Basin Field Committee,
Billings, Mont. Sixty-two issues of the *Department of the Interior in the Missouri River Basin Progress Report Quarterly* from July, 1948 to July 1954; *Power Requirements and Supply Missouri River Region*, May 1953, prepared by Subcommittee on Electric Power, Missouri Basin Inter-Agency Committee. *souri River Region*, May 1953, prepared by Subcommittee on Electric Power, Missouri Basin Inter-Agency Committee.

- University of Wyoming, Agricultural Experimental Station, Laramie "Cattle Rate-of-Grazing Study on the Bighorn Mountains," circular No. 36, Jan. 1954.
- University of Wyoming, Office of Registrar, Laramie *Statistical Summary, 1952-1953*, 32nd Annual Edition.
- Wyoming Emergency Relief Board, Cheyenne *Report of Wyoming's "Operation Snowbound, 1949."*
- Wyoming Game and Fish Commission, Cheyenne "Fishing Orders," 1954; "Wyoming Fur Bearers, Their Life Histories and Importance," by Earl M. Thomas.
- Wyoming Liquor Commission, Cheyenne Plates from which Wyoming Liquor Tax stamps in the denominations of 2, 3, 4, 4½, 5, 6, 8, 10, 15½, 20, 24, and 31 cents were printed. Includes samples of printed regular sized, non-colored stamps of 4, 4½, 10, and 20 cent denominations.

Book Reviews

Jedediah Smith and the Opening of the West. By Dale L. Morgan.
(New York and Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company,
Inc., 1953. 458 pp. Preface, illustrations, appendix, notes
and index. \$4.50.)

With the latest biography of Jed Smith comes proof that interest in the fabulous mountain men and their dramatic exploits has not slackened. In its various phases, the opening of the West saw a number of action-packed sequences which overshadowed the more plodding events of settlement. It was the most colorful frontier of all, and its many props—cowboys, stagecoaches, rough miners, steamboats, railroads, horse Indians, all spread over a panorama of magnificent distances—lent both movement and excitement to the development. Of all those who combed the farthest reaches of empire, in search of gain, the mountain men, first in sequence of time, have appealed to the American imagination ever since the time of Leatherstocking. Like later frontiersmen—from cowboys to cavalymen—these highly individualistic, enterprising souls have had top billing in the literature of the West.

Mr. Morgan's book is well titled. If any improvement could be made upon it, that might be to call it "The Opening of the West, and Jedediah Smith," for the author (quite properly) has woven one individual's story into the larger mosaic of early exploration and fur trapping. In this, he has improved upon the work of Maurice Sullivan (*Jedediah Smith, Trader and Trail Breaker*, New York, 1936), who narrowed his sights somewhat, pin-pointing the Smith story perhaps a little too closely. He has also had the advantage of some additional materials, not available to Sullivan.

In this latest work on the mountain men, the reader will be able to renew old acquaintances. Jim Bridger, William Ashley, Hugh Glass, Andrew Henry, Thomas "Broken Hand" Fitzpatrick, Jean Gervais, Henry Fraeb—to mention only a few—will all come to life again through the graphic and spritely portraits painted by the author. Their relationships, friendly and otherwise, are set in proper perspective and the reader will almost wonder if it might not have been better for Mr. Morgan to have attempted their whole story, for at times Jed Smith gets lost in the crowd. This is partly because of the attempted balance in the account, but also because of the fragmentary nature of the documents Smith left behind. As always, the biographer is confronted with gaps which have to be filled, and in this case the problem is skillfully solved. He did, however, have the advantage of using a subject who was able to write and had the inclination, from time to time,

to do so. The story of many of Jed Smith's companions, whose exploits were doubtless as exciting, will never be told, for some of them could not even sign their own names.

The search for materials took the author on explorations which almost rival those of Jed Smith. He not only used materials available in the United States, but also in Mexico and England. Particularly welcome are his descriptions of the English aspect of fur trading and its relationship to that of the Americans. Smith's dealings with Dr. John McLoughlin and others of the Northwest reveal the international nature of beaver trapping at that time and throw a good deal of light upon the coming conflict between world powers over the Oregon country. Here, as in other places in his study, Mr. Morgan has done an excellent job, portraying the larger picture; it has lent added significance to his work. Writers and teachers of western history will find the information quite useful.

The very brevity of Jed Smith's active life on the frontier is characteristic not only of the trade in which he engaged, but in so many developmental phases of western settlement. It was short—only nine years—and dramatic. In those few years his travels took him into many hitherto unknown parts of the country. His crossing of South Pass, although possibly not the first westward one, was, as the author says, "a high moment in American history" for it meant "the linking of the pass in the lines of force along which the American people were sweeping to the Pacific." That single incident had many counterparts, and by the time the "pathfinders" made their way west much of the region was already mapped out, if only in the heads of the mountain men who made it their place of business.

So, too, when the pioneers commenced dragging their way westwardly, the principal routes of travel, used still today, were pretty well known—thanks to the Jed Smiths. And because of the pathfinding done among the documents, we know a good deal more today about these early trailbreakers—thanks to the Dale Morgans.

University of Colorado

ROBERT G. ATHEARN

The Journals of Lewis and Clark, Edited by Bernard DeVoto.
(Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1953. lii + 494 pp.,
6 maps. \$6.50.)

In its infancy, the United States was blessed with an aggregation of great men rare in the history of this nation, and among them Lewis and Clark must certainly be counted. Together, they planned and executed, almost flawlessly, the most brilliant exploration this continent has ever seen, one of greatest significance to our history. Yet, at their centennial exposition, their glory was

stolen and given to Sacajawea; and with the loss of an historical sense that the West has experienced along with the rest of the country, the significance of their achievement has largely faded from view.

In making generally available in a very readable edition the original *Journals*, DeVoto has done much to counteract their slump into oblivion. By eliminating the technical materials of value to specialists but not to the general reader, and by omitting unimportant entries and abbreviating others, DeVoto has shortened the *Journals* to about one-third their length in the Thwaites edition. Yet the impression of the full journals is preserved and even somewhat intensified in the condensation.

There are a few interpolations from the journals of Whitehouse, Ordway, Floyd, and Gass, a few from Biddle's *History*, and the whole of Clark's return trip up the Yellowstone is taken from DeVoto's narration in *The Course of Empire*. Otherwise, the journal entries are preserved as written, with their delightfully fluid spelling. On the whole, DeVoto lets the journals speak for themselves, confining himself to short summaries at the beginning of each phase of the journey; but his footnotes, used sparingly, are extremely valuable. He is especially helpful in explaining the significance of Indian tribes; and his comments on unusual geographical details, of which he is absolute master, do much to translate the journals from mere narration into a realized experience of men engaged in dangerous, painful, backbreaking labor, as they towed their pirogues up the length of one of the most ornery rivers in America.

The reader's participation is necessary to realize the extreme difficulties under which the party labored. The Captains barely had time to jot down essential details and descriptions urgently desired by Jefferson; and, as Clark remarks, "to state the fatigues of this party would take up more of the journal than other notes." Their difficulties appear in pithy remarks which spring to vivid life with a little reflection. For instance: "The men are much afflicted with boils." Boils from rowing a 55-foot keelboat, but for three more months they row on the boils. Shod in moccasins, they transplant twenty tons of equipment eighteen miles over ground thick with prickly pear, in storms so violent that hailstones knock the men down. They tow pirogues all day, three-fourths submerged in icy mountain streams. But they hardly ever complained, and the party's morale was high, except for a moment when they had to double back from the Bitterroots to pick up guides.

This fact is largely due to the brilliant leadership of Lewis and Clark, who picked their men wisely, trained and disciplined them expertly, and commanded their trust and admiration. They inspired respect for Indians and enthusiasm for the expedition—two vital factors in its success. Their remarkable intelligence and

brilliant geographical sense, their superlative woodsmanship, their brilliant handling of Indians mastered a frontier environment vastly different from any previously known to Americans. In a group of outstanding men, they loomed head and shoulders; and DeVoto's subtle editing, which shifts the focus from Lewis' to Clark's entries, shows the particular skills that made them together one of the greatest of all teams.

Of the rest of the party, Drewyer was the most useful, Charbonneau the least, and Sacagawea somewhere between. She did more than could be expected even of a squaw; but in an undertaking that depended so heavily on brute labor, the skills and ingenuity of frontiersmen, and the judgment and planning of the Captains, her best seems little. Clearly not a guide nor leader, she appears to have been more a member of her family group than of the party.

DeVoto's long introduction relates the expedition to world forces of which it was a part in a way rare in the writing of Western history.

University of Wyoming

ELLSWORTH MASON

Cheyenne Autumn. By Mari Sandoz. (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., 1953. xviii + 282 pp., index. \$4.50.)

Almost any recent American history text book mentions the nauseating corruption which disgraced the administration of the Indian Bureau for a quarter of a century directly following the Civil War. The effect of Bureau policy upon the Northern Cheyenne Indians in 1878-1879 is the main theme of *Cheyenne Autumn* by Mari Sandoz.

A roaming, hunting society, the Northern Cheyenne pursued the rapidly disappearing buffalo in the approximate region that lies between the South Platte and Yellowstone Rivers. As white men began to crowd into this region the demand to clear the Indians out became loud and distinct. One by one, the Army rounded up the various Indian tribes and herded them off to live a restricted reservation life.

"They [the Northern Cheyennes] surrendered to the promise of food and shelter and an agency in their hunting region." If they had to move to a reservation, the Northern Cheyenne wanted to live like the Sioux who were able to maintain some semblance of former freedom and dignity on the Red Cloud Agency. "But almost before the children were warmed on both sides, they were told they must go to Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), the far south country many already knew and hated . . . Now they were thrust upon the most shaming dependence of all—upon the hospitality of their relations, the Southern Cheyennes, with a cut below the appropriations that those people had last year just for

themselves." According to *Cheyenne Autumn* this was the first Bureau betrayal of a promise made and lightly broken to the Northern Cheyennes. The rest of the book is a virtual river of betrayals, tragedy, despair, and more broken promises.

Living with their near-starving relatives in Indian Territory, the Northern Cheyennes found agency life unbearable. Early in the autumn of 1878 a desperate group of about 300 men, women, and children made their bid for freedom. Led by Chiefs Dull Knife and Little Wolf, this little group cut a 1,500 mile trail through some 13,000 scattered soldiers, ranchers, and homesteaders who were ordered out to capture the Indians and return them to Indian Territory.

After seven long months of eluding the Army, fighting and fleeing, the starving remnants of the Northern Cheyenne surrendered in March, 1879. Their surrender took place in the Rosebud Valley of Montana near their beloved hunting grounds, the Yellowstone River Valley. Out of some 200 warriors and boys old enough to ride and fight, only thirty-one ragged "fighting men" were left along with their mothers, wives, and children. Eventually they settled down in the region in which they surrendered which later became part of the Tongue River Reservation set up for the Northern Cheyennes. Their epic flight north now over, they became "agency Indians." Yet, they did achieve the goal they set out to achieve in the autumn of 1878, but at a terrific cost to their tribe.

Cheyenne Autumn is definitely sympathetic toward the Northern Cheyennes. As such, Miss Sandoz did a great deal of research in trying to impart to the reader some idea of what the Indian thought and how he lived during this era in American history. She says, "To convey something of these deep, complex, and patterned interrelationships which I myself sense only imperfectly, I have tried to keep to the simplest vocabulary, to something of the rhythm, the idiom, and the figures of Cheyenne life, to phrases and sentences that have flow and continuity."

Miss Sandoz, in *Cheyenne Autumn*, makes a serious attempt to capture what no Indian has written—his own history. At times the attempt to describe what was actually going on in the minds of this particular tribe of Indians tends to make the first part of the book slow reading. It is only after the actual flight from Indian Territory that the tempo of the book picks up and the reader begins to enjoy *Cheyenne Autumn*. As a whole, the book should prove of great interest to those who find as a source of reading pleasure the history of the western frontier and Indian life.

Southeast University Center
Torrington, Wyoming

WM. F. BRAGG, JR.

Cow Country Cavalcade. By Maurice Frink. (Denver: Old West Publishing Co., 1954. 243 pp., illus. \$4.50.)

As the sub-title of this book, *Eighty Years of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association*, would indicate, this is a history of one of the most influential groups in Wyoming; and as a story of that Association it is an important part of the history of Wyoming.

Mr. Frink has given us a book which has long been overdue—a well written, readable, interesting story of the stockman and his problems, and an accurate and factual history of the Association.

In the history of the West the stockman has been assigned an almost mythical status; he has often been much maligned; his aims and policies are frequently misinterpreted; and his position is too often misunderstood.

Cow Country Cavalcade gives the reader an insight to the many and ever-changing problems the stockman must face, and shows the cowman as he really is, without the aura of the mythical Western cowboy or the cattle baron surrounding him. Because of his natural reticence, the stockman is ordinarily a poor salesman for himself. One must know him to understand his courage, resourcefulness, independence and individualism, qualities upon which a strong America was built, and qualities which must be preserved if America is to remain strong.

Mr. Frink has covered the entire history of the range industry in Wyoming from its earliest days to the present. He has given free access to all records of the Association, and no restrictions were placed upon him in regard to his interpretation of those records. It is his own story, based upon the facts as he saw them.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

The Government and Administration of Wyoming. By Herman H. Trachsel and Ralph M. Wade. (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company, 1953. xiv + 381 pp.)

An American Commonwealth Series has been initiated with the publication of *The Government and Administration of Wyoming*, a most worthy contribution for students of government, by Herman H. Trachsel and Ralph M. Wade. This Series attempts to meet a dire need for a concise yet comprehensive explanation of the organization and administration of state governments as well as to provide interesting comparisons and contrasts so characteristic in these United States.

Though Wyoming was the forty-fourth state to be admitted to the Union, its government has become as complexed as many older states. Departments not covered in our state constitution have been formed as the need arose, in a "piecemeal fashion". This has resulted in a rather disorganized system of administra-

tion. Pointing out this fact as well as many other situations in their analysis of the government of Wyoming, the authors suggest recommendations for the improvement of the present system of governmental administration.

Recently the reviewer had an occasion to catalog some forty boxes of official state publications, including annual and biennial reports, bulletins, circulars, etc., and noted that some fifty-six different state departments, boards and commissions were represented among these publications. At present the Governor is a member of at least twenty-one of these boards and commissions. With so many separate boards and commissions within the state government it is impossible for the Governor to adequately supervise them as the executive officer of the state. In pointing out this particular situation, Dr. Trachsel and Dr. Wade suggest that the number of boards and commissions "should be small enough so the 'span of control' of the chief executive can be effective, perhaps somewhere between ten and fifteen for Wyoming. At the same time the departments should be unifunctional."

Careful study and detailed explanation is given for most of the larger state departments, such as, to name a few, Public Health, Public Welfare, Public Education, Labor, and Agriculture, as well as the Legislature. A chapter is also devoted to municipal government and a chapter devoted to county government. On the other hand little or no mention is made of the smaller departments except for a mere listing, in name only, of their respective boards or commissions.

The Constitution of Wyoming, the Compiled Statutes, the Session Laws, and reports of individual state departments are the main reference sources used in the preparation of this American Commonwealth Series volume. Theses of University of Wyoming students, daily newspapers, personal interviews and Journals of the House and Senate are among other sources used.

It can readily be realized that any book dealing with a subject of this nature could quickly become out-dated depending upon action of the legislature and the constant changing of state laws. This fact was brought to mind when it was noted, for example, that the status of the State Library and the Historical Department was changed by the 1951 and the 1953 Legislatures. The authors overlooked this change entirely.

This book, easy to read and to comprehend, was written with the intent that it be used as an undergraduate college textbook. However, administrative officials of government and private citizens as well should find the factual material contained in *The Government and Administration of Wyoming* of great value in acquiring a better understanding of how their state, county and city governments operate.

The Doctor's Wyoming Children. By Woods Hocker Manley. (New York: Exposition Press, 1953. 266 pp. \$3.50.)

This family memoir is an interesting account of the impression left by Dr. William Arthur Hocker on his adopted state from 1873 to 1919. As a physician Dr. Hocker's influence was felt in the early days of Evanston and Kemmerer, and in addition to those duties he found time to serve his state as a legislator. He helped obtain the appropriations for the state university at Laramie and the hospital for the mentally ill at Evanston.

The members of the Hocker family were individualists as seen through the eyes of Woodie. Papa was tall and handsome and a safe repository of secrets. Mama was a tiny southern aristocrat, capable and understanding. Rob, the adored elder brother, was the only child not born in Wyoming. Woodie, the first daughter, considered her sisters, Edith, Effie, Virginia and Florence, much more beautiful than any of the babies Papa brought to the neighbors. William, or Bud, the youngest of the children, was an ardent dog lover and frequently referred to his five officious sisters as "The Hounds of the Baskervilles."

There is a strong current of friendliness running through the story, and it touches the lives of many people living in that part of the state. Some of them are Emma, whose illness was the reason for Dr. Hocker choosing Evanston as the family home and who was definitely not the "hired girl" but the "best friend"; the milkman who taught Mama how to make bread; the dentist who gave Virginia's doll a gold tooth; the jeweler who helped Rob and Woodie with their Christmas shopping; Grandma Ruffley who played games with the children, and Chief Washakie, a dinner guest who appropriated the ice-cream freezer.

Mrs. Manley tells an interesting story of family life in early-day Wyoming, amusing anecdotes of many of the State's notables, informal items of history as she saw it unfold, and gives us a vivid picture of many of the pioneer families who helped develop Wyoming Territory into a strong and growing state.

Wheatland, Wyoming

LEORA PETERS

Mercer, A. S., *The Banditti of the Plains* (Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, 1954, 195 pp. \$2.00.)

No acquaintance with the epic history of Wyoming—or, for that matter, with the history of civilization in the trans-Missouri River country—will be nearly complete without a careful study and analysis of what this little volume contains. Asa Shinn Mercer, an angry "cow-country Zola," pleads passionately for a cause, now six decades old but still fresh in many northern Wyoming memories, in which he firmly believed. For Mercer, the cattle-men's invasion of Wyoming in 1892 was "the crowning infamy

of the ages." Modern, non-partisan readers will find his *Banditti of the Plains*, at the very least, a factual tribute to the Western tradition and a welcome account of one war that Texans did *not* win.

The Johnson County war—the nesters versus the big cowmen—has, however, remained a *cause celebre* that echoes along the Powder River till this day. Mercer's book recounts compellingly the point of view of the settlers; the other side of the story must, in all justice, be sought after in other works—the Malcolm Campbell story as told by Robert B. David, for example. It is a wonder that Mercer's vehement and eloquent revelations, prejudiced as they may be, are available for a considerate judgment at all. The first printing of the book in 1894 was suppressed as far as possible by the cattlemen who obtained possession of a large number of the books and burned them. "It is hard to avoid the conclusion," writes William H. Kittrell in his valuable foreword to this reprint, "that, had the cattlemen been possessed of clean consciences, they would, with the power they exercised, have been able to convict him . . . for slander and criminal libel. They chose, however, to suppress the book and hound its publisher and author." It is not hard to imagine present-day readers whose smoldering indignation will be rekindled by such an implication.

Mercer's own conclusions about the range war and Mr. Kittrell's implications notwithstanding, this volume provides a significant addition to any collection of Western Americana, and it is considerably more provocative than most of the great body of fiction it inspired.

Laramie

TOM E. FRANCIS

Arrow in the Moon. By Margaret and John Harris. (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1954. 312 pp. \$3.50.)

Arrow in the Moon has all the elements of the usual western novel, but with one difference, it is an historical novel of the West and the setting is an authentic one. The authors did a good deal of research in the Wyoming State Historical Department so that the picture they presented of Cheyenne would be accurate; and it is accurate down to the fine details of early street names and places such as the famous Inter Ocean Hotel.

The setting is the period of the Dull Knife Indian difficulties of the late 1870's, and the story of the Indians is written with sympathy and understanding.

Cheyenne

LOLA M. HOMSHER

Contributors

CLARICE WHITTENBURG was born at Marshfield, Missouri, and came to Wyoming in 1930, at which time she became a member of the faculty at the University of Wyoming where she now holds the position of Professor of Elementary Education in the College of Education. She holds a degree of B. S. in Education from Central Missouri State College and an M. A. from the University of Chicago.

VIRGINIA COLE TRENHOLM is a native Missourian, with B. J. and M. A. degrees from the School of Journalism, University of Missouri. She began her teaching career as Instructor in English and Journalism and Director of Publicity at Stephens College. She also served as a member of the English Department at Park College before coming to Wyoming to make her home.

Now the wife of Robert S. Trenholm, a native son, she does free lance writing as a hobby. She is the author of *Footprints on the Frontier* and co-author, with Maurine Carley, of *Wyoming Pageant*. Mr. and Mrs. Trenholm, who reside on a ranch near Glendo, are the parents of two children, James R., now serving in the armed forces, and Mrs. Virginia Phillippi, of Bordeaux.

JEAN HAMPTON GADDY was born in Michigan and received her high school education in Dayton, Ohio. She enlisted in the W.A.C., A.A.F. during the war and served in the C.B.I. Theater. In 1948 she married Albert M. Gaddy in Missouri and came to Wyoming where she studied at the University of Wyoming, graduating from there in 1950.

OLIVE GARRETT KAFKA was born at Rock Creek, Wyoming. She received her education in the rural schools of Albany County and at the University of Wyoming, and she has taught thirty terms in the rural schools of the State. Her hobby for many years has been the collecting of the pioneer history of the state. She was married at her ranch home at Garrett, Wyoming, to Joseph Kafka and they have four children, Mary Barrett and John Kafka of Garrett, Thomas Kafka of Saratoga, Wyoming, and Joseph Kafka of Windsor, Colorado.

LEE CROWNOVER STODDARD born in eastern Nebraska, came to Wyoming as an infant and has spent his life in this state. He received his education in the schools of Douglas and Manville and took two years of law at Washington State in Seattle. He has been a rancher and businessman, having served as town clerk and treasurer of Manville for over thirty years and for eleven years as a member of the school board. One of his fond memories is of seeing some of the trail herds that passed near Douglas on their way from Orin Junction to northern points. He married Fama Hess, a member of the Jireh College group, and they have two children, Ray L., an aeronautical engineer now living in Cincinnati, and Miriam L. Eby (Mrs. D. L.) whose husband is a chemical engineer in St. Louis.

LOUJINCY POLK (Lula Cobb Jones) of Billings, Montana, had her first poem published in the Forsyth *Times*, Montana, in 1907 when a small girl. Born in Colorado, she lived for a short time in Texas and Oklahoma and arrived in Montana in 1905, receiving her education in the Forsyth schools. She worked in the office of the Yellowstone newspaper in Billings and was historian for the National Cowboys' Association for two years. She is a member of the Montana Press Women, helped organize the first Little Theatre group in Billings, and is the author of a booklet *The Plains Absarokee*. She will shortly have a book of poems *Breath of the Big Horns* ready for publication.

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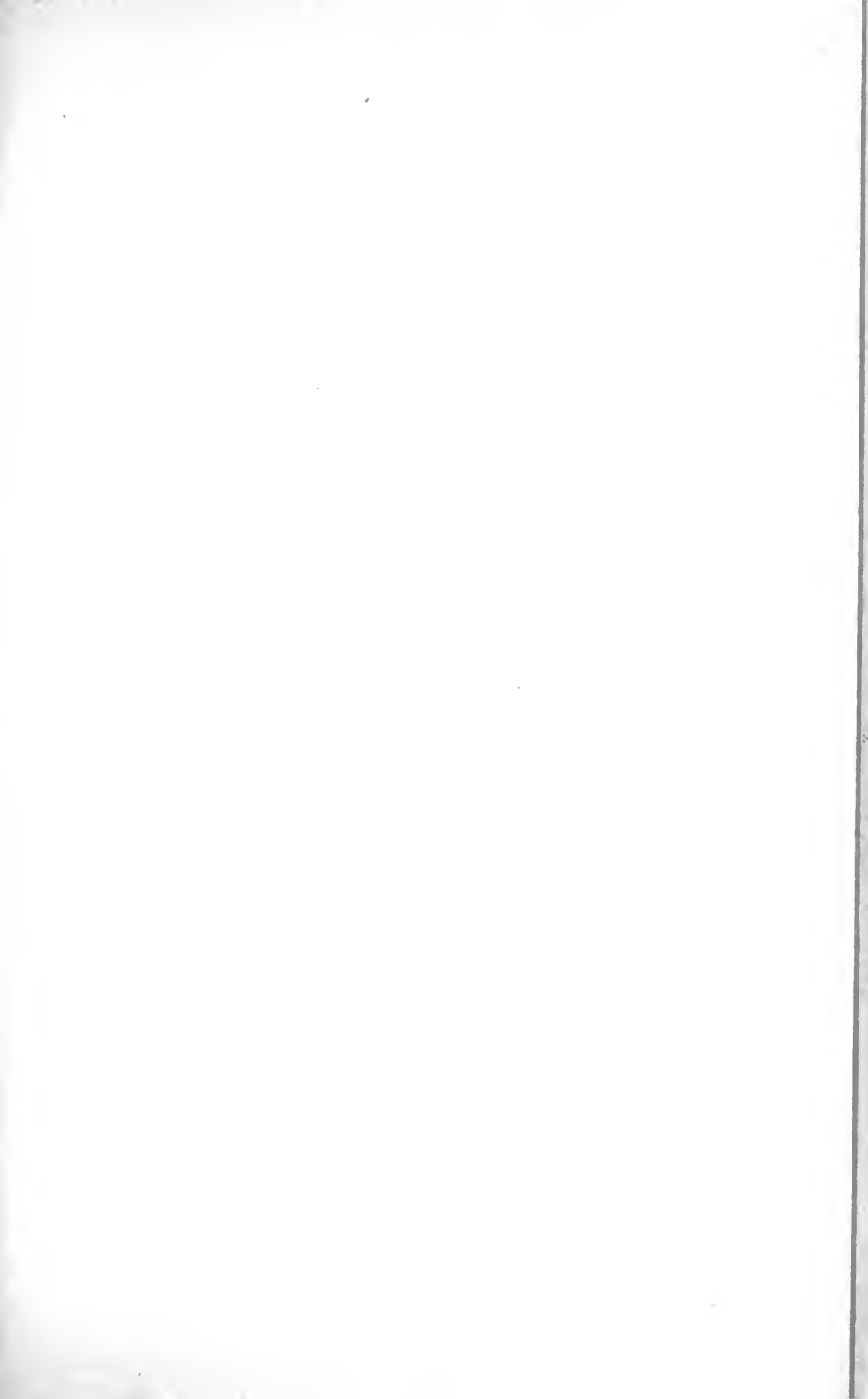
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